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EXCLUSIVE

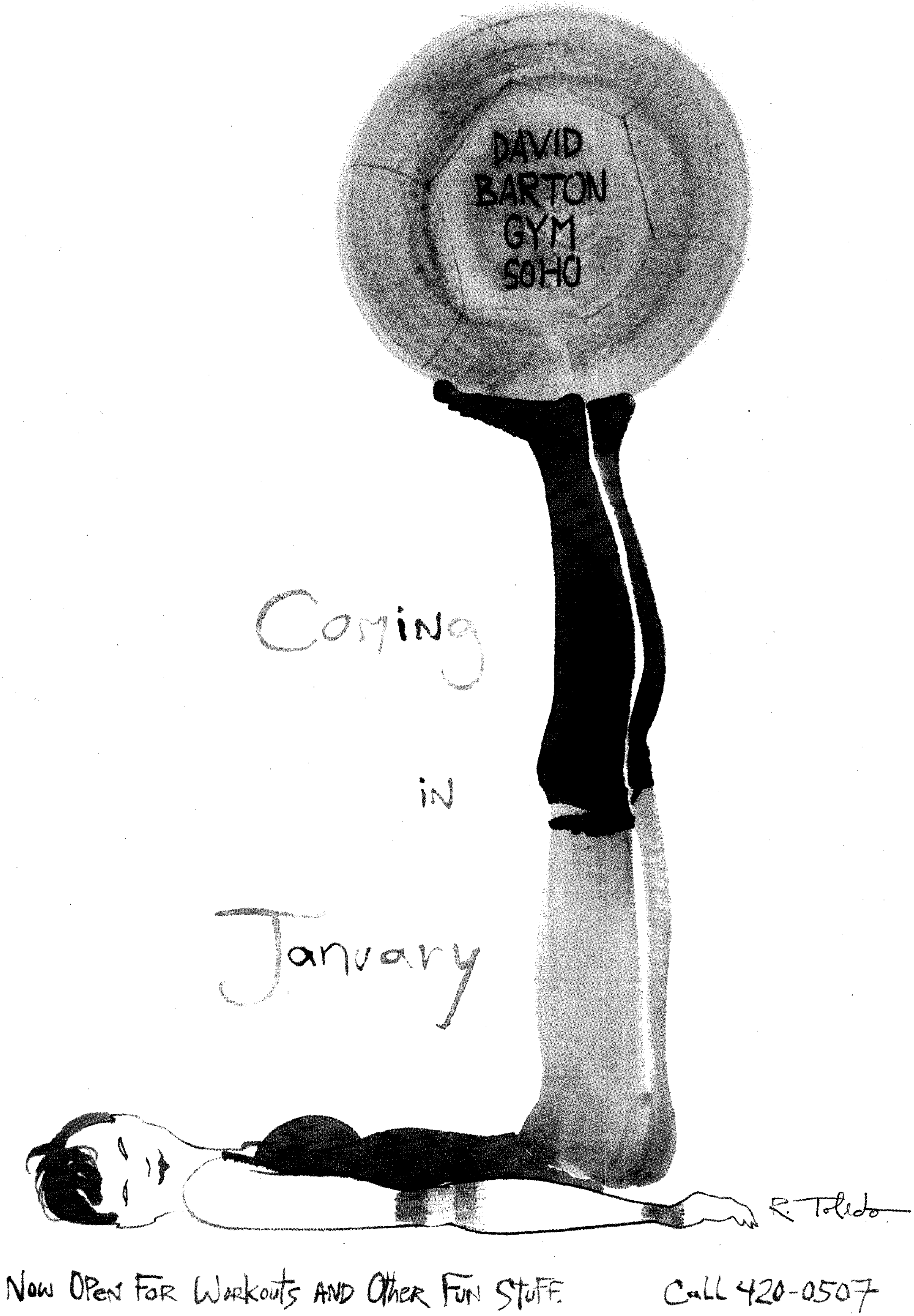
ALEX KELLY'S OTHER VICTIMS

"He grabbed me by my shoulders. I started screaming, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'Shut up.'"

Four more victims of Darien's serial rapist come forward.

BY SHEILA WELLER

NOV. 01 1997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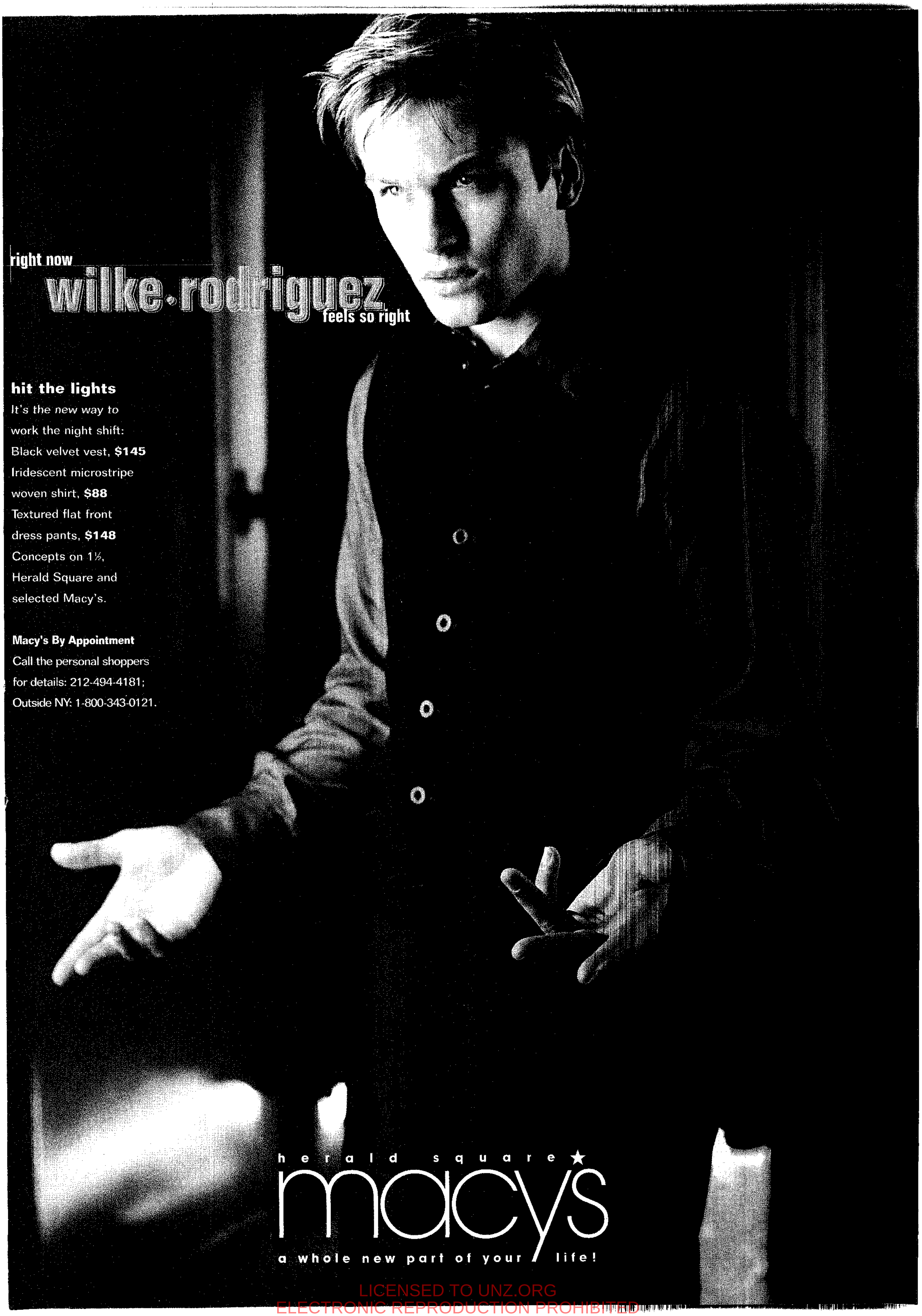

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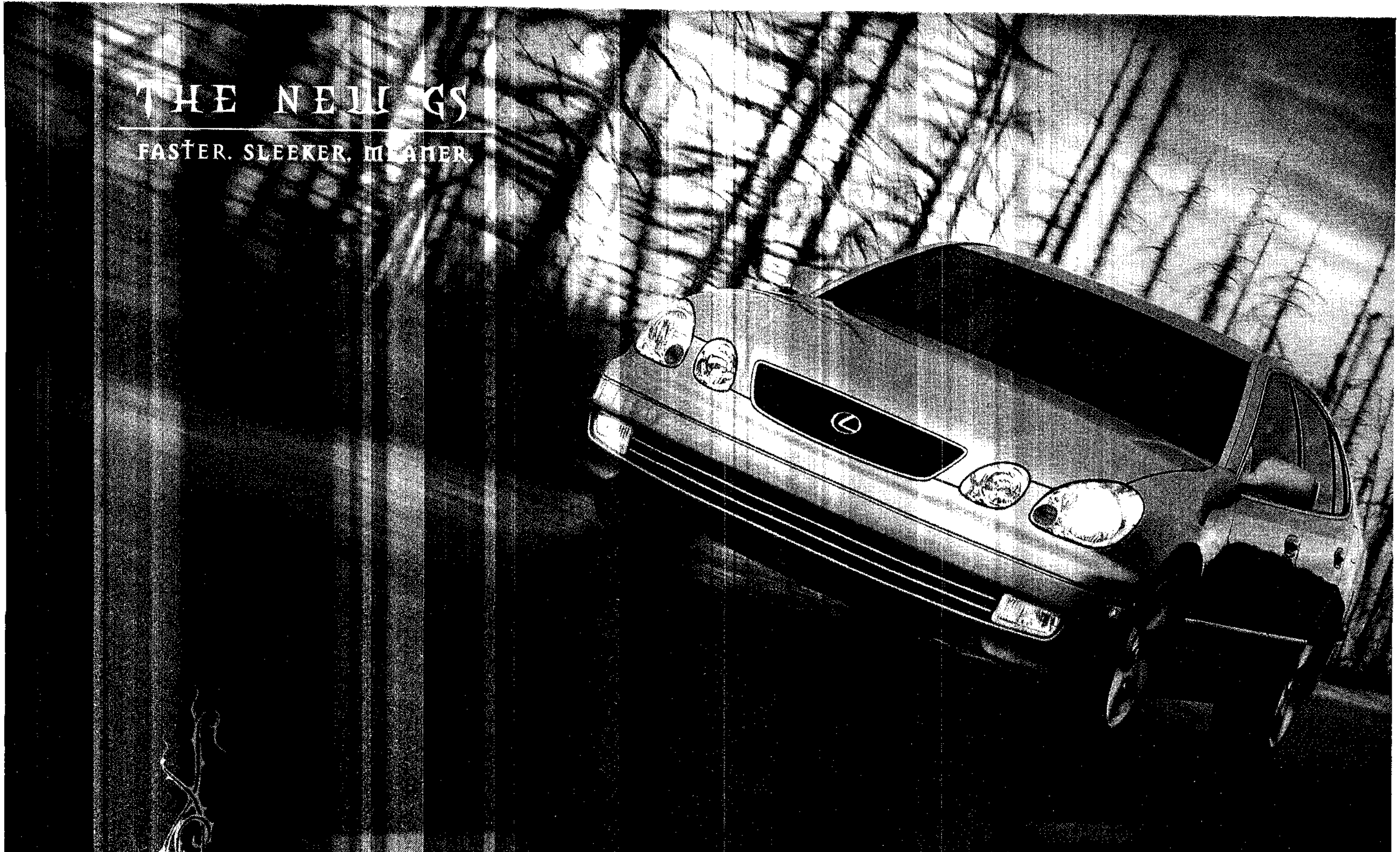

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>
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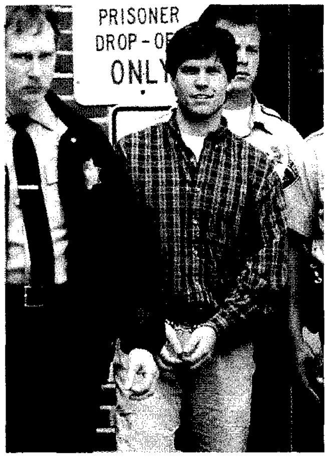
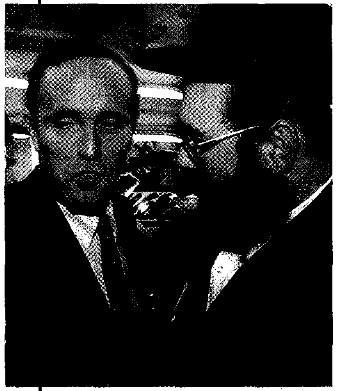
By Sheila Weller

When Alex Kelly was convicted of rape eleven years after attacking a fellow high-school student, the residents of Darien, Connecticut, finally thought, *Case closed.* But this excerpt from a new book details four other attacks by the onetime wrestling star who'd begun assaulting girls at the age of 15. A *New York* exclusive.





36 Politics as Unusual

By Michael Tomasky

Rudy Giuliani can take credit for cleaning up many of New York's biggest messes. But his most enduring legacy may be the way he's altered the city's political climate: The next Democrat in Gracie Mansion won't be a practitioner of identity politics or a social reformer. Has Rudy made New Democrats of New Yorkers?

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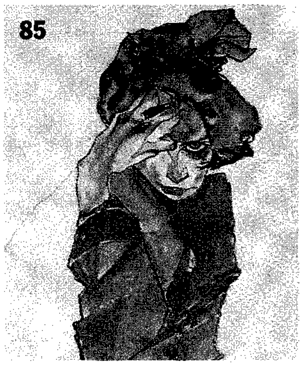

Cue

95 The Halloween parade; a comic Marvel leaves the comics; a photographer shoots himself at P.S. 1; Australian twentysomething cabaret; this is Ewing's year, part XIII

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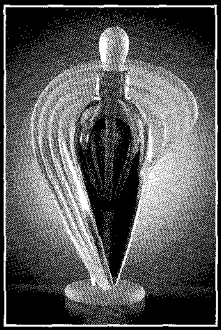

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THE HOME, NEST, SHELTER—WHATEVER—interiors featured in your "Interior Design" issue were a feast for jaded eyes [October 13]. I've overdosed on Martha Stewart homeyness. These editors displayed what they considered the world's definitive marvelous objects. There was nothing not to like about it. I welcomed these cliché-free zones.

Joan Mary Macey
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

THERE ARE FEW THINGS IN LIFE THAT I DErive more pleasure from than seeing how people of accomplishment enjoy the fruits of their endeavors. Especially in the case of your design gurus' homes, where subscribers' and advertisers' hard-earned money is being spent so prudently for the betterment of upper management.

I bask in the knowledge that Marian McEvoy has finally put those years of studying shell cloisonné to good use. I should know, because I just finished a wet bar fashioned almost completely from overlooked buffalo chips. I might have finished it sooner if I'd thought *New York* was going to show up to photograph my masterpiece. You know how much more efficiently one works when there is the impending presence of a camera.

Hooray for the gang of other talented designers who derive their inspiration from boardwalk concessions and cast-off clutter from the set of *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*. To the gang at the local Kiwanis club: This round of *Elle Decor* subscriptions is on me.

Craig Rosati
MANHATTAN

Conventional Wisdom

MICHAEL TOMASKY, ASSESSING OLIVER Koppell's chances of recapturing the position of state attorney general, refers to an "ancient Chinese proverb" that says once voters deny an incumbent re-election, "there's little reason to believe they'll have you back." ["The City Politic: The Futures Market," October 13]. This should come as news to both Bill Clinton, who served nonconsecutive terms as governor of Arkansas, and Grover Cleveland, U.S. president from 1885 to 1989 and 1893 to 1897. I suggest that Tomasky return his proverb to the fortune cookie where he found it and remember a distinctly modern American adage: Voters will do whatever they want in order to support candidates they like.

Bruce Feld
THE BRONX

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MICHAEL TOMASKY'S "THE FUTURES MARket" included his usual smart and witty insights into upcoming elections, except for the 1998 attorney general's race. True enough that Mr. Spitzer's political-savvy quotient will go up if he runs again in 1998, but where else could it go? He finished fourth out of four last time. And Ms. Abate? A candidate from the Village Independent Democrats running statewide against a law-and-order Republican? Sounds like a worthy sequel to a Ruth Messinger campaign to me.

Chris McNickle
THE BRONX

Death Wishes

I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY ARTICLE MORE disgusting or in poorer taste than the "Gotham" item "You Bet Their Life" [by Evan Forster, September 22]. Maria (who "puts it bluntly"), Evan Forster, and you as editors have reached a new low. The existence of the Dead Pool in itself is revolting. To publicize it upon the death of Mother Teresa is abominable. What next? Bonfires and celebratory dancing in the streets on the occasion of the next major airline crash or other mass catastrophe? Betting on how many lives will be lost in the last flood? Or the date of the next presidential assassination?

For shame.

Thomas R. Hodge
THORNWOOD, N.Y.

The Liberal Scourge

IT SEEMS THAT THE ONLY PURPOSE OF your October 6 "Gotham" article "Newt Meets the Rabbis and They Eat Liberals for Lunch" [by Liz Galst] was to take a few jabs at the speakers and attendees—not to report honestly on the recent Toward Tradition conference in Washington. For instance, Gary Polland said not that "the liberal *Jewish* community is the enemy [our italics]," as you quote, but that the liberal community as a whole is inimical to the things most Americans of all faiths hold dear. You miss the point of our conference, which was to build bridges between Jews and conservatives. No, we were not out for the "normative" Jewish conference, where politicians and Christian religious leaders condescend and pander to the crowd by saying exactly what they expect Jews want to hear. We were boldly asserting that the primary threat to American Jews is not conservatism, Christianity, or anti-Semitism but the same as the threat to all Americans: the decline in values brought on by decades of untrammeled liberalism.

Rabbi Daniel Lapin, President
Gary Polland, Texas Chairman
Yarden Weidenfeld, Executive Director
Toward Tradition
MERCER ISLAND, WASH.

YOU OPEN "NEWT MEETS THE RABBIS AND They Eat Liberals for Lunch" with sheer invention. I never met Jack Kemp, and I never uttered the statement 'I'm the biggest homophobe in America!,' which you attribute to me. I would never use the gay invention *homophobe* to describe my unwavering opposition to the gay political agenda. *Homophobia* is defined in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Tenth Edition,* as "irrational . . . aversion to . . . homosexuality or homosexuals." There is nothing irrational about my aversion to homosexuals.

In the Gay Rights Platform, homosexuals demand "federal encouragement and support for sex education courses, prepared and taught by gay women and men, presenting homosexuality as a valid, healthy preference and lifestyle as a viable alternative to heterosexuality." Is it irrational to oppose such a demand, along with others that undermine Judeo-Christian beliefs and traditional family values?

Howard L. Hurwitz
Chairman, Family Defense Council
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Alexandra Parnass
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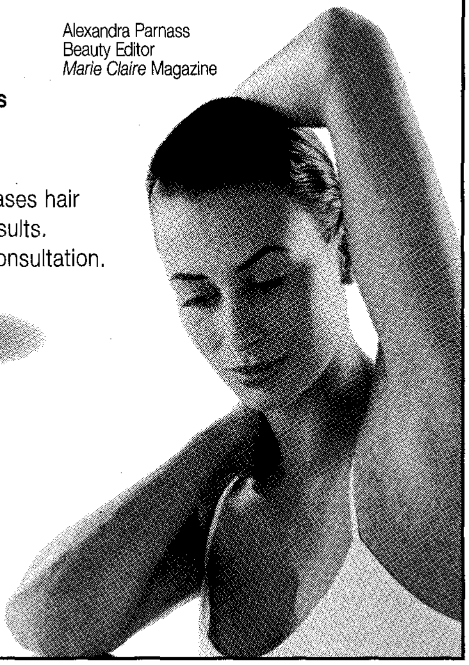

CUE

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Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs? Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show? Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

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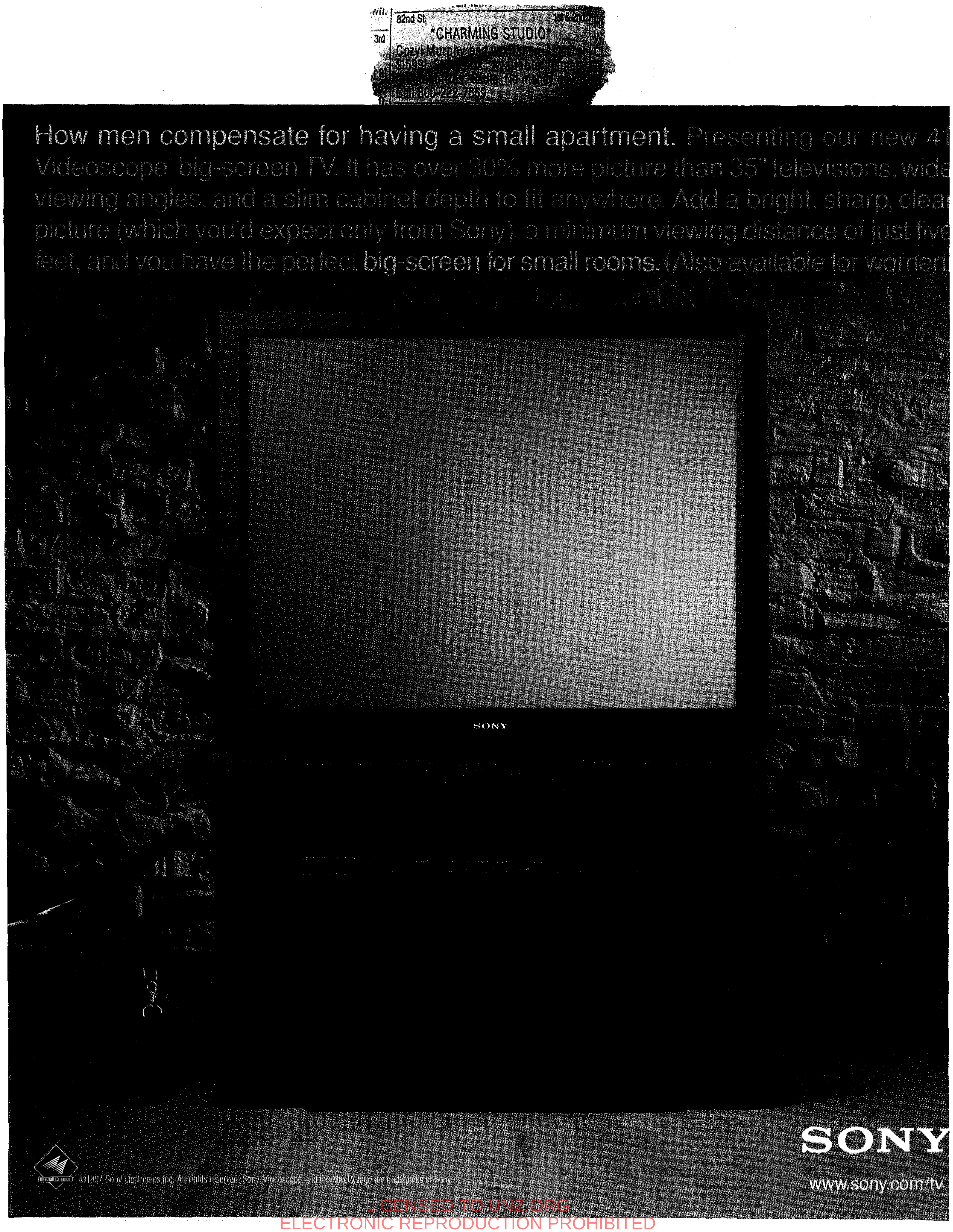

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

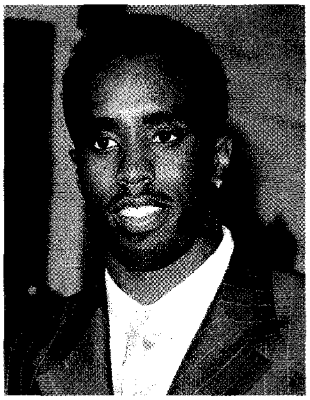
INTELLIGENCER

ADULT POWER PLAYS AT BOYS CHOIR

The Boys Choir of Harlem's annual fund-raiser last Tuesday night at the Waldorf-Astoria looked good on the surface, but behind the scenes the board members of the $3 million nonprofit organization are singing the blues. The world-renowned ensemble, founded by Dr. **Walter Turnbull** in 1968, lost several board members after a particularly contentious meeting in June, according to several sources who were present. The fight got nasty between Turnbull and then–board chairman **Philip Butterfield,** a Citicorp vice-president, partly over Turnbull's choice of would-be board members. "Walter looked at Phil and said, 'I don't trust you.' Phil said, 'If that's the case . . . I resign,' " said one eyewitness. Three other board members resigned along with Butterfield. "I am frustrated . . . over the continuing need for better business management of BCH," said one of the resignation letters. One concern shared by several ex–board members: that Turnbull is trying to install a compliant board rather than one that will impose the strict financial oversight the organization needs. Former board members aren't the only ones worried about the finances of the Boys Choir, evidently. The U.S. Attorney's office has been investigating whether the organization's assets have been diverted to the Turnbulls, according to a former board member. **Horace Turnbull,** Walter's brother and the choir's executive vice-president, calls the current board "very adequate." Are the Turnbulls under investigation by the U.S. Attorney's Office for the Southern District? Says Horace Turnbull: "There is no way that anything that may be pending or may not be pending of a legal nature is going to be discussed."

PUFFY NOT IN THE HOUSE

In light of recent circumstances, **Sean "Puffy" Combs**'s album *No Way Out* might have been more aptly titled *No Way In*. The producer-rapper locked himself out of his Murray Hill apartment last week and had a tough time getting back in. According to witnesses, Combs attempted to enter his second-floor window on the convenient shoulders of a bodyguard, but when that plan failed, the rapper managed to flag down a truckload of construction workers, who lent him a ladder in exchange for some autographs. Combs, though back within reach of his phone, did not return calls.



Puffy Combs: Off-key

KENNEDY BESET BY COLORIST

Have we finally heard the last about honey tones and buttery chunks? Colorist **Brad Johns** has used **Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy** to such a degree in his self-promotional campaign that **John Kennedy** has called in the lawyers. The flood of intimate details about Bessette-Kennedy's tresses began immediately after her wedding, when Johns revealed in interviews across the world that his client was naturally a brunette before he made her "more interesting." Johns, who opened his own salon just months after the wedding, played up their friendship and continually allowed magazines to identify him as Bessette-Kennedy's hairdresser, offering tidbits about her grooming habits, her pets, and other personal information. Carolyn was so annoyed, she switched colorists six months ago, according to someone in Kennedy's office, but Johns continued to use her name. Eventually, Kennedy's office sent a letter asking him to stop, but the references kept on coming. This week, the couple sent a lawyer's cease-and-desist letter to Johns. Says a Kennedy spokesperson, "Carolyn seems to be all Brad Johns can talk about. Mr. Kennedy does plan to take legal action to ensure that he stops using her name, particularly since she is no longer a client of his." For once, Johns is mum on the subject of Bessette-Kennedy, saying only "No comment."

Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy: Brush-off

ACTORS' EQUITY ROARS AT *LION KING*

The Lion King's animals want more money. "The actors are all dressed like animals and contorted onstage in these unusual positions," says a source close to the wild kingdom. Considering the circumstances, some of the actors think they deserve more than the union minimum. Last week, Actors' Equity had a meeting with Disney to discuss that issue and a few others. Representatives for both the union and Disney stress how "amicable" the meeting was, but a source close to Disney "[doesn't] expect anything to happen." A union rep expects the compensation issue to be resolved "momentarily." Stay tuned.

LIAM'S MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

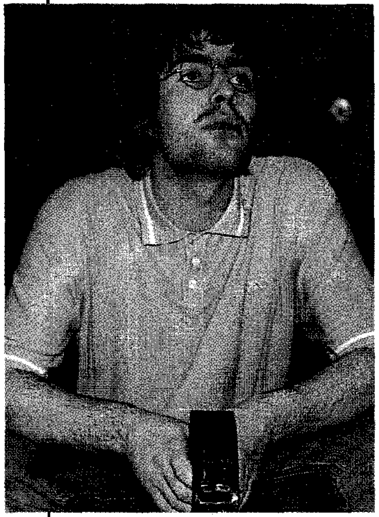
Liam Gallagher knows how his starstruck fans feel. The Oasis frontman recently went

hotographs: top, Brad Rickerby/Sipa; bottom, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

Madonna:
The Midas touch-up

MADONNA'S READY FOR HER TOUCH-UP

Simple photo approval doesn't cut it in the age of digital photo retouching—not for **Madonna,** at least. Before she agreed to pose with **Tina Turner** and **Courtney Love** for the cover of *Rolling Stone*'s thirtieth-anniversary "Women of Rock" issue, she insisted on approval of both image *and* retouching. She even got it in writing; her lawyer, **Allen Grubman,** negotiated a multipage contract with the magazine, according to two sources close to the deal. When the cover was sent to L.A. for Madonna's approval, she demanded a different shot—and the magazine deferred to her choice. That meant she was dictating retouching changes as the cover was shipping to the printers, according to magazine sources. "Tina and Courtney knew Madonna had this kind of approval and they didn't," says one insider. "Look, it's Madonna." Her publicist, **Liz Rosenberg,** had no comment, and *Rolling Stone*'s former managing editor **Sid Holt**—who was fired just as the issue hit the stands—remained enough of a team player to laugh off the story: "If Madonna had ever called, I would have talked to her."



Liam Gallagher:
On his Ono

on a pilgrimage to the home of his late idol John Lennon. "This limo pulled up across from the Dakota, and Liam got out," says an eyewitness. "He was standing there with two friends, excitedly saying, 'That's where John lived.' " Gallagher then walked into Central Park's Strawberry Fields, where a tour group had gathered. "Liam and his pals just blended in with the group and hung on the guide's every word," says the source. It didn't escape Gallagher's notice that *he* had escaped the tourists' notice. "Everyone was staring down at the IMAGINE circle," reports the bystander, "but Liam was staring at everyone else."

HAMISH ACTS ART; ARTIST HAMS IT UP

HOLLYWOOD BOWLES: Bow ties, Coke-bottle glasses, and seersucker suits might not be the height of contemporary fashion, but *Vogue*'s European editor-at-large **Hamish Bowles** doesn't seem to mind that look these days. The eclectic editor will play ultimate dandy **David Hockney** in *Love Is the Devil,* an upcoming film based on the life of Francis Bacon, the modern expressionist artist. Bowles is just one of the fashionistas appearing in the film—**Stella McCartney** and **Rifat Ozbek** also landed small roles—but he had to suffer for his art. "I asked the makeup people when I'd get fitted for my wig," recalls the editor. "That's when they told me they wanted me to dye my own hair. I had to go shockingly blond." Apparently, Bowles grew to feel pretty comfortable in the artist's shoes: He makes another appearance as Hockney in an **Ellen von Unwerth** fashion feature in the November issue of *Vogue.* Says Bowles of his alternate life, "It was an intoxicating experience, and madly glamorous."

ACT LIKE AMANO: As if plastering every square inch of SoHo with his brand of art weren't enough, avant-garde artiste **Yoshitaka Amano** (THINK LIKE AMANO, proclaim his ubiquitous ads) will soon be appearing on the silver screen. Amano is expected to appear in **Abel Ferrara**'s latest independent film, *New Rose Hotel,* starring **Christopher Walken** and **Willem Dafoe,** which starts shooting this week. The deal isn't yet final, but sources close to the artist say Amano will play a mad scientist and will have not one but two love scenes. A spokeswoman for Amano declined to discuss the specifics. "We're doing this movie for publicity," she said, thereby differentiating the film from Amano's other endeavors.

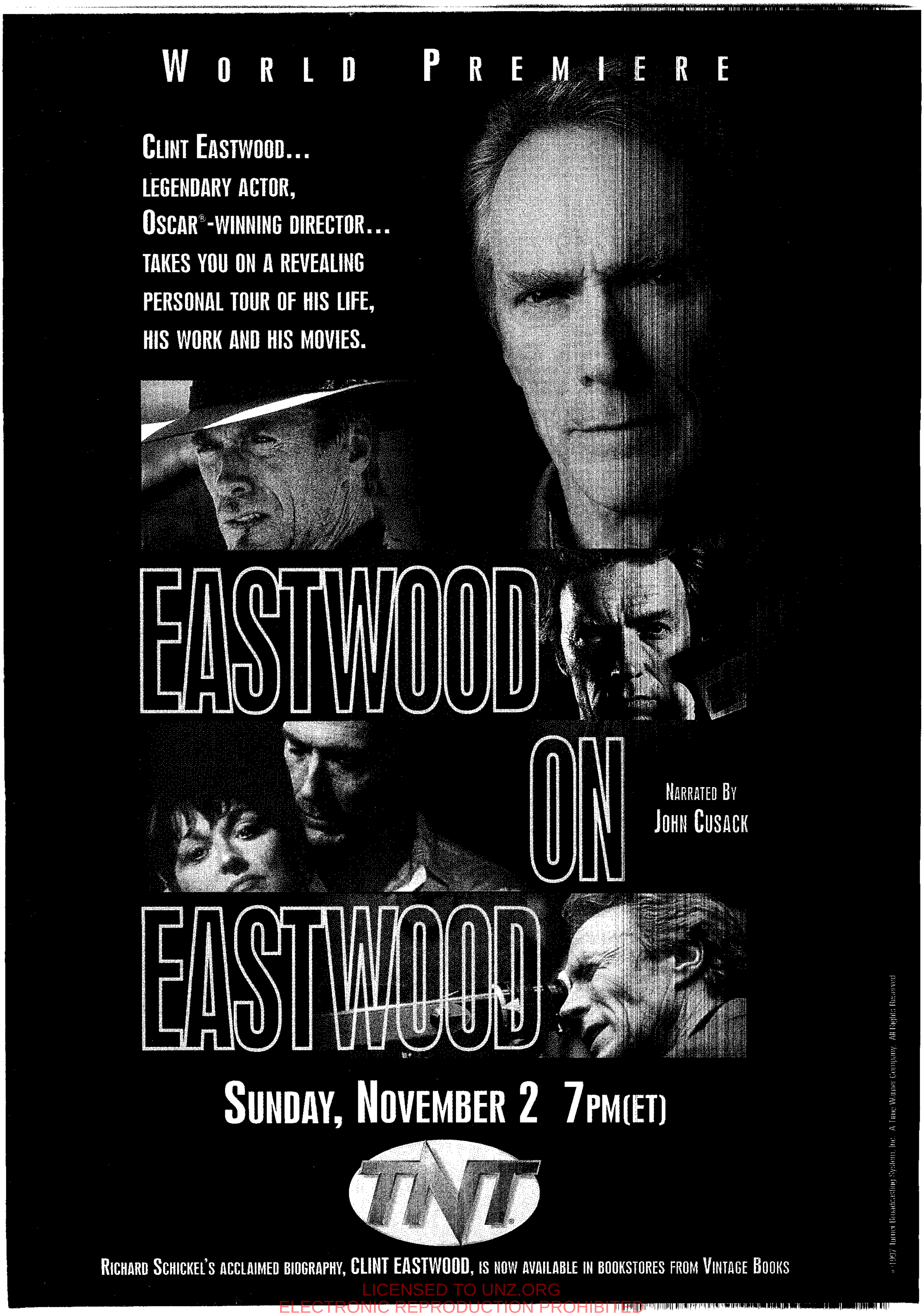
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Shana Ting Lipton.

Brad Pitt:
No Pitty for Antonio

NO PRIVATE LIFE FOR PITT

Is there a heartthrob hierarchy in Hollywood? If there is, **Brad Pitt** must be the babe-who-would-be-king. According to a club insider, Calvin Klein underwear model and actor **Antonio Sabato Jr.** recently tried to approach Pitt at the downtown nightspot Life, just to say hello. Apparently Sabato didn't make it anywhere near Pitt before he was aggressively threatened by a club bouncer. The hulking giant is said to have told him that if he got any closer to Pitt he would "have to kill" him. Sabato tried the "Do you know who I am?" approach, but according to the source, "the bouncer told him he didn't care if he was Jesus Christ. Poor Antonio was so dejected, he just sulked off home." A club spokesman claims that their employee was asked by Pitt to "keep gawkers and onlookers at a distance." The spokesperson also claims the bouncer was polite and only asked Sabato to "please give Brad some distance." Pitt's spokesperson would not respond, and Sabato was unavailable for comment.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Freddy Baez/London Features; Fred Prouser/Sipa; Walter Weissman/Globe Photo



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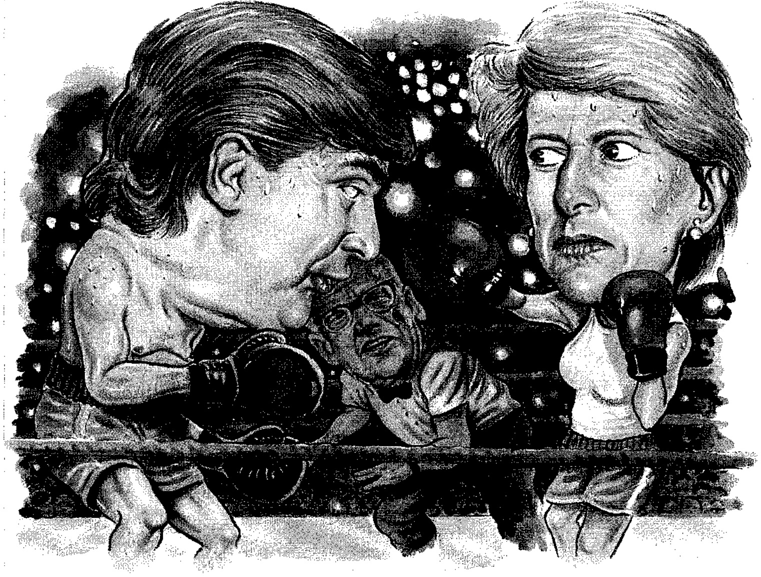
THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

WHERE EVEN SUPERMARKETS AND GREASY-SPOONS HAVE THEIR "POLICIES"—*MARTIN AMIS*

GOTHAM



THE MAIN EVENT

How Whitman ended up getting Trumped.

EVEN THE PROFESSIONAL spin doctors are in awe of Donald Trump. "Princess Di dying, Christine Whitman's campaign—this guy's ability to inject himself into any story is amazing," says a Republican political consultant. "Was John Denver on his way over to Trump's house when his plane crashed?"

Trump's latest feat may be his most impressive. He's managed to spin himself into the middle of the New Jersey gubernatorial race simply by uttering a threat—a threat to underwrite a $2 million barrage of anti-Whitman commercials in retaliation for a generous deal the state recently struck with Trump's Atlantic City archenemy, Steve Wynn.

Were Whitman cruising to an easy re-election victory, Trump's jabs would have glanced off the governor. But as she clings to a narrow lead against previously obscure Democratic mayor and state senator Jim McGreevey, Trump's idle talk suddenly carries unexpected weight.

Along the way, the question of how Whitman's re-election bid got into such deep trouble has become the hottest topic in inside-politics debates. "Crime is down; unemployment is down; she kept her promise on cutting income taxes. This should be a walk," says an amazed Rutgers University political analyst, Cliff Zukin. "But last summer, Whitman essentially agreed with McGreevey that auto insurance was the central issue. It's as if Clinton had said, 'Yeah, this election isn't about the economy—character is the issue. Give me four more years and I'll do better.' "

Whitman's strategy was to acknowledge the insurance issue—on which one poll shows her with a staggering 88 percent negative rating—then move on to happier subjects. The tactic has been a disaster, so political pros are doing what they do best: apportioning blame. The Whitman campaign has two Bigfoot strategists, the gruff Reagan-era consultant Lyn Nofziger and the caustic Washington media man Mike Murphy, who managed to lose twice in the last presidential campaign (first with Lamar Alexander, then with Bob Dole). Most fingers are pointing at Murphy

(continued on page 14)

PLAYBOOK

SHELTER SKELTER

● **PREGAME:** The City Council has been considering a proposal to cap the number of people who can legally be housed in any single homeless shelter. But fewer residents per shelter would mean more shelters overall. The mayor let it be known he was not pleased.

● **ACTION:** "On Friday, we got wind that the Giuliani administration was telling people that if this goes through, they will be forced to site many more shelters into everybody's neighborhoods."

—Mary Brosnahan, executive director of the Coalition for the Homeless

"I had a phone conversation. It definitely was not a threat. . . . [Department of Homeless Services Commissioner Campbell] said that he thought that I was one of those who might understand more than most what could happen if [the shelters] were just arbitrarily held to a number."

—City Councilwoman Juanita Watkins, who recently won a five-year battle to close a shelter in her district

● **FINAL SCORE:** "There was no vote. It was a scare tactic, but the administration effectively [stopped the proposal]."

—Chris Meyer, City Council observer for NYPIRG

CAMEO

Pot Pol

"I'M HOPING TO AVOID THAT 'HE'S JUST A HIPpie' situation," says Tom Leighton, the ponytailed 46-year-old Marijuana-Green candidate running for Manhattan borough president. "A reporter described me as 'wearing a Grateful Dead T-shirt,' and that upset me."

Appearing too mellow may just be the one problem Leighton *doesn't* have. Tirelessly leafleting, working the phones, and making every public appearance he can muster—all in the desperate hope of capturing even one percent of the vote—he seems more like an adrenaline-pumped workaholic than like a laid-back flower child. As he enters the final stretch of his third campaign (he ran twice as a Green Party candidate for Congress), he even shows signs of having mastered the decidedly unhippieish art of spin control: "Do I *smoke* pot? Well, are we on the record now?"

stration by Drew Friedman.

Trump *continued from page 13*

as the architect of the failed insurance strategy. "Nofziger is the sort of graybeard adviser in Whitman's campaign, and he didn't want to engage McGreevey on auto insurance," says one Republican insider. "Murphy did. The two of them have had big confrontations over this, but so far, Murphy is winning." Whitman's husband and brother, whom consultants love to criticize as amateur meddlers, are also taking heat for siding with Murphy.

Still, most political observers expect that Whitman will eke out a victory and stumble into a second term. Even Trump takes her re-election for granted. "I'll indeed have to deal with her for four more years," Trump says. "So it's not good for me to raise this issue and make her angry, but I'm doing the right thing. The taxpayers of New Jersey are getting screwed."

His altruism aside, Trump's decision not to air any ads—at least not yet—raises the suspicion he's cut some side deal with Whitman. (Trump denies this, and says he backed off only because of a threat to lift his casino license.) One way or the other, you can expect to hear a lot more from him. His loud nagging about Whitman's administration may be no more than hot air, but it's a nuisance that no candidate who harbors her national ambitions can afford to ignore. CHRIS SMITH

LEGAL AFFAIRS

WITNESS TO HISTORY

Robert Paxton, Columbia scholar, offers expert testimony on France's darkest hour.

AS THE TRIAL OF MAURICE Papon, a Vichy bureaucrat accused of Nazi collaboration, resumes this week in Bordeaux—forcing the people of France to confront their complicity with the Third Reich—the spotlight once again falls on Robert Paxton, an American scholar who has become the unlikely moral conscience of twentieth-century French history. It was in large part Paxton's research, first published in the seventies, that began the painful battle over the legacy of the Vichy regime, and he has been at the forefront of the debate ever since.

Here at home, the 65-year-old Columbia professor is virtually unknown outside academic circles, but in France, he ranks as a major intellectual celebrity. His 1972 book *Vichy France: Old Guard and New Order, 1940–1944,* exploded the comfortable myth that the French occupation government had been a victim of Nazi expansion, arguing instead that it was determined to shine brightly in Hitler's new European order. "The traditional view is that the French had this rigid armistice imposed on them," he says. "I discovered they actually had lots of leeway. So they did this very unwise thing of trying to remake the country while the Germans were still there. They started looking for scapegoats. The ironic thing was, Hitler never asked them to do it. . . . He actually preferred, early on, to use France as a dumping ground for German Jews. He wanted peace and quiet in France while he planned to invade England."

Today, the crimes of the Vichy regime are better known than they were 25 years ago, but Paxton thinks bringing the guilty parties to justice is no less important a task now than when he began his research. "It's a festering sore to have people around whose parents were taken away by Papon [while he] lives a very prestigious, luxurious life," he says. "Now there will be an accounting."

Papon's trial has already attracted worldwide notice, and Paxton, who will have a starring role in it, describes himself as "nervous as all get-out. I can't have any notes, and I've got to speak for an hour in French before a very smart, hostile lawyer who will then try to discredit me." Despite his sense of obligation, his work has never become a personal obsession; he freely admits that he wouldn't mind if, before the trial even started, "the old guy just croaked."

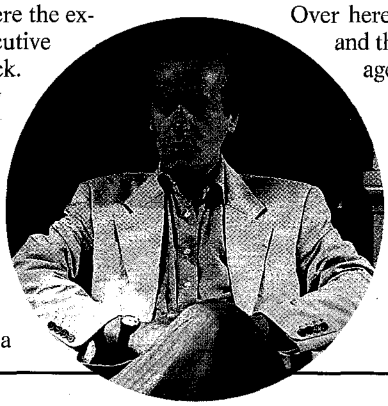
PETER HELLMAN

LITERATURE

I Left My Spleen in New York City

● OFFERING UP YET ANOTHER DETAIL OF HIS PERSONAL LIFE FOR HIS fans and critics to chatter about, author Martin Amis last week announced he had soured on his native London and would soon move to New York. "I want to go to where the history of the next century is already being written," he said. "This is where the excitement is." He may sound like an account executive at the tourism board now, but it's a very new trick. Here, a selection of his sharpest digs at the city he'll soon call home:

ON THE COST OF LIVING: "Inflation, they say, is cleaning up this city. Dough is rolling up its sleeves and mucking the place out. But things still happen here. You step off the plane, look around, take a deep breath—and come in your underpants, somewhere south of SoHo, or on a midtown traction table with a silver tray and a tasselled tab on your chest and a guy in white saying, Good morning, sir. How are you today. That'll be fifteen thousand dollars." *—from* Money *(1984)*



ON POLITICS: ". . . The answer, of course, is 'political,' New York being the most politicised city on earth. New York, where even supermarkets and greasy-spoons have their 'policies,' where all actions seem to result from pressure, and never from a sane initiative . . . Over here, handicapped people are merely 'challenged,' and the 'exceptional' child is the child with brain damage." *—from* The Moronic Inferno *(1986)*

ON NEW YORK PUBLISHERS: "At last . . . the call from Missy Hart. First I am screened, not by Missy's assistant Janit, nor yet by Janit's assistant Barboro, but by a male interrogator with an armpit-igniting way with him, whose name, if he has one, is not revealed. Even when they call you, it takes forever to get to the top." *—from* London Fields *(1989)*

MEI CHIN

Photographs: top, FPG; bottom, Brogioni/Contrasto/Sa

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES

● OUR FIRST IN A SERIES OF reports on Jay Ramras, a 33-year-old Alaskan restaurateur who has rented an apartment on the Upper West Side through January to search for a Jewish bride willing to return with him to Fairbanks. His progress so far:

THE PROSPECT: A thirtyish public-health professional from Queens. Ramras took her to the Pink Floyd laser show at the Museum of Natural History, then dinner at Baci.

THE PROGNOSIS: "Well, she was a pass, but the night was a ten," he says. "She said, 'I would never go to Alaska.' I said, 'That's okay, all I did was ask you to dinner.' And when she adopted this condescending tone of 'I bet you don't have *that* there,' I said, 'Gimme a break. You don't have that in Queens!' "

Outfits modeled at the MIT Media Lab's "Wearables" fashion show.

TECHNOLOGY

THE PROGRAMMERS' NEW CLOTHES

New computer-based fashions still have a few bugs to work out.

ON OCTOBER 15, WHILE THE fashion industry was midway between Milan and Paris, the futurists of MIT's Media Lab presented their own forward-looking fall collection at a twelve-hour symposium on "wearable computing." To gauge the market viability of these designs, we showed them to some of Seventh Avenue's leading experts. Judging from their puzzled responses, it may be a while before cyber fashion comes to a mall near you.

PRODUCT Underwear that calibrates a room's heating system to fluctuations in one's body temperature
COMMENTATOR Jim Seaman, American sales agent for Zimmerli underwear
ASSESSMENT "You'd have to change your whole house for that, wouldn't you? And I'd think that something with sensors and wires would be akin to wearing a bulletproof vest, or old wool underwear."
YOUR COMPANY'S GREATEST TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION "The last innovation was when they put a fly in the front."

PRODUCT Eyeglasses with built-in computer display
COMMENTATOR Russ Haft, president, eyeOTA (designers of Isaac Mizrahi eyewear)
ASSESSMENT "The average consumer doesn't even want to bother with computers, much less having computers in their glasses."
YOUR COMPANY'S GREATEST TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION "Seamlessly joining plastic and metal in a highly aesthetic fashion."

PRODUCT The $400,000 "Heart Throb" brooch (six rubies flash in sync with one's heartbeat)
COMMENTATOR Andrea Menezes, marketing director, H. Stern Jewelers
ASSESSMENT "A while ago, we looked into holographic jewelry. It's very likely that sometime in the future there will be something like this."
YOUR COMPANY'S GREATEST TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION "We created a pendant with a diamond set invertedly, meaning the tip of the diamond is facing the front. That had never been done before."

PRODUCT Sneakers that keep track of speed, distance traveled, and absorbed stress
COMMENTATOR John Fluevog, cobbler to hipsterdom
ASSESSMENT "Personally, how far I walked or ran wouldn't interest me. I'm the kind of guy that wouldn't worry about whether the speedometer worked in my car. It's like lights in shoes: They're good for children, but it becomes uncool pretty quick."
YOUR COMPANY'S GREATEST TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION "I'm more interested in finding environmentally friendly materials. Right now, running shoes don't biodegrade; they're made of poly-this and poly-that."

ETHAN SMITH

SUPERSTORES

Displeased to Seat You

WHEN BARNES & NOBLES STARTED CROPping up all over town a few years back, they won over skeptics with incentives no metropolitan shopper had imagined possible: sizable discounts on a huge selection of merchandise, in-house cafés full of good food and strong coffee, and big overstuffed chairs—the last of which patrons were invited to plunk down in for as long as the stacks could hold their interest. A few wags warned that once the chain's competition disappeared, so would the perks. But compared with the sheer midwesternness of all those cozy amenities, they came off as just so many cynical New Yorkers.

In the past year, hardcover books quietly lost some of their discount, and the price of coffee went up. But with their latest downsizing, the bean counters have threatened the very foundations of civic decency: Employees have started removing—yes—the comfy chairs, replacing them with hard wooden seats. Jennifer Wolfertz, manager of corporate communications, insists that "a real space problem" made the decision unavoidable and that no one's complained about it yet. "Perhaps they don't notice," she laughs.

Not likely: According to a manager at the Chelsea store, "people would sit in them all day and night," even lining up before the doors opened to make sure they got the best seats. Today, the stores are devoid of these comfort addicts. In their place, an elderly woman sat alone on the second story of the Upper Broadway store, perched contentedly. "I prefer a hard chair," she said.

Reporting by David Finkel

tographs: top, Webb Chappell (4); bottom, Ron Haviv/Saba.

RAT CITY

PERIODIC DISPATCHES FROM THE WAR ON VERMIN

Big Trouble In Little India

WHEN EXTERMINATOR Adam Vasquez was first contacted by the owner of an Indian restaurant near 6th Street to solve an insurgent rat problem, he figured it would be a simple job. But now, as he switches on a light in the restaurant's basement, ten or so fat varmints scamper for cover. I have just been warned that for every visible rat, a dozen lie hidden from view. "Does that mean there are 120 rats in here?" I ask.

"Not in this immediate area, no," he says. "But that was a lot of rats." So now he's considering an all-fronts assault—a bunch of instant-death devices (guillotinelike snap traps), some more subtle slow-kill measures (imitation hot dogs that are poison-free at first, then are spiked with a toxin that causes severe internal bleeding), and razor blades wedged into chunks of wood so the rodents slice themselves trying to enter their holes. Oh, and maybe a few glue traps thrown in for the mice. "The rats are too smart for them," says Vasquez. "I've seen them work once. The rat screamed like a child."

When Vasquez spells it all out, however, the restaurant's proprietor balks. The $300 monthly clean-out charge is too high. "No, no," the restaurateur says, waving his hand. "I'll just get a cat." (That's a health-code violation of a different kind.)

Vasquez is irate. "Cats chase mice! The rats will gang up and kill it."

Later, he regains his composure. "The thing about these restaurants," he says, "is that they're right next to each other and they share basements. It's like a buffet dinner for the rats. The most we can do for one of our customers is to make sure none of their customers ever see one." KATE AURTHUR

THE SCENE

Flower Power

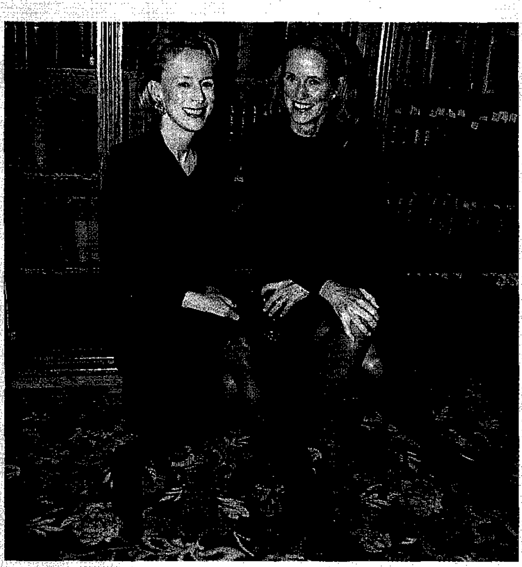
At parties for 'A Passion for Flowers' and 'The Party.'

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Hubert de Givenchy and Mai Hallingby at the International Fine Art and Antique Dealers Show, benefiting the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

Samantha Cole and Rowan Atkinson at Restaurant 147 for the premiere of *Bean*.

Nancy Friday, Norman Pearlstine, and Nancy Collins at the Four Seasons restaurant to celebrate Sally Quinn's book *The Party*, with hosts Jim and Toni Goodale.



Anne Bass and Susan Burden at the Union League Club for the publication of Carolyne Roehm's *A Passion for Flowers*.

Princess Yasmin Aga Khan, Deborah Norville, and Judith Resnick at the thirteenth annual Rita Hayworth Gala, benefiting the Alzheimer's Association.

Harmony Korine and Chloe Sevigny at *index* magazine's party for the premiere of Korine's *Gummo* at the Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts.

Illustration by Jean T

THIS SEASON, WRAP IT UP IN STYLE...OVER THE PHONE.

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GOTHAMSTYLE

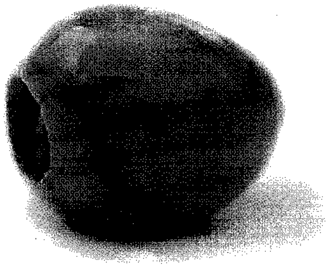
EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Ford Pick-Up

If this week's hottest invitation is any indication of things to come, the sun may be setting not only on the old-fashioned engraved white card but also on such standards as the envelope and the in-box. Seven hundred of these "disco cubes," nifty Rubik's-like *objets* that fold and unfold in complicated ways, were sent out to announce the fiftieth-anniversary party for Ford Models. Designed by Lloyd (+ co)—the advertising-and-design studio responsible for ad campaigns at Gucci, ICB, Isaac Mizrahi, and Aveda—the gadgets are expensive as invitations go, but they're likely to find a life beyond the party date, as desk adornments and semi-addictive playthings.

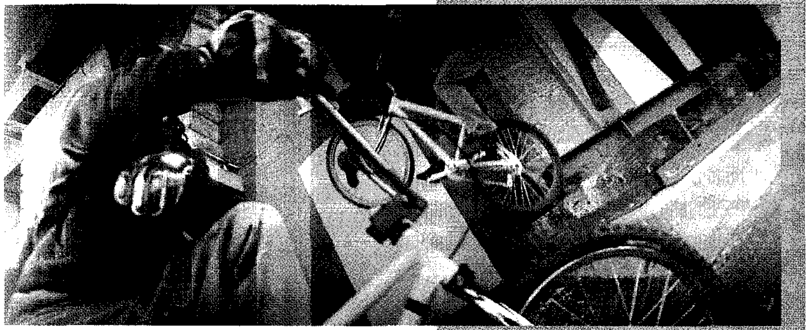
SILLY JARGON WATCH

You know the difference between sauté and Sauternes. You can tell a ramp from a fiddlehead at 50 paces. Before you graduate to the inner circles of culinary-insiderdom, however, here's a last little bit of obscurantism to master: evo, a previously unknown ingredient that's suddenly on a handful of fancy menus (sometimes as evoo). A rare herb? An imported mushroom? Nope—simply a new marketing strategy. It's just plain old extra-virgin olive oil.



Spin City

"Handstands and doubling up on one bike?" scoffs Desmond DeLeo, unimpressed by the usual street riding stunts. "That's old-school."



DeLeo is a devotee of the new school, trick riders whose stunts are too ambitious to be performed on regular bikes. Like a growing number of cyclists, he favors a pint-size ride that looks better-suited to kids than to daredevils. But their size makes these motocross bicycles highly maneuverable and durable—especially important, since the more-acrobatic tricks tend to involve a solid bashing. The sport also has a language all its own. A sampling:

PUMPING: Moving your arms and legs back and forth to increase momentum on a ramp.

NOTHING: Taking both hands and both feet off the bike while airborne.

TABLETOP: A jump where the bike is held in a horizontal position.

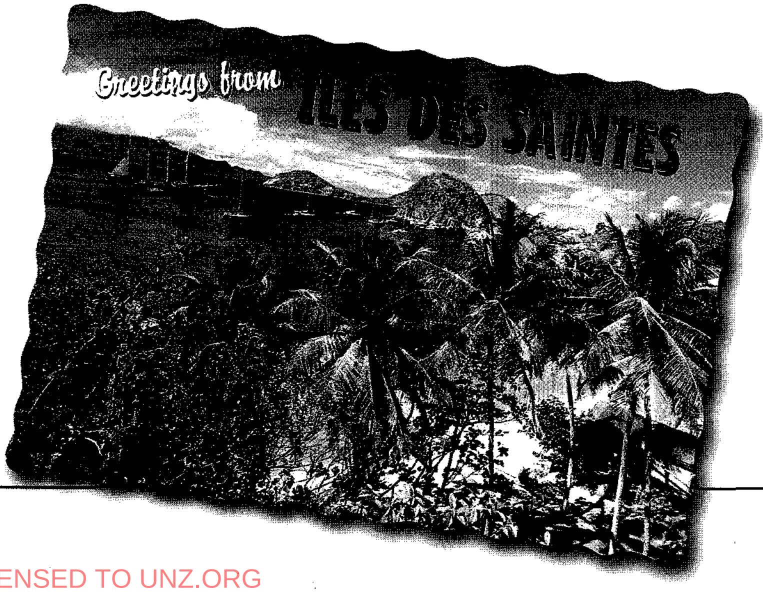
TRUCKDRIVER: Executing a 360-degree jump while simultaneously spinning the handlebars 360 degrees.

GRINDING: Scraping the bike's metal axle against the edge of a bench or railing. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Virgin Island

A tip from French Caribbean aficionados who dread the thought of a beachful of scrawny, needy publicists with cell phones: Hop over to one of the exquisite beads in Guadeloupe's necklace of offshore islands, Iles des Saintes. A short plane or ferry ride from Guadeloupe, they are today what St. Barts was twenty years ago: unspoiled but not uncivilized. Terre-de-Haut, the largest (five square miles, three paved roads, and a population of 1,500) of the eight islands, doesn't allow private cars—just hotel vans and rental scooters. But it does have perfect weather; serious scuba diving; several beaches, including one that's all-nude; a mountain you can climb in an hour for an awesome view of the archipelago; affordable, back-to-basics guest houses and hotels (most accommodations are well under $200 per night); and a fort that's never seen a war, much less a New York P.R. person.

MICHAEL GROSS



Photographs: clockwise from top right, Kristine Larsen; Sylvain Grandadam/FPG, Kristine Larsen (4). Bob Eckstein; Kit Latham/FPG; Kristine Larsen (4).
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THE NATIONAL INTEREST HANNA ROSIN

Many Unhappy Returns

Naturally, nobody likes the IRS. But if the agency has become too mean and aggressive, politicians can't blame anyone but themselves.

YOU HAVE TO FEEL BAD FOR ROBERT RUBIN. THIS summer, a commission on IRS reform comes up with the crazy idea of putting a board of CEOs in charge of the agency. Republicans write up the bill, but pretty much everyone else laughs it off, including Rubin. Then comes Halloween hysteria about the ghoulish IRS, and suddenly the crazy idea seems not only possible but sure to happen. And Rubin has to grin and bear it, telling a group of reporters flatly, "We support this bill in its current form," then waking up to the headline CLINTON CAVES IN ON IRS REFORM in the Washington *Times.*

It might not have taken all that much for Clinton to win this one back. A sound bite about Republicans putting corporate barons in charge of your hard-earned money would have helped. But the disaster is not really Clinton's fault. This was one of those disheartening times when the press teams up with politicians and forgets to check the facts. By week's end—after even Dick Gephardt whined about the IRS's "trampling taxpayers"—Clinton didn't have much choice but to cave.

It's hard to tell who was more dishonest, the Congress or the press. The Senate Finance Committee's three days of hearings were a regular courtroom thriller, with disguised agents and tearful witnesses and vaguely ominous terms like "whipsaw technique." All that was missing was for someone to break through the back doors of the room carrying a bloody glove.

The media mustered all their mock horror for the occasion. Peter Jennings called the proceedings "stunning." Tom Brokaw called them "scary." *Newsweek* quickly dispatched reporters around the country and dug up the most ridiculous scoop: EXCLUSIVE, screamed its cover, INSIDE THE IRS: LAWLESS, ABUSIVE AND OUT OF CONTROL. The cover featured a cowering middle-aged man, crouched on a hardwood chair, staring into a shaft of light. Inside was the tale of a man known as "King" James, a "barrel-chested" outlaw of an IRS manager who whipped his employees into seizing innocent taxpayers' houses, cars, bank accounts, land—anything not chained down—just to get his division's performance numbers up.

By the end of the three-day hearings, Republicans were as giddy as King James on a repo mission. Scrapping the IRS was a distant goal they'd pushed for years, and suddenly it seemed attainable. The success was hailed not just as a passing victory but as the very rebirth of the party. "If the GOP interprets this success correctly," gloated the conservative magazine *The Standard,* "the IRS hearings may herald a much-needed revival of party confidence and purpose." Newt Gingrich was his old, smug self again, blasting the administration's proposals as "ineffectual" and "unacceptable." Meanwhile, his colleagues gleefully renewed the battle over which was better, the flat tax or the national sales tax.

Like most Washington dramas, this one had more than a few loose ends. It's not that the hearings were a conspiracy of lies. Each individual horror story may well have been true (although I doubt it), but taken together, they presented a wildly distorted picture. For one thing, the wrong defendant was on trial. If the agency is more aggressive with the few people it still audits, it's because the Finance Committee ordered it to be. And while most of the IRS's abuses have come at the expense of the poor and middle-class, all the solutions proposed after the hearings are conveniently designed to aid the well-off.

Let's start with the numbers. Between 1988 and 1995, civil-audit rates of individuals earning more than $100,000 declined by a factor of four, according to the Treasury Department. At the same time, audits of households earning less than $25,000 doubled. The IRS audits fewer people, and those they audit are poorer.

For this, William Roth, chairman of the Finance Committee, deserves at least part of the blame. Agent after agent complained about performance quotas that put pressure on them to seize property. Those quotas did not originate in a secret, rogue plot hatched by King James; the agency, after all, does not make policy—it merely follows Congress's orders. The measures come from a law passed in 1993 establishing performance standards, drafted by none other than William Roth. The Finance Committee later tightened the screws, asking the agency in 1995 to turn in quarterly reports.

Of course, Roth never instructed field agents to bring out the billy clubs and bash the poor.

DISALLOW
DISALLOW
DISALLOW
IRS

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger.

But when agents are under the gun, they don't go after the wealthy, who have this annoying tendency to hire tax lawyers and keep cases tied up in court for years. Instead, they threaten to impound someone's '83 Chevy, and earn good-performance points $1,000 at a time.

Roth did level one blow directly at the poor. In 1995, when Republicans were writing their first budget bill, they became obsessed with abuses of the Earned Income Tax Credit (EITC), a kind of refund for low-income families. Roth was among the most obsessed, and sent a message to the agency to audit these families.

Jennifer Long, the only agent still at the IRS who testified using her name, was baffled about why she was sent into poor households. "As of late, I seem to be auditing only poor people," she testified. "The thinking is, anyone making below $23,000 must be cheating." Her boss tended to sic her on people with "limited education, who have just had a family tragedy, or who are having a financial crisis, or who may not have a solid grasp of their legal rights."

Rooting out abuses of the EITC was not a bad idea, if it was designed to save the program's reputation. But Roth is hardly interested in that. The Republican-controlled Senate wanted to whack $40 billion out of EITC, and was stopped only by a Clinton veto. "It's ironic," says Bob Greenstein of the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities. "These forces on Capitol Hill are critical of the EITC error rate; then, when the IRS tries to take enforcement action, they say, 'Look at all the horrible things they're doing.' "

People earning less than $23,000 should not expect relief from these hearings. The bill Rubin was talking about was drafted by Representative Bill Archer, a Republican from Texas, and is expected to become law by early next year. Among other things, it sets up a board of eleven members, eight of them private citizens. Senator Bob Kerrey, who supports the bill, says they would not necessarily be CEOs. But the criteria listed in the bill make it unlikely that my dry cleaner would get the job. The members must have experience managing large service organizations or working with federal tax law or with information technology. This might mean some presidents of nonprofits will slip through, but certainly not your average private citizen.

The administration did win some concessions from Republicans. The board no longer gets to choose the IRS commissioner. But they do get to veto the budget and approve the agency's strategic plan, which means they can set auditing priorities. Think they'll choose to audit themselves? Essentially, it's like giving a vice-president of Chrysler final say on the Department of Transportation's budget.

Other proposals that came out of the hearings are even less reasonable, and they would hardly deserve comment except that the hearings have given them some credibility again. Congressmen Dick Armey and Billy Tauzin have embarked on a kind of Click and Clack road show, starring the Texas country boy and the Louisiana Cajun. During the show, they hand out T-shirts and buttons that say SCRAP THE CODE, make paper airplanes of the 1040 form, and generally yuk it up before adoring audiences in a mock debate over the merits of Armey's flat tax and Tauzin's national sales tax.

It's hard to decide which is worse. The argument for the flat tax, as you'll remember from Steve Forbes, is that the tax system is too complicated. But the current progressive code—which charges increasingly higher taxes the higher your income—wouldn't be complicated at all if Congress could refrain from larding it up with hundreds of loopholes every year. What's simple about the flat tax is this: It's good for the wealthy. The lowest rate at which a flat tax would be fiscally responsible is 23 percent. The highest tax bracket now pays about 40 percent. Armey has several explanations why 40 is actually less than 23, but we'll leave that debate for the next presidential election.

The national sales tax is supported by those who think even the flat tax is too hard on the rich. It establishes a federal tax on most store-bought goods. Pretty much everything a business spends money on is counted as a capital investment and doesn't get taxed. As Ken Johnson, a spokesman for Tauzin, explained, "If you're a farmer, you don't pay taxes on the grain, the fertilizer, the tractor; and the distributor doesn't pay taxes. The only time the bread is taxed is when it hits the grocery store." Well, poor people don't buy tractors or distribute bread, but they do go to the grocery store. The wealthier people are, the smaller the percentage of their income they actually spend. So poor people would end up bearing the brunt of a national sales tax.

This is not the first time the IRS is being abused. Nixon used it to harass dissidents, Kennedy to track nonprofits. The method is the same; only the agenda has changed. The "Scrap the Code" tour appeals to Americans because they love the idea of mutiny against the faceless bureaucracy. Little do they know how much it's going to end up costing them. ▬

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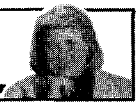
NEW YORK POST

Wednesday, October 8, 1997

Liz Smith



The sizzlingest new album in years

"THERE'S no love song finer/but how strange the change from major to minor/Ev'rytime we say goodbye!" penned the incomparable Cole Porter in one of the best lyric lines ever written.

Now you can hear it again on what I think is the sizzlingest new album in years — **Carly Simon's** "Film Noir." This Arista CD is full of fabulous, sultry heartbreak songs with a difference. Take the opening track — "You Won't Forget Me." What a shock and thrill to have that classic brought back. And I find Carly's voice, always an evocative instrument, even fuller, lusher, more mature. I *love* this record, produced by **Jimmy Webb** and Carly (He sings along with her on "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year").

Carly Simon
FILM NOIR

CARLY SIMON

My favorites are the Cole Porter number quoted above (Oh, how we sobbed and danced to that during World War II), "Last Night When We Were Young," "I'm a Fool to Want You," "Laura" (from the delectable noir mystery of the same name, starring Gene Tierney), and the rare "Don't Smoke In Bed." (This **Peggy Lee** composition was recently rediscovered by **k.d. lang**. Carly puts her own smoky spin on it.)

Yes, Carly is unusual here, including her ending of "Ev'rytime We Say Goodbye," when she puts the missing E back into the word Ev'ry.

I think this is the sexiest CD of the year. I bought six copies in Southampton, gave them away as gifts, and now all my friends agree with me. Thank you, Carly Simon — it's been a while since any of these people agreed with me about anything!

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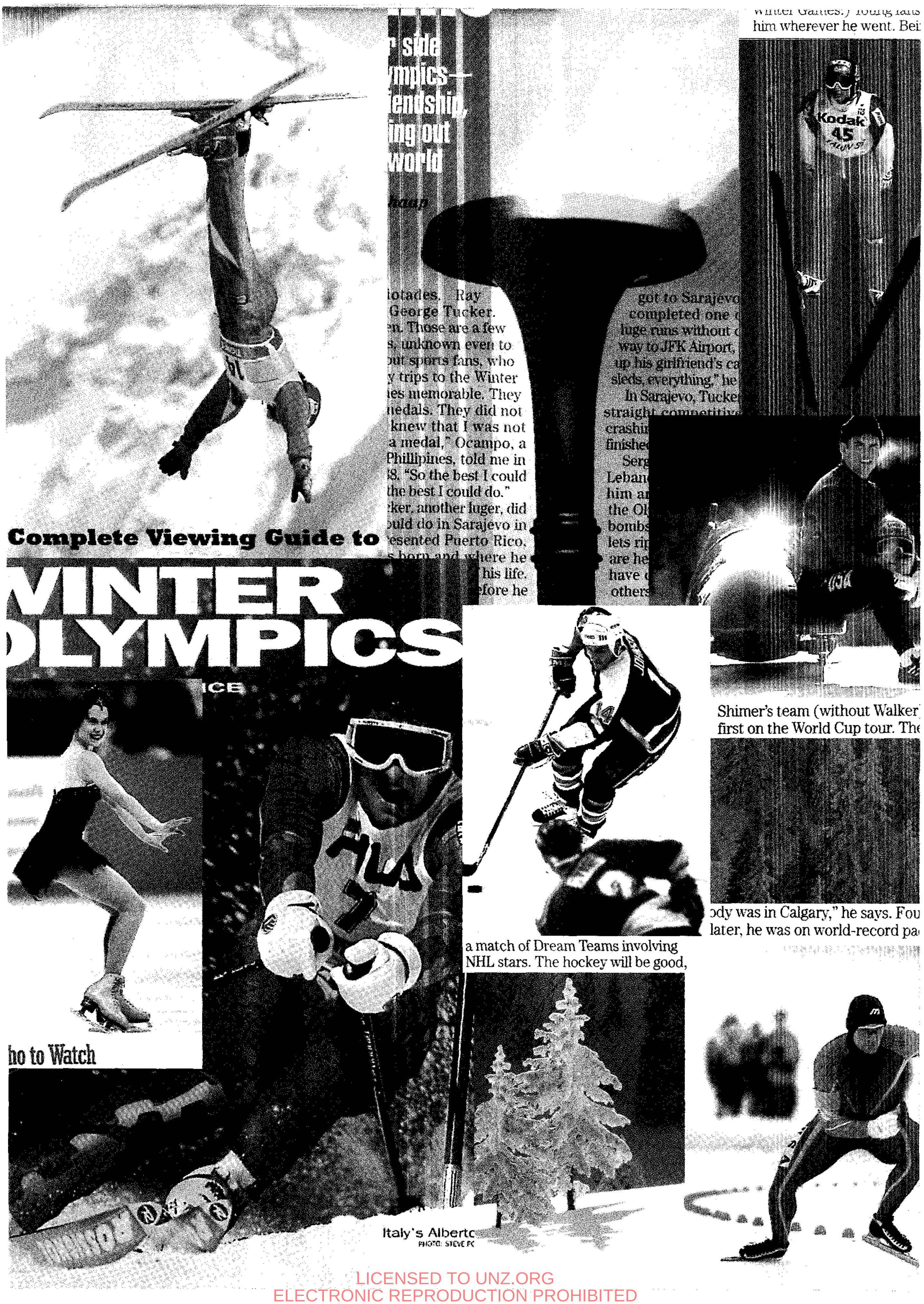

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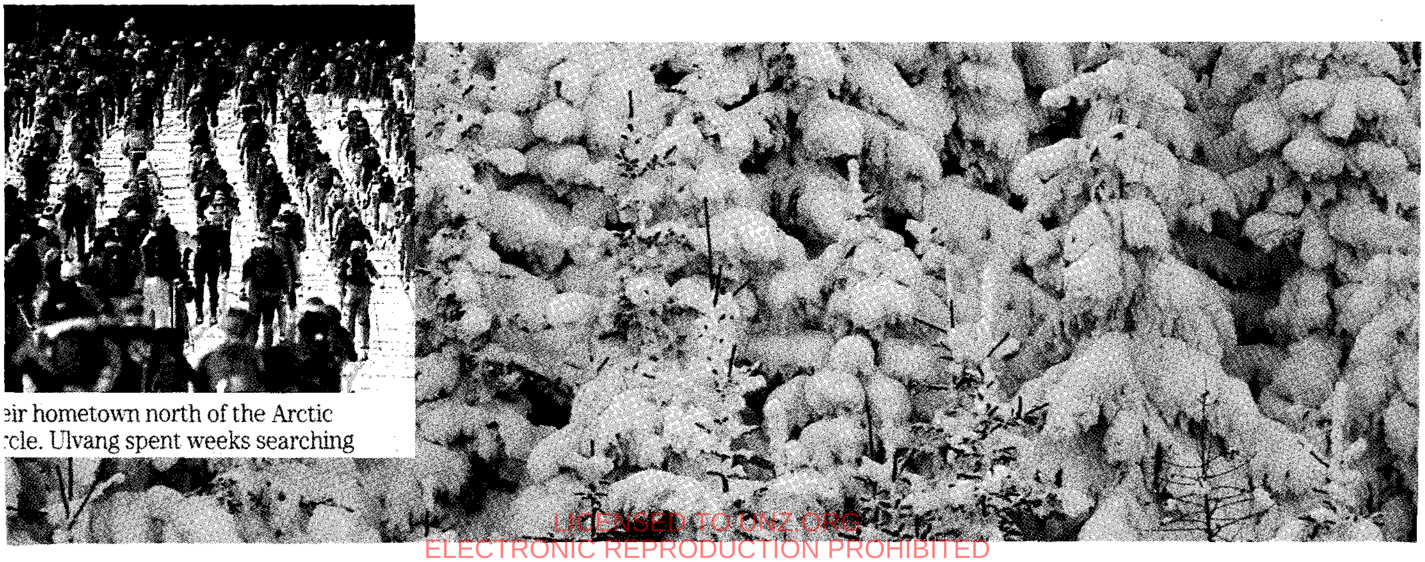
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CITYSCAPE KARRIE JACOBS

Small Blue Thing

So you're corporate-downsizing? Take heart (and inspiration) from IBM's new HQ: Pastoral, sensible, it's Silicon Valley come to Armonk.

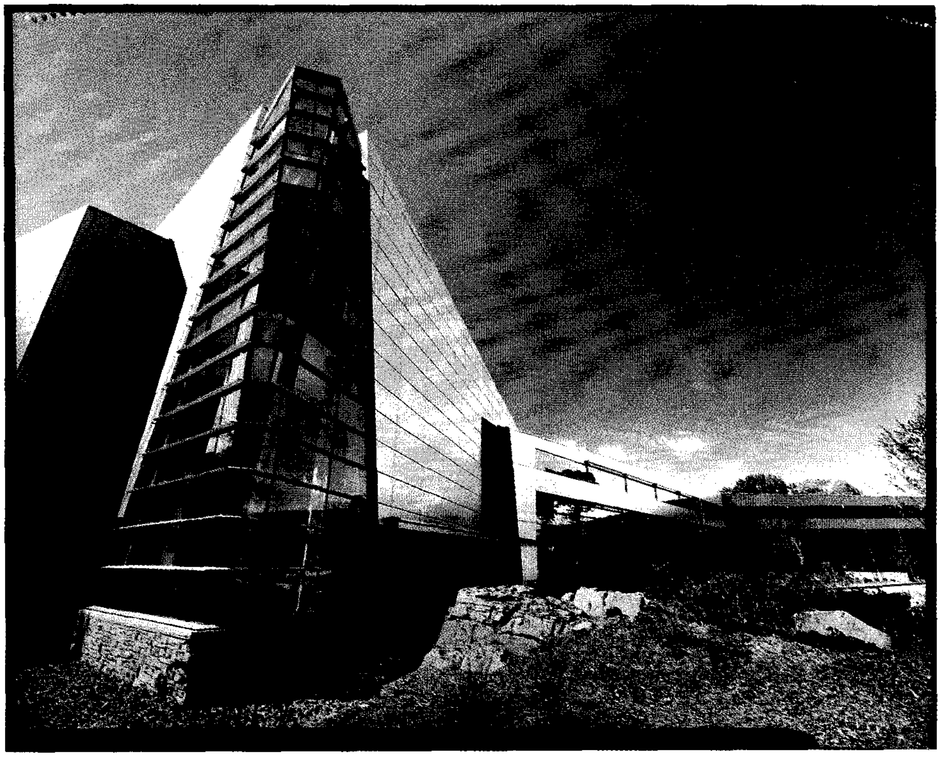
YOU'VE READ PLENTY ABOUT THE buildings of the hour—Frank Gehry's new Guggenheim, an anarchic titanium-covered rock pile that sits on the banks of the Nervion River in Bilbao, Spain, and Richard Meier's Getty Center, which lords over the sprawl of Los Angeles from a Brentwood mountaintop. Both are extraordinary, but they are more like works of art than architecture, vividly expressing themselves but only themselves. Much closer to home is a new building that speaks eloquently and broadly about this moment in history and how our image of the future has become lodged in the present. On the same 450-acre spread that houses its old headquarters, straight up Route 684 in Armonk, New York, IBM recently moved into an updated corporate symbol.

A low-lying zigzag of stainless steel, glass, and stone designed by the Manhattan-based firm of Kohn Pedersen Fox Associates PC, IBM's new headquarters represents a change in the way one of America's leading—and, recently, most troubled—corporations sees itself and wants to be perceived by its customers. It is a study in the reinvention of the American corporation, an architectural monument to the triumph of downsizing; at 280,000 square feet, it's 120,000 square feet smaller than the old headquarters, and it contains a third fewer employees.

IBM's new home also embodies fashionable ideas about the corporate hierarchy, championing collaboration at the expense of privacy. In the old headquarters, 80 percent of employees had offices with doors that closed, but far fewer had windows; the new building puts almost everyone in snappy mahogany-veneered cubicles with views of the surrounding woodlands. As handsome as these work spaces are (Swanke Hayden Connell Architects is responsible for the interiors), they have the provisional quality of trailer parks, effective reminders that no job is all that permanent or that secure.

Between blocks of cubicles are occasional clusters of upholstered club chairs arranged to promote informal brainstorming. "We call it the hot tub," IBM public-relations man Fred McNeese says, pointing to the quartet of comfy chairs near his semi-enclosed workspace. (These chairs have since been replaced by a coat closet and several file cabinets; brainstorming sessions are now apparently being held elsewhere.) As we roam the hallways, McNeese and architect Gregory Clement of KPF continually pitch the building's harmonious relationship with its natural surroundings, its outdoor decks, its wooded jogging trail, and its generous windows that position all the cubicle dwellers "relatively close to greenery."

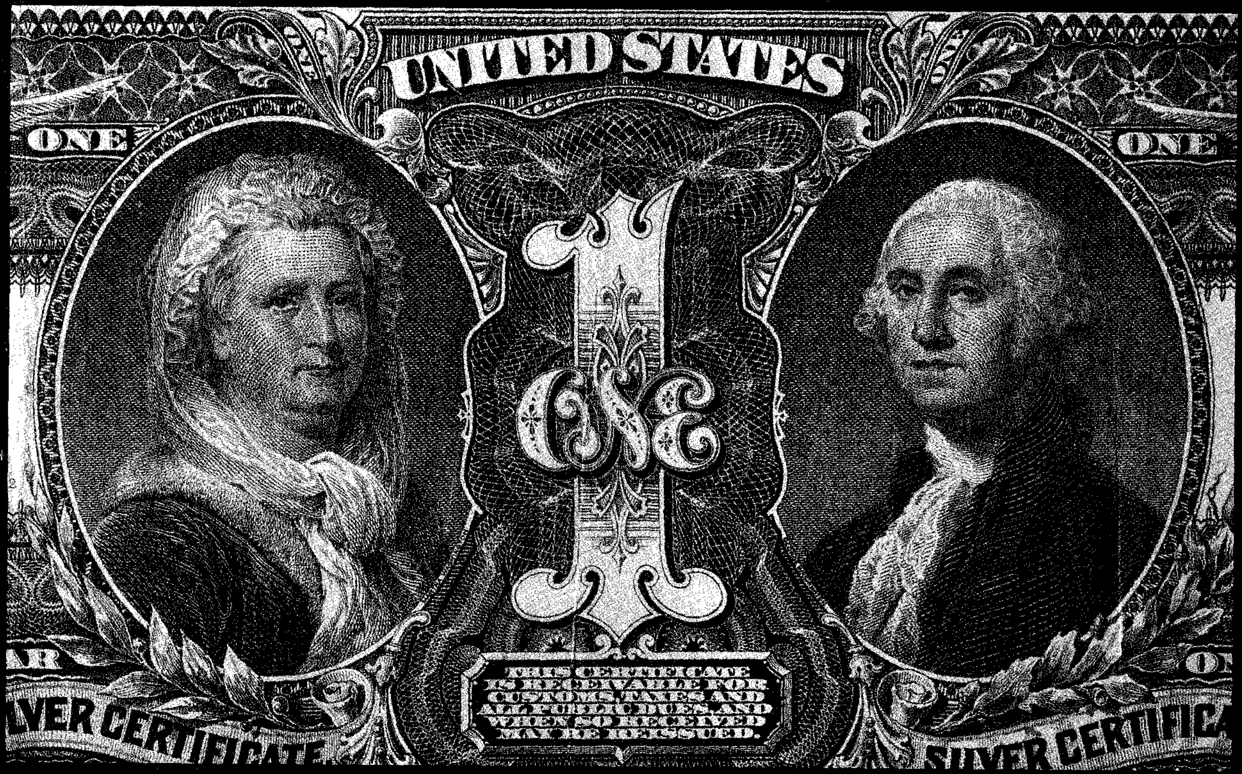
KPF's design is an artful marriage of mixed motives. Without leaving stodgy Westchester behind, IBM has embraced selected bits of the heady counterculture ethos that permeates Big Blue's West Coast competitors. IBM has gone Silicon Valley—it has established a basement lab in San Jose where freewheeling cybergeeks cook up products for the Internet—but also wants to keeps its feet firmly rooted in Westchester's rocky soil. It wants to be sense and sensibility. Like most corporations these days, IBM wants to have it both ways.



Big Blue, Act Two: Side view of the IBM headquarters, near the greenery workers are "relatively close to."

The new headquarters has its own entrance off Route 120, from which one can't even catch a glimpse of the old building. Sight lines here are so controlled, and the "natural" setting so composed, that it feels as if Disney's Imagineers have been at work. Beyond a stainless-steel gatehouse that has popped out of a comic-book view of the future, one drives on a road dynamited through rock

Photograph by Bernd Auers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that was subsequently touched up to look as though it had not been blasted, past deeply rusted railings made from a type of steel that patinates almost instantly. The headquarters is sunk into the landscape like a rich man's hideaway. You don't see the building until you're there.

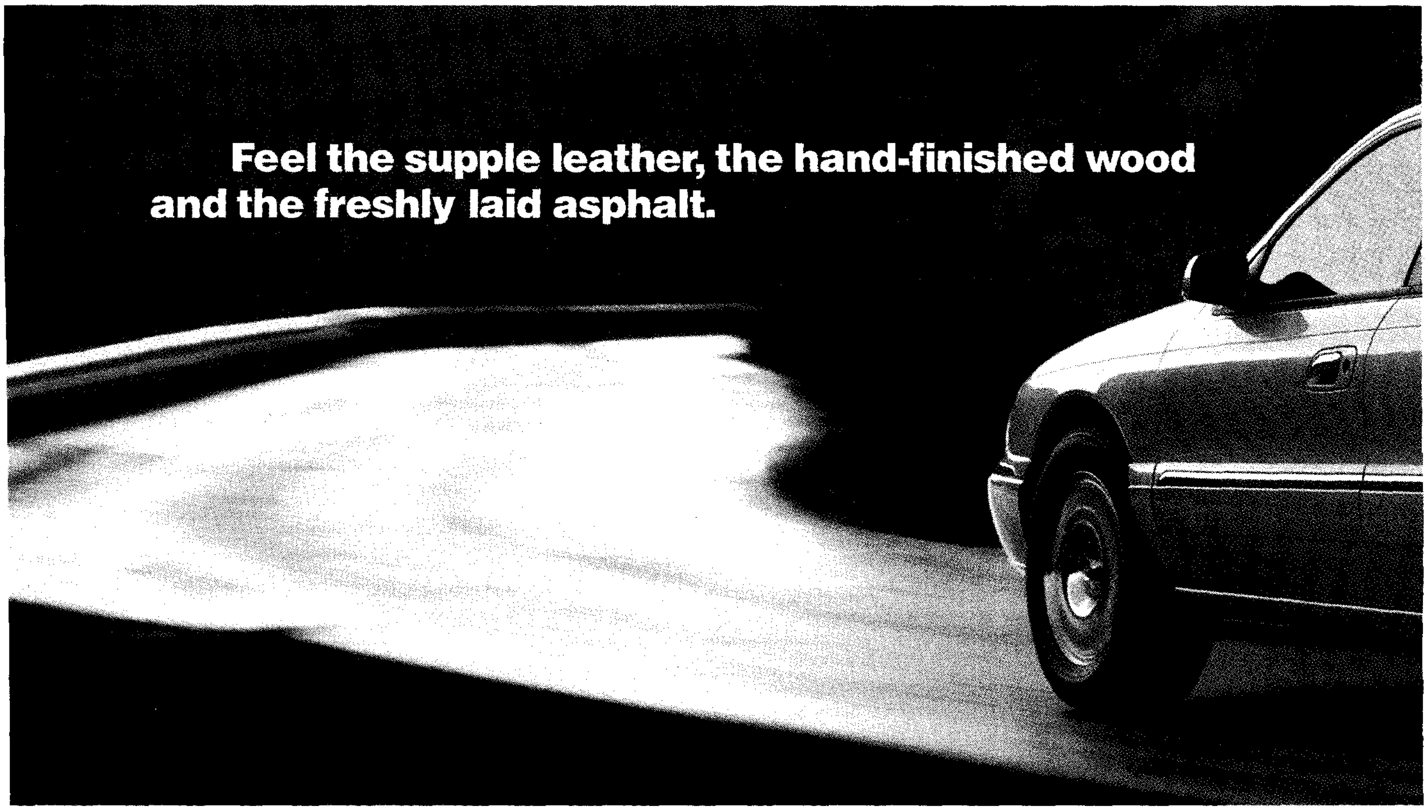
The old headquarters was for sale for two years and withdrawn from the market after it became painfully clear that no one wanted to buy it. Designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill and completed in 1964, it sits as proudly as a feudal castle atop its leveled hill. It's a three-story reinforced-concrete carton, a long series of rectangles stacked like Kleenex boxes on a grocer's shelf. The aesthetic calls to mind an icon of the first computer age: the punch card.

Surrounded by ceremonial lawn and acres of parking, the old headquarters would not have been quite so awful if it hadn't been modified in 1984. The company hired I. M. Pei to design an entry pavilion, a gazebo-ish structure that, like the pediments hurriedly pasted onto Paramus strip malls, was meant to usher the building into postmodernity. In mid-September, a few days after IBM's move, the revolving door on Pei's pavilion had a file folder hastily taped to it. Scrawled on the folder were the words DOOR LOCKED.

Inside IBM: The lobby and main entrance.

By contrast, the new IBM building is quite beautiful. Nestled in the landscape, positioned as close to the tree line as possible, surrounded by earth and rocks, it's clad in panels of blasted stainless steel, a material warmer and less reflective than toaster steel. Somehow, it doesn't look out of place in the woods. Like high-tech camping gear made of the most advanced petrochemicals, this building is an indicator that the old, adversarial relationship between nature and technology has been tossed out in favor of détente. It nicely expresses the happy denial in late-nineties life.

This brand of denial is best demonstrated by the placement of the parking lots. The old headquarters, like most suburban office buildings, was ringed with them. The prominent position of the parking spaces suggests that they were a point of pride, American industry's answer to the formal garden. While the new headquarters is still in the suburbs and employees must still drive to work, the cars themselves are now hid-


Feel the supple leather, the hand-finished wood
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It's difficult to say which sensation is the most pleasing in the newly restyled Lincoln Continental. Is it the feeling of being surrounded by plush leather trim and classic bird's-eye maple? Or the feeling of confidently carving your way through a favorite turn, with an

LINCOLN

Photograph by Bernd Aue

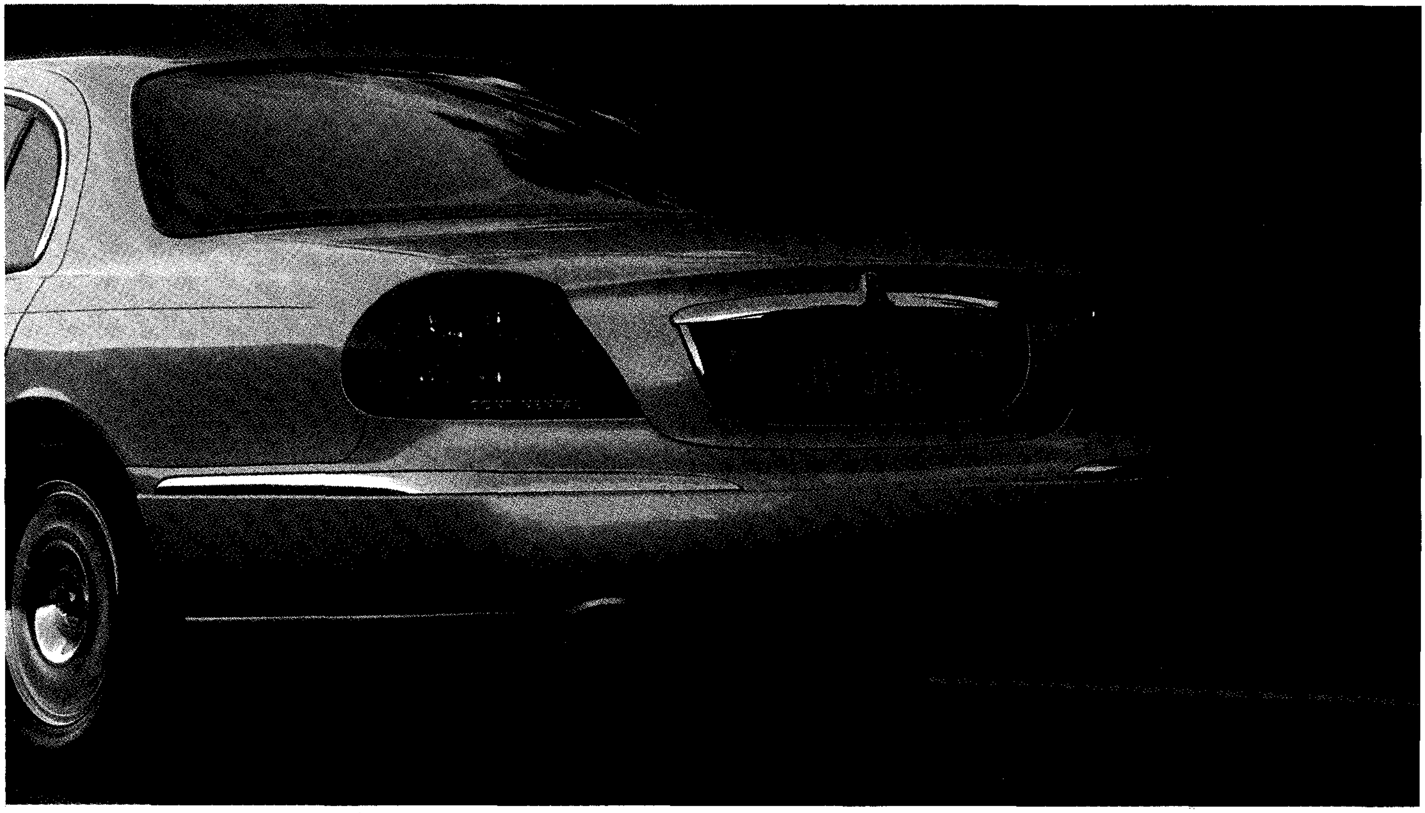
den from view. Six hundred parking spaces are secreted in terraces carved into the hillsides surrounding the headquarters. IBM employees, too, get to have it both ways. They drive to work, park their cars, and look out the windows all day at nothing but trees.

In early 1994, when newly appointed CEO Louis V. Gerstner Jr. announced that IBM would abandon its Armonk headquarters, it was a portent of doom for the American corporation and particularly for Westchester County, which had been hemorrhaging white-collar jobs since the 1987 stock-market crash. In the early nineties, IBM was in the process of laying off 187,000 employees, nearly half its workforce. A year later, it became obvious that this American corporation was not as helpless or hidebound as it appeared. In February 1995, Gerstner made two decisions public: He was dropping the unwritten dress code, white shirt and dark suit, that was as much a part of IBM's corporate culture as the hard-serifed logotype, and he was going to build a new, smaller headquarters within the wooded interior of the Armonk property. IBM would survive through adaptation.

Adaptation is a subject KPF knows something about. Earlier this year, when I saw a model of the new IBM building, its three gunmetal-gray wings forming a jagged Z, sections of the roof jutting in different directions, I was struck by the fact that KPF, a mainstream firm, was building what, less than a decade ago, would have been nothing more than academic theory. After all, in the eighties, when deconstruction was a fresh idea in architecture, KPF was busy building decorous, middle-of-the-road postmodern office buildings that were sometimes a little weird (check out the tower at 135 East 57th Street, at Lexington Avenue) but never radical. But here they were designing a corporate headquarters that might have been inspired by Zaha Hadid, the Iraqi-born architect whose late-eighties drawings of buildings, so deconstructed that they appeared to explode off the page, won competitions but rarely led to actual construction.

In the nineties, KPF has reinvented itself, designing buildings that look as if the postmodern period never happened. One, the Shanghai World Financial Center, which will be the world's tallest building when completed in 2001, is a soaring steel-and-glass shaft with a round hole at the top, a giant bottle opener. The World Bank Headquarters, which opened this year in Washington, D.C., with its thirteen-story atrium, as dizzying as a cathedral's nave, and its tall columns of precast concrete instead of marble, may be the firm's strongest expression of the architectural moment.

The IBM headquarters, however, is an architectural expression of a change that isn't architectural at all. It says viscerally what business pundits and cyberprophets have said explicitly: that corporations have to be lean, fast, and mutable. In Armonk, IBM abandoned its fortress atop the highest point of land to hunker down in the woods like a guerrilla army. It is selling a product that is largely intangible in an industry in which speed is the highest virtue. And now it has a headquarters that, through its form, shouts speed. IBM isn't Big Blue anymore. It's a glint of mercury in the woods. ■



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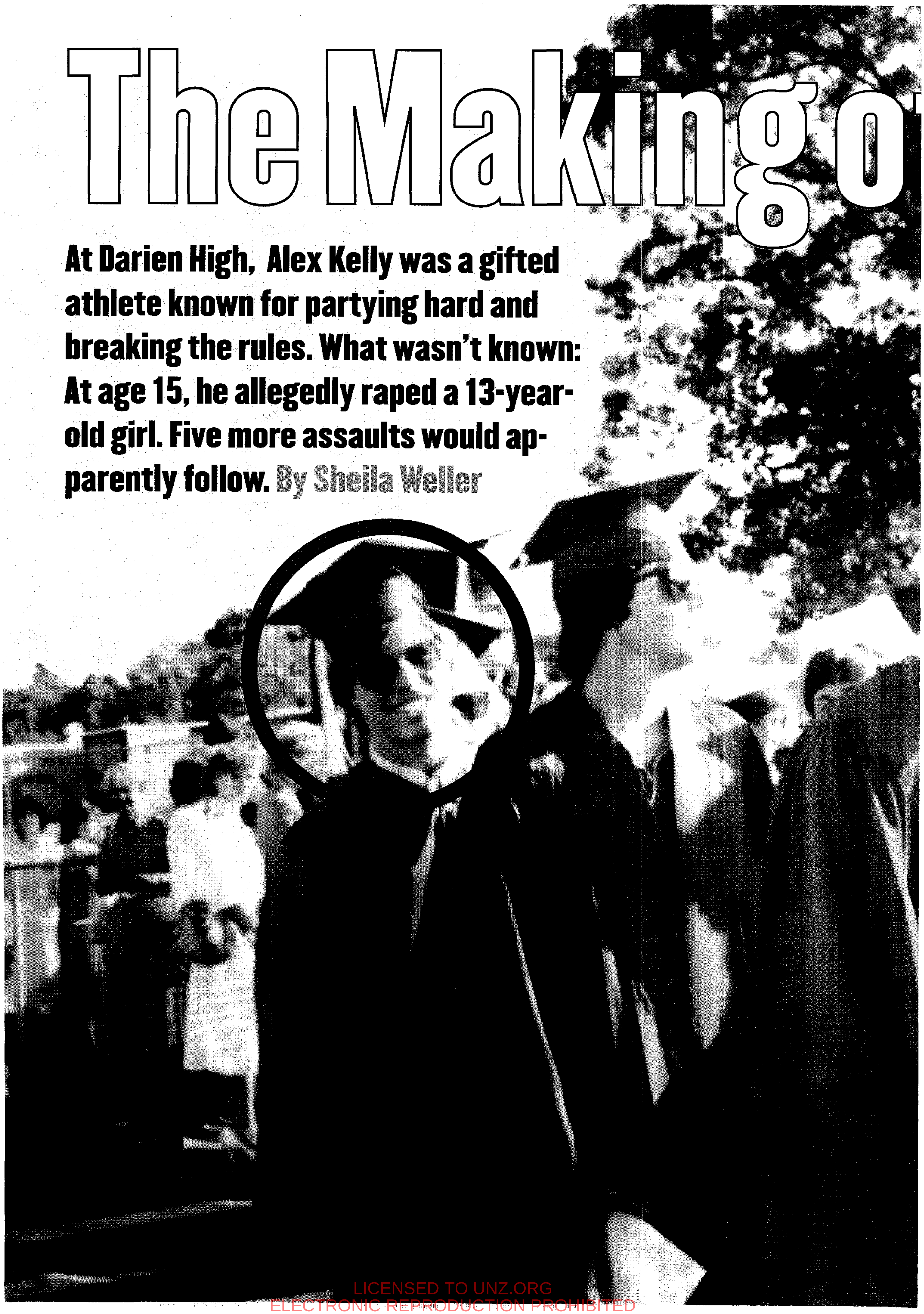
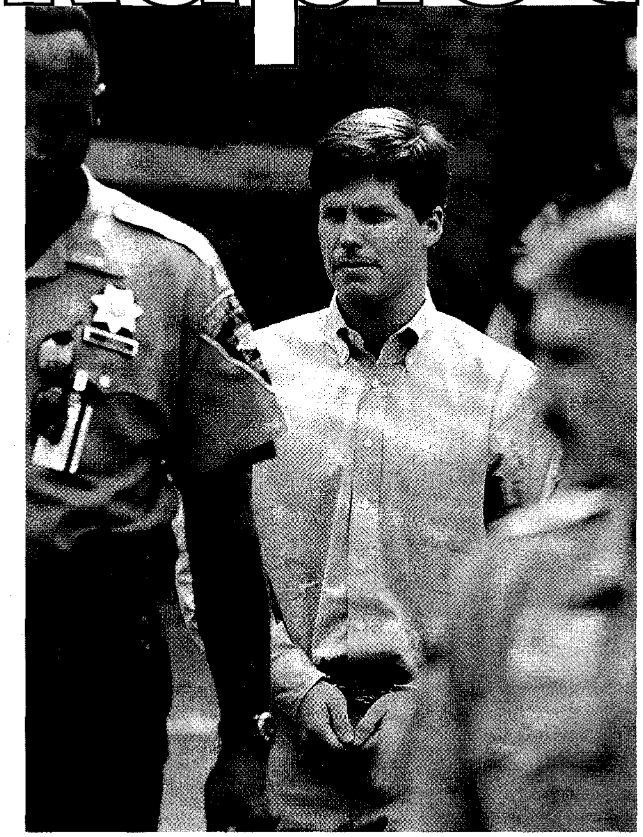
The Making o

At Darien High, Alex Kelly was a gifted athlete known for partying hard and breaking the rules. What wasn't known: At age 15, he allegedly raped a 13-year-old girl. Five more assaults would apparently follow. By Sheila Weller



Serial Rapist



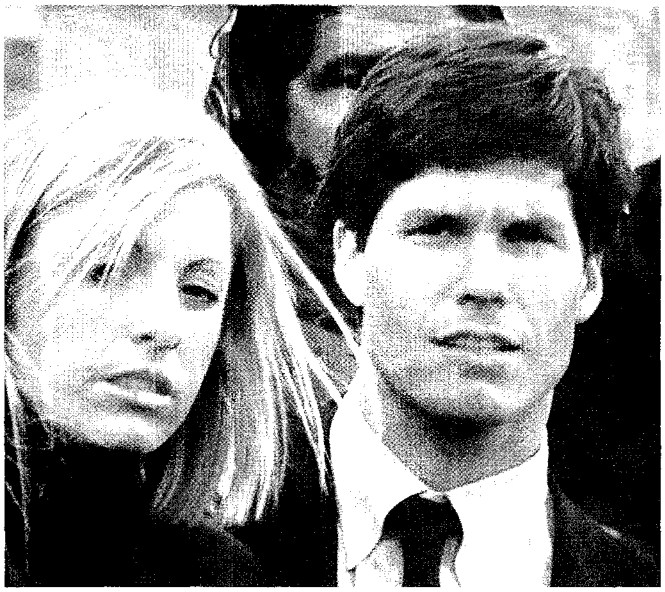
BORN AND BRED IN DARIEN: Left, while being investigated for rape, Alex Kelly graduates early from Darien High in 1986; right, Alex Kelly at his 1997 retrial.

Photograph: right, Richard Freeda/Sygma.

Last June, after spending eight years as a fugitive, Alex Kelly was convicted of raping a 16-year-old girl, Adrienne Bak, when he was a senior at Darien High School in 1986. (Kelly is scheduled to go to trial early next year for another alleged rape—of a Stamford high-school girl—which is said to have happened three days after the attack on Bak.) ■ *The day after he was convicted, Adrienne Bak, now known by her married name, Adrienne Bak Ortolano, spoke out publicly for the first time, revealing her identity. "I hope this sends a message to other rape victims around the country," she said. Among Ortolano's many silent supporters were four women who were more grateful to her—and relieved by Kelly's conviction—than anyone but their closest confidants knew: four women* *who have said they were raped by Kelly as teenagers. Two of them were only 13 at the time; one of the alleged rapes was said to have been committed after Kelly was arrested, while he was out on bail. Each girl's story has been corroborated by someone in whom she confided at the time; two of the girls volunteered to testify at Kelly's rape trial, but judges disallowed testimony about alleged prior assaults.*

The square-jawed, blue-blazer-wearing defendant so often photographed on the steps of the Stamford courthouse, it appears, was a serial rapist who was assaulting girls by the time he was 15 years old. Despite its well-groomed appearance, the Darien of the eighties was a troubled community for young people, where an emphasis on sex, sports, drugs, and alcohol stoked Kelly's increasingly violent behavior; its emphasis on image probably helped hide it.

Darien's aura of privilege may have lent Kelly a dangerous arrogance, but his own family life—specifically, the physical discipline his father inflicted on him—may also have fostered his violent tendencies. The untold story of Alex Kelly's early years, excerpted from Sheila Weller's upcoming book, Saint of Circumstance, *published by Pocket Books.*



IF IT'S BEEN SAID THAT EVERY GENERATION GETS THE SCANDAL it deserves, then it might be said that every town breeds the kind of crime it can accommodate. Acquaintance rape is a crime in which appearance and essence could not be more different from one another. In this virtually all-white town of corporate executives and their families, unpleasant things are usually hidden, the town's young adults, educators, and police officers say. "I used to joke, 'If they could get away with not having a police department here, that's what they'd do,' " says one ex-officer. "Because if you have a police department, that means you have *crime*, and they don't want that word spoken."

Alex's parents, Joe and Melanie Kelly, were by all appearances the most decent of people, parents with old-fashioned values. There were many lax parents in Darien—people who went on two-week business trips or cruises, leaving the kids to open their houses to marathon keg parties—but Joe and Melanie were not among this group. By most accounts, Melanie Kelly was a sweet and welcoming neighborhood mom, active in the Red Cross Blood Drive, the Darien Junior League, and the Republican Town Committee. Joe was—and still is—a successful plumber

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Names marked with an asterisk (*) have been changed.

One girl Kelly attacked came up with a secret nickname for him that

FALL 1982: At age 15, Kelly, above, allegedly rapes a 13-year-old Darien girl.

MAY 31, 1984: Arrested for marijuana possession in his school parking lot while with girlfriend Mavis McGarry, left.

JUNE 15, 1984: Arrested and charged with nine counts of burglary and nine counts of larceny after stealing silver from a series of Darien homes.

SPRING 1985: Starts seeing Amy Molitor, below, who would stand by his side during both trials.

SPRING 1985: Kelly allegedly rapes an acquaintance he was driving home.

JANUARY 1986: On a ski vacation in Vermont, Kelly allegedly rapes a teenage girl.

FEBRUARY 10, 1986: Kelly offers Adrienne Bak, left, a ride home from a party, then rapes her.

FEBRUARY 14, 1986: While polic are investigating Bak's allegations Kelly allegedly rapes again.

CLASS COUPLE: Kelly with Amy Molitor, who'd admired him from afar.

and real-estate investor who disdained the rich-kid brattiness of Darien's youth and didn't mind telling people so. "He was a hell of a nice guy; down-to-earth, very personable with his customers, didn't put on any kind of airs," says a woman who moved to Darien from Illinois. "We'd talk about some of the spoiled kids in town who'd drink and drive and wreck their parents' cars. He'd say, 'I never got away with things like that when I was young.' "

But to those who observed Melanie in the neighborhood during the seventies and early eighties, she seemed at a perennial loss to handle her inordinately active young sons. "They were real physical kids, Chris and Alex, and just not very responsive to what people wanted them to do," one neighbor remembers. "You'd go over to the Kelly house and the boys were always screaming, running, hitting each other. We'd be at the house and the boys would be running amok and Melanie would come out of the kitchen with a plate of freshly made chocolate-chip cookies. It was like she was blocking out what was happening." (Joe, Melanie, and Alex declined through Alex's lawyer to be interviewed.)

Even as an adorable 6-year-old, Alex startled observers who happened to witness the occasional display of his already-developed sadistic streak. One neighborhood child was at the house one day, playing with the family's pet dachshunds, when Alex suddenly picked up one of the dogs by its tail and, as the dog yelped in pain, twirled the animal around and around as if it were a lasso and he were a cowboy.

Although drugs were all over Darien by the mid-seventies, Alex Kelly was the rare elementary-school student who was already experimenting with them. As a 9½-year-old fourth-grader, two neighbors report, Alex Kelly began smoking marijuana regularly. By seventh grade, Alex and a friend he played football with reportedly smoked pot before games, getting high in a clearing they called the Frog Pond. Marijuana apparently didn't mellow out the adolescent Alex—far from it. He and his friend "were like animals; they were psychos," recalls neighbor Tom Kelly (no relation). "I mean that in a positive way—they were great players."

However great a player he might have been, Alex's behavior was of concern to other observers. "At the junior football league, the other parents were getting upset—[during the game] the little kids were getting beat up by Alex," remembers another neighbor. "He couldn't control himself. He wasn't going to lose. Alex was always just a little too physical."

By the time Alex was 13 and in eighth grade, he was brazen enough to smoke marijuana on the way to school. A former friend remembers "waiting for the school bus and Alex walks up to the school bus, smoking a joint! I thought, 'Wow, that kid's crazy.' Al Kelly was the kind of kid you could get intimidated by, but you wanted to be friends with him. He was a cool kid, a wild man."

Alex's behavior did not go unpunished. His father was a strict disciplinarian—some say too strict. It was "weakness" on Melanie Kelly's part, a sympathetic friend says, that kept her from knowing quite how to intervene to curb her sons' increasingly disturbing behavior—or her husband's toughness with them. A friend of Alex's remembers a weekend when he, Alex, and another boy drove to Saratoga for a Grateful Dead show. "We went to Alex's house—I think for the drugs that he had there. We get to the house. Alex and I go in. His mother is there, and she seems kind of quietly upset about something. Alex goes into the other room, and all of a sudden his father

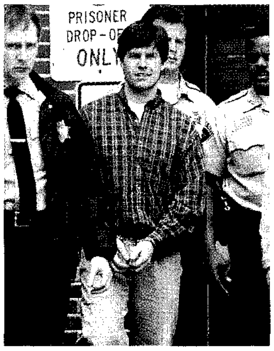
ed with two friends: Alex Kelly, M.R. The initials stood for "mad rapist."

UMMER 1986:
elly jumps bail
go to the Ba-
amas, where
allegedly
pes a 13-
ar-old girl
om California.

FEBRUARY 1987: Shortly before his double-rape trial, Kelly flees the country and spends eight years traveling through Europe.

OCTOBER 1991: His brother Chris, left, dies of a synthetic-heroin overdose.

JANUARY 19, 1995: Kelly surrenders to Swiss law-enforcement authorities in Zurich.



SEPTEMBER 23, 1996: Driving with Amy in her Nissan, Kelly attempts to outrun police who have clocked him speeding. He flips the car, left, and flees the scene, leaving his girlfriend injured in the road.

NOVEMBER 8, 1996: The first rape trial ends in a hung jury.

JUNE 12, 1997: The retrial for the rape of Adrienne Bak Ortolano ends with a guilty verdict. Kelly is sentenced to twenty years in prison, with four suspended.

Photographs: top, Doug Healy/Gamma Liaison; timeline, clockwise from top left, Darien High Dariannus '83 (2), Richard Freeda/Sygma, G. Brooks/Darien *Times*/Sygma, Darien High Dariannus '82, Najlah Feanny/Saba, Darien High Dariannus '83.

starts saying something—and Alex is really scared. He goes, 'No, Dad,' like he's defending himself against something. I wasn't supposed to be watching, but I was. His father did one of these open-handed smacks on the side of Alex's head. It wasn't a little smack on the cheek—his dad clubbed him on the side of his head! His mother was in the other room listening—doing the dishes or something and pretending nothing was going on, but you could tell she was thinking about what was happening. But she didn't say or do anything to stop it. And afterward Alex went in his room and came out again, and we left for Saratoga, and it was like nothing happened."

Later, someone who knew the boys speculated, "If rape is about being angry about women, well, I think Alex became angry that his mother was never able or willing to protect him."

"Growing up, we used to see the kids getting beat up by Joe. Belt

Alex may not be the only son who came out of the Kelly household with violent tendencies. Toward the end of Chris Kelly's young life, Chris's friend Jay Bush* and the woman who would become Bush's wife were troubled after seeing more than one girl Chris dated with black eyes. Bush says, "I'd say, 'Chris, how can you hit a girl?' And Chris would say, 'I know it's not right, but it's like a reflex. It's a natural reaction. I get mad, and the next thing I know I use my hands. I know it's wrong, but I can't control it.' "

Bush frequently saw, in the Kelly home, the father-to-son discipline that was only momentarily glimpsed by others. "Joe would come home from working hard, the three kids would be acting up, going off the wall—and he'd take off his belt. Or he'd slam Chris up against the wall. I saw it. . . . As kids, growing up, we used to see the kids getting beaten by Joe. Belts were a popular way. Fists. Slamming them up against the walls. In front of friends."

Humiliation appeared to be part of the punishment. Some neighbors believe Joe's humiliation of Chris in front other people was part of a chain of events that may have led Chris to overdose on heroin. (Many close to Chris believe he did so intentionally.)

Unlike Chris, who proudly adopted a blue-collar persona, Alex was much more socially polished, resilient, and charismatic. ("Russell [the youngest of the three Kelly brothers] and Chris were extremely genuine," says a family friend. "Alex always had a different personality. I would call it deceptively charming.") So while Chris seemed to take the humiliation out on himself, Alex—the more resourceful of the two—learned to humiliate others, especially girls and women.

When Alex was in junior high, he developed a nemesis at the Middlesex Club: the lifeguard, a teenage girl several years his senior. "Alex did sexually harassing things to her," remembers a young club member. "With a handful of us kids watching, Alex walked up to her and unsnapped the top of her bathing suit. We were all too surprised to do anything, so we treated it like no big deal. And Alex was definitely laughing."

Kelly's behavior could possibly be perceived as run-of-the-mill junior-high bra-snapping, just a bit more aggressive. But by the time Kelly was 15 years old, it now seems clear, his treatment of girls had become dangerous. It was when Kelly was 15, in the fall of his sophomore year, that he met Margaret*, a 13-year-old girl who went to the same junior high Kelly had attended, at a keg party. Slightly built and so physically immature she had not even started menstruating, Margaret had never kissed a boy, except for one game of spin the bottle.

Margaret remembers that a boy who'd been standing near her pulled a bag of pot out of his pocket. He was good-looking and dark-haired, and he had a bandaged splint on one finger—apparently from a sports injury. "It was cold, it was dark, the party was going on, the music was blasting," Margaret recalls, having previously told this story only to her sister, two friends, and her husband. (Margaret's best friend told the same story that Margaret would later disclose to this reporter.) "He said, 'Do you want to go smoke a little pot?' And I'm like, 'Oh, I'll try some!' I was trying to act cool, because there was an older crowd there."

The boy led Margaret out of the party, across the street, behind a neighbor's house—into the woods. "We were going to smoke some pot. But we never got to the pot. He slammed me down—pushed me. And then he started kissing me. I was like, 'No! I thought we were going to smoke some pot!' "

The next thing Margaret knew, the boy pulled his pants down and put his penis into her mouth. "I was like, 'No! No!' I was choking! I was in shock. I couldn't do anything with it in my mouth. I tried pushing him off me. He said, 'Don't say anything.'

"He ripped my pants down and then my underwear down. He held me down and covered my mouth so I wouldn't scream." The boy forcibly penetrated Margaret—he raped her, she says. "Then he got up and ran away."

Margaret was left alone in the woods behind the neighbor's house. As to how long she lay there, "I couldn't even tell you. I know it was longer than five minutes." She was so dazed that when she stood up, she didn't even have the presence of mind to reassemble her clothes. She says, "It was cold, but I didn't even notice." She hobbled from the woods to the street like a sleepwalker and walked back to the house, where the party was in full swing. She went around to the back door and managed to find her sister, and while the other kids were still downstairs in the family room and the kitchen, the two dashed upstairs to a bedroom. Once the door was shut behind them, Margaret burst into tears.

"I remember pulling my pants down and showing my sister all the blood on my legs. My sister said, 'My God!' Then she said, 'Everything will be all right,' and 'I'll find out who did this.' " When Margaret's sister asked her what the boy looked like, Margaret replied, "He had a broken finger."

The sisters vowed not to tell their parents, mostly out of fear and embarrassment. But on Monday, Margaret's sister came home from Darien High School and said, "The boy with the broken finger? His name is Alex Kelly."

THE EARLY-TO-MIDDLE EIGHTIES WAS A PRECARIOUS TIME for American teenagers. Adolescent drug use increased—some drug-treatment authorities believed it had fully doubled since the seventies. Drinking had always been central to Darien High School life, as it was to adult social events. Now drug-taking had moved up from being the province of the burnouts to being the province of the jocks. "Drugs weren't for the losers," one young woman recalls. "They were for the cool kids, the top athletes."

During Alex's years at Darien High, the first day of school always started off with a bang—a morning at the local Weed Beach (its actual name) getting sloshed on mimosas before classes. Kids would “wake ’n’ bake,” or get high as soon as they awoke, then follow up with bong hits en route to school. At school, pot was sold (by Alex, among others) in the smoking area, which consisted of a couple of picnic tables outside the senior cafeteria. Some kids pulled out baby bats (small pipes) in math class, slunk behind their books for a hit, then walked to the open window in the back of the room, stuck their heads out, and released the vapors into the air while the math teacher chalked formulas for the surface area of cubes on the blackboard. The girls’ bathroom in the art wing was another favored site for cannabis breaks.

Drinking, drug-taking, wealth, ethnic homogeneity, small social circles—some teachers and administrators at Darien High thought this combination bred what they gingerly termed “respect problems.” First of all, there was the basic entitled-teen respect-for-workers problem (kids treated the school custodians like servants). Then there were the respect-for-school-property problems (kids burying cars on the lawn, hoisting cars onto the roof, flooding the hall on Senior Prank Day). Finally, there were boy-girl-respect problems. Principal Velma Saire and other administrators were constantly tearing sports posters off the wall because they’d been defaced with boys’ remarks about girls’ sexuality.

popular way. Fists. Slamming them up against the walls. In front of friends.”

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS: The house that Alex grew up in.

Although Alex tended to date relatively sedate, pedigreed blondes, by his junior year he was seeing Mavis McGarry. Mavis was blonde, the daughter of an executive, and described by some as “drop-dead gorgeous,” but as a classmate says, “She chose to be trashy-looking . . . no bra, worn-out T-shirt.” She seemed a fitting sparring partner for Alex. The two were known for their fights and across-the-parking-lot screaming matches. “Mavis and Alex were a movie,” says a girl who attended the school at the same time. Says another, “They were our Bonnie and Clyde.” Students hanging around the cafeteria once watched, frightened, as Alex chased Mavis around the room, picking up chairs and throwing them at her until a vice-principal intervened.

One day, Carl Smith, who later became Darien student-body president, was looking out the classroom window. “I saw Alex outside, with Mavis up against a wall,” Smith recalls. “He had his arm or his hand around her throat and he was choking her. We all saw it—the whole class. Everybody looked out. Everybody was alarmed. There was some sense that this was serious.” A female teacher also saw the incident. “She walked outside and tried to stop it,” Smith says. And what did Alex Kelly do? Explains Smith, “Alex yelled at her to walk away.”

IN THE SPRING OF ALEX’S SOPHOMORE YEAR, A TYPICAL DARIEN pool party was under way. A fellow student in Alex’s social circle, Julia West*, had an encounter with Alex that, she says today, “was probably the link between him being a boy dealing in a semi-normal way . . . and him being totally off his rocker.”

Alex and Julia had had an incident several nights before. After she had passed out during a drinking game, she had awakened to find Alex hovering above her, his penis exposed. Julia had rebuffed him in a matter-of-fact way. Alex had seemed angry, his ego bruised. He gave her the cold shoulder in school the next day. But at the pool party a few days later, Alex came up to her and said, “We have to talk.”

“If I’d had half a brain, I wouldn’t have gone anywhere with him, because he’d shown me he was untrustworthy,” Julia now says. “But I never imagined he would ever be any more stupid than he’d been the other night.” Alex led Julia, dressed in a one-piece bathing suit with a towel draped around it, across the street and into the woods. “He trudges; I follow him. ‘For God’s sake, where are we going?’ I ask him. He finally sits down. We’re in the woods, a distance from the road.” There was a silence. Then Julia tried for conciliation: “ ‘Okay, I know you were drunk the other night and I was drunk and it was a stupid thing that happened, but we don’t have to make a big deal out of it and—’ ”

Julia stopped talking when she saw Alex looking at her strangely. “I swear to God,” she says, “this mask comes over his face. This mask! It was like his eyes—it was so scary! It was not him. It was Jekyll and Hyde. He wasn’t hearing anything I was saying.

“He grabbed me by my shoulders, pinned me down, into the sticks. Ripped my bathing suit. Violently! Off! I was so taken aback, I started screaming: ‘What are you doing?!’ He said, ‘Shut up!’ He was not attempting to kiss me or anything. He was pinning me down, he was groping me, he was trying to pull my bathing suit all the way off. And then—don’t ask me what possessed me, but I punched him in the face.

“I’m sure it didn’t hurt him, but it stunned him. Just totally stunned him. He sat back. Physically, he could have continued to do what he’d started to do, but my nerve in having punched him and the fact that I had big-clout friends among the upperclassmen must have made him stop. I had just enough over him that he couldn’t continue. He said—in a voice so possessed, it was scary—‘Why am I doing this to *you*? I can’t believe I’m doing this to *you*. I’ve known you for so long.’

“I remember thinking, ‘Why does he keep saying “to you”?’ Then I immediately knew. I just knew it: He had done this to other girls. And it was totally premeditated: the approach at the party, the walk into the woods,” Julia says. (Two people recall seeing Julia come out of the woods, shaken, that day. One recalls hearing Julia say, “Alex Kelly just attacked me in the woods!”)

Not long after her encounter with Alex, Julia learned from

Photograph by Richard Freeda/Sygma.

friends that two girls she knew had had disturbing experiences with Alex as well. The girls had something else in common: They were both insecure about their looks in a town full of near-model blondes. “Alex knew who to get,” says Julia. “He obviously went straight to the vulnerable ones.”

After these stories were surreptitiously shared, Julia and two of her friends invented a nickname for the handsome, charismatic sophomore. It was so secret a nickname, it was rendered in initials: “Alex Kelly, M.R.”—as in “Marcus Welby, M.D.” M.R. stood for Mad Rapist.

What if Julia and Margaret had not been frozen into silence? What if the girls had told their parents what Alex Kelly had done and their parents had called Joe and Melanie Kelly? And what if Joe and Melanie Kelly had taken their son for treatment?

“At 15 years old, a sex offender is easily treatable,” says Dr. William Samek, the director of the Florida Sexual Abuse Program. “Especially one who is showing remorse and showing guilt, both of which this boy displayed when he apologized to [Julia].”

Judging from how they reacted to Alex’s other problems, the Kellys might not have been much help even if they had been aware of these incidents. When Alex was convicted around that time of another criminal activity, burglary, his parents began what would become a pattern of rescuing their son from criminal prosecution.

“He started grabbing me and getting real angry. And the w

Right before the start of his junior year, on August 31, 1983, Alex walked into two homes in Darien and made off with jewelry, silverware, and foreign currency. Then, a month later, he entered and stole from three houses in two days. He waited two months, until November 17, to hit a home on an exclusive Darien street. Shortly after New Year’s, he moved closer in, burglarizing the home of a neighbor on his own street. Later that spring, Alex also helped his friend Jim Hunter* fence some stolen silverware in the Diamond District in Manhattan. Alex then persuaded his friend to give him the cash they walked away with, $500, in exchange for cocaine, which he told Jim he could resell at a profit. The promised cocaine never materialized.

On May 31, 1984, the Darien police came upon Alex Kelly and Mavis McGarry sitting in Alex’s car during lunch hour at Darien High School. Alex’s license was suspended at the time, and he was carrying a bag of pot. Once at the station house, the police questioned Alex about the burglaries and, on the basis of what Alex told them, also brought Jim Hunter in for questioning. Alex was arrested and charged with nine counts of burglary and nine counts of larceny; Jim was charged with second-degree burglary and first-degree larceny for one break-in, and for another, he was charged with second-degree larceny and third-degree burglary.

While Jim Hunter’s parents insisted he serve his sentence immediately, Melanie and Joe Kelly instead raised the $10,000 posted for Alex’s bail and then sat down with the police and determined the worth of everything their son had stolen. Alex’s parents, through a deal Alex’s attorney John Vallerie had worked out, would eventually compensate their son’s robbery victims in the form of payments totaling $100,000. In exchange, most of Alex’s 35-month sentence at the Manson Youth Institute would be suspended. “You’re a thief, a burglar, and of no use to society, as far as I can see,” the presiding judge, Martin Nigro, told Alex. “You’re buying your way out of a jail sentence. You’re going to jail, but not for as long as I think you should be.”

By the spring of 1985, he had served his sentence, finished four months of rehab, and begun dating Amy Molitor, who would later stand by his side through both rape trials. Molitor, a girl two years younger than Alex, had developed an enormous crush on Alex while he was dating Mavis. The words that Amy wrote around the picture of Alex in yet another friend’s yearbook when Alex didn’t even know who she was show the extent of her adolescent obsession: “This man to the right of this page is my idol. . . . My goal, which will never be, is to kiss him, even if it’s on his pinkie toe. . . . I’m head over heels in true love with Alex Kelly. P.S. One of these days I’ll get him if it’s the last thing I ever do.”

Despite the intense relationship he developed with Amy that spring, he couldn’t break his pattern. Shortly before the end of the school year, Jillian Henderson* was at a party. So was Alex. Jillian was running late—she’d been in trouble with her mother and had a strict curfew—and Alex offered her a ride home in his parents’ wood-paneled station wagon. From their childhood at the Middlesex Club all through their crazed drink-and-dope Weed Beach days, Jillian had known Alex as someone who was “never not in trouble.”

“I think I figured that since Alex was going out with Amy—she was pretty straight-and-narrow, a sweet and bright girl—it looked like he was turning everything around,” Jillian says now. Once in the car, Alex turned down a street very close to his home. He pulled up to the curb and turned off the engine. Jillian became very nervous and annoyed. She had been dating a friend of Alex’s, and she was friends with Amy. And it was late. “I said, ‘I’m in so much shit with my mother right now, I need to go home!’ ”

FAMILY OCCASION: Alex with his parents after the mistrial.

Alex’s reaction? “He put his hands on me and told me to ‘shut the fuck up.’

“I had a skirt on, and he put his hands between my legs and it wasn’t a nice touch—it was a grab.” When Jillian told him, again, that she had to get home, “he started grabbing me and getting real angry.

“And he basically pulled my arm and opened the back door

Photograph by Doug Healy/Gamma Liaison.

and put down the seat. And the whole time I'm thinking, 'Oh, my God! Is he watching too much TV or something?' "

Like Margaret and Julia, Jillian says, "We didn't really know about date rape back then. And I was just 15 years old." So Jillian did what she was told. "I shut up. I was scared. I just shut up and got in the back with him. There was no kissing—he just had a goal and there it was." Not only did the act have nothing to do with romance, but, she believes, "it didn't have anything to do with sex either. He had one hand around my throat, and my head was hitting against the station-wagon door—he was really trying to jam my head into it. It was real forceful and real quick and real vulgar. Then I started crying, and he told me to get the hell out of the car. It was about two miles from my home. I walked all the way home, alone, in the middle of the night, crying."

Things were escalating for Alex. Now there was verbal anger. And now there was an additional physical threat: the hand around Jillian's neck.

When a friend of Jillian's confronted Alex at Weed Beach the next day, Alex told his girlfriend, Amy Molitor, that Jillian had had a crush on him ever since childhood and that she'd come on to him in the car the other night. Amy then attacked Jillian for trying to take Alex away from her and threatened to tell Jillian's boyfriend. A friend of Jillian's says, "Jillian told everyone what had happened with Alex, but no one believed her." Jillian recalls: "After that night, Alex would brush by me real close in the halls at school and say, 'Slut'— like he enjoyed intimidating me." Months after that, when Alex had fled to Europe, Jillian ran into Amy at a party. "Amy was drunk," Jillian says, "and as she walked up to me I thought, 'Oh, my God, she's gonna let loose or hit me!' But she just said, real softly, 'You weren't lying when you said those things at the beach, were you?' And I just said, 'Amy, it doesn't matter anymore. Don't beat yourself up about it.' "

I'm thinking, 'Oh, my God! Is he watching too much TV or something?' "

Despite Alex's increasingly violent behavior, by the next fall he had become what he had never been before: an earnest and hardworking student. On February 6—just days before he was to commit the rape for which he was convicted—a laudatory profile of Alex written by his English teacher and wrestling coach, Jeff Bouvier, was published in the Darien *News-Review.* The article highlighted Alex's brilliance on the wrestling team and quoted a student who described him as a "model student-athlete." Alex was a strong wrestler, so much so that it unnerved his teammates. "Alex," one wrestling fan recalls, "would put submission holds on his opponent to the point that they would give up." But *he* would not give up. "And he'd look into the stands and be smiling at the stands while these kids were yelling in agony."

None of the coaches, teachers, or administrators connected the excessive aggressiveness and hints of sadism with aspects of Alex's known history, or thought his behavior was cause for intervention. "In a situation like that, where the kid's made progress, everyone's tripping over themselves to not have him slip back," says one school administrator. "There was a degree of wishful thinking."

None of them knew that in January, at the tail end of Christmas break, he'd met a young woman on a skiing vacation in Vermont who would eventually report that she had been raped by Alex during that vacation. The woman, who considered pressing charges, says that the incident had been "most definitely" traumatic. (The prosecutor later tried to have her testify at Alex's first rape trial, the retrial, and his sentencing, but the judges disallowed testimony about Alex's alleged prior sexual assaults at the trials; only Adrienne Ortolano was allowed to give victim-impact testimony at the sentencing.)

But in February, it all caught up with him. Alex was arrested for two additional rapes that occurred within three days of each other that month and were strikingly similar in execution. Both were accompanied by death threats. Both involved rides home. Specialists in sexual disorders believe that in repeat rapes, the violence threshold rises, and Alex himself seems to have feared an escalation. According to what Amy Molitor later told a friend, Alex pleaded with her before she left for vacation that February: "Please don't go away! I think something bad is going to happen. I *know* something bad is going to happen."

DESPITE ALEX'S BRIEF FLASH OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE, HIS FAMILY DID not spend the months following his arrest pondering what had gone wrong but instead threw all their energy and indignation into fighting Darien High School's decision to graduate Alex early and get him off the campus. (He was, however, allowed to attend the graduation ceremonies with the rest of his class.) During the summer, while he was awaiting trial, Alex was often seen out at parties after his curfew. He even took a trip to the Bahamas, a violation that could have cost his parents their house, which they had put up as part of his bond—and while he was there, he allegedly raped a 13-year-old girl staying at Club Med. (She, too, was willing to testify at the trial. Recognizing his picture in *People* magazine, the girl's sister contacted the Darien police and sent in a photo taken of Alex and the girl before the alleged rape.) Six months later, on the eve of his trial, he fled the country and lived an adventurous life abroad for eight years with the knowledge and support of his parents. He became a world-class skier. He developed a relationship with a Swedish girl and worked in her family's business. Only in 1994—in what some believe was a long-overdue act—did an FBI agent finally file for a warrant for a search of the Kellys' home. During the raid, agents uncovered a letter addressed to Alex in Melanie's purse. Although Alex fled that address, it was clear the circle was closing in, and through his lawyer, he negotiated surrender in Zurich six months later, in January 1995. In May 1995 he was returned to Darien and allowed to remain free on $1 million bail.

If he had stood trial in 1986, even if convicted, he would likely be out by now, instead of beginning, at age 30, a sixteen-year prison term (four years of the original twenty-year sentence have been suspended). In aiding his flight, his parents, far from helping their son, only helped make his eventual conviction all the more certain. It's hard to know what to make of the Kellys' behavior during Alex's high-school years, their fluctuations between excessively punishing discipline and ultimately dangerous permissiveness, their massive bouts of denial. But underlying all of their choices, there was surely pain. After Chris had died of a heroin overdose and Alex, charged with the rapes, was hiding in Europe, the Kellys attended a Darien social event and made a remark to some present. In those rueful words resided a lifetime of disappointment and heartache.

They said: "Don't ever have children." ▬

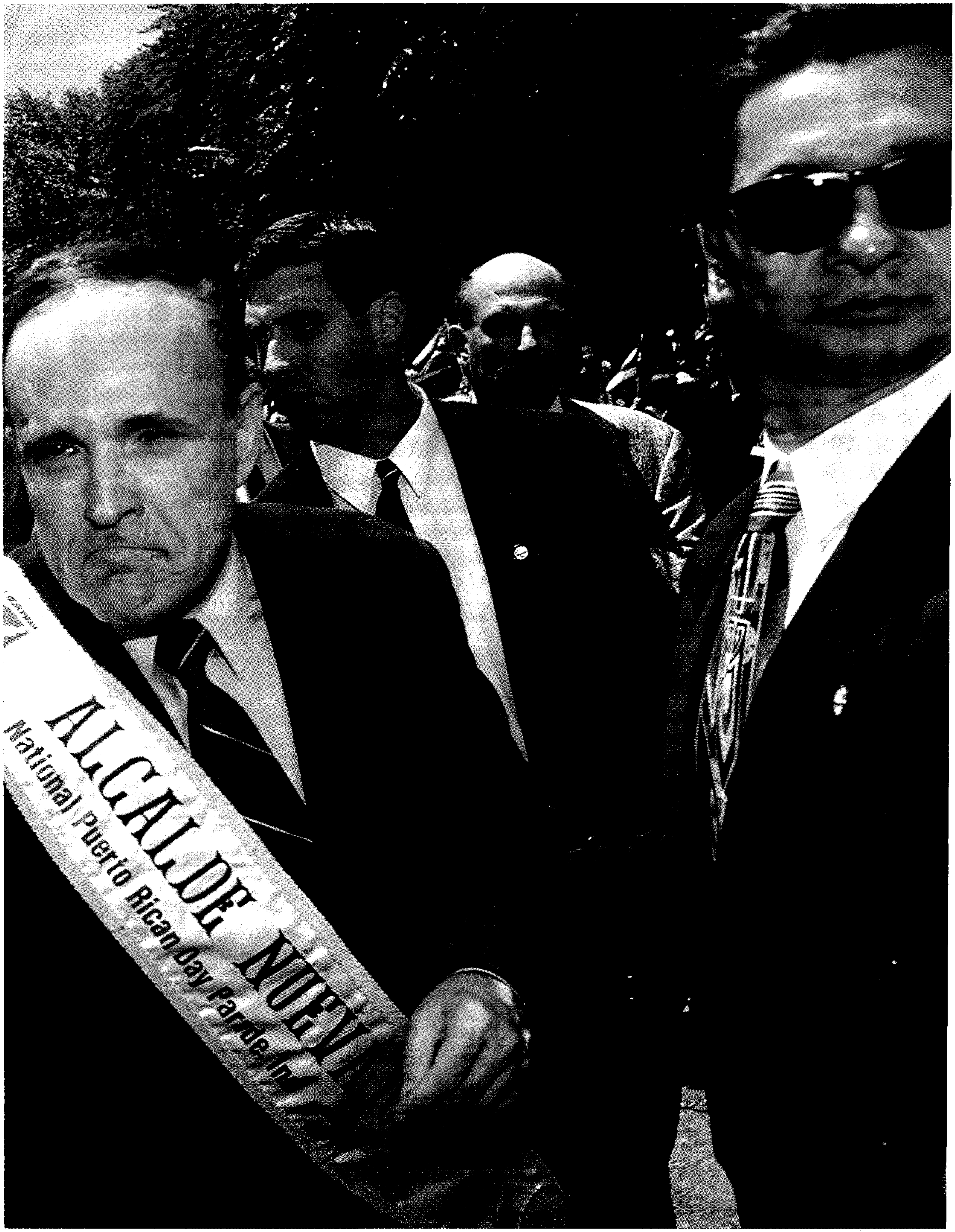
Copyright © 1997 by Sheila Weller. From the book *Saint of Circumstance: The Untold Story Behind the Alex Kelly Rape Case: Growing Up Rich and Out of Control,* by Sheila Weller, to be published by Pocket Books.

DEMO DERBY

Rudy Giuliani didn't just kick butt at the Fulton Fish Market, he demolished the political rule book, leaving Democratic contenders scrambling for a piece of the city's future. **By Michael Tomasky**

IT WAS THE MORNING AFTER THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY, AND MAYOR RUDY Giuliani wasted no time in getting down to the business of making a bigger mess of the local Democratic Party than it had managed to make of itself. In City Hall Park, the mayor surrounded himself with about 100 Democrats who gave testimony to his accomplishments. ■ It was mostly show, as these things always are. And the show was comedy, almost as if staged by Michael Moore for an old *TV Nation* skit. There were old Koch-administration commissioners no one had given a thought to in years (Abe Biderman?! What's *he* doing these days?), men who surely can't even deliver their wives' votes. There were City Council members of whose existence the average citizen need never be aware, serving up praise one would be kind to call abstruse (Victor Robles of Brooklyn appeared to be supporting Giuliani because the mayor showed up at his mother's funeral). And where else but in New York could a fellow like Robles share a stage with Beverly Sills? About halfway through the testimonials, the sound system crashed. To date, the malfunction remains the only thing that has gone wrong with the Giuliani campaign. ■ But laughs aside, it *was* striking to see this Republican mayor—who slashed budgets and tried to sell city hospitals and once walked the razor's edge of suggesting that maybe poor people should just think about leaving town if they found the public dole not generous enough for their liking anymore—surrounded by all these Democrats. And not just Democrats like Biderman, Ed Koch's housing commissioner, who was a favorite whipping post of activists during his years of service. People like Robles and Brooklyn assemblyman Vito Lopez, who represent some of the poorest people in New York City. Sure, they were there for their own private reasons; but

I LOVE A PARADE: **Giuliani walks the walk but he won't talk the talk when it comes to old-style political pandering to voters' blocs.**


ALCALDE NUEV
National Puerto Rican Day Parade, In

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

they were there, all the same. And ever since, there's been one breathtaking photo op after another: District Council 37 boss Stanley Hill endorsing Giuliani, Congressman Ed Towns and Congressman Floyd Flake endorsing him, 1199 chief Dennis Rivera standing next to Giuliani and announcing he'd stay neutral (a de facto endorsement, really), and, most recently, Brian McLaughlin, a Democratic assemblyman and the head of the Central Labor Council, giving the mayor his support.

The pre-Giuliani Democratic coalition, so tied to blacks and Latinos and labor, just does not exist in this election. But is it only temporary disarray? The sole story line of this haggard campaign has been the collapse of the Democratic Party. But Giuliani's lease on Gracie Mansion—assuming he is re-elected, as seems all but inevitable—will legally expire in 2001. And the question of what happens then is really the question of how profoundly Giuliani has changed—permanently—politics in New York City.

"NEW" DEMOCRATS: **Rep. Ed Towns and the Reverend Floyd Flake support the mayor.**

PEOPLE WEREN'T QUITE SURE what to expect when Giuliani took office in 1994. There was, to be sure, a swift and certain transformation of the mood around City Hall; it went, as one Room 9 reporter memorably said to me at the time, "from Dinkins High School to Fort Rudy." He cut off the press, he belittled his political opponents, he *scared* people.

But for all his authoritarian tendencies, he never became the right-wing reactionary some of his opponents predicted he'd be. Indeed, says City Councilman Ken Fisher, "governmentally, where Giuliani has been interesting is in the fights he chose *not* to fight. He walked away from privatization, for example. The Republican agenda has not been the Giuliani agenda." This is true: Giuliani, pro-choice and pro–gun control and sympathetic to gay rights, is not any sort of Republican his national party would be likely to promote.

"The things Giuliani's done, there's nothing wrong with . . . a Democratic candidate doing," says State Comptroller Carl McCall.

The fights he has chosen to fight, though, have been on issues in which the mandate for some kind of change was clear—crime, taxes, and welfare. On none of these issues has Giuliani's approach been without major flaws. Until the Abner Louima case, he paid no attention to police brutality. He cut taxes early in his administration without much regard to how he'd make up the revenue. And his workfare program is punitive.

But can anyone imagine a Democrat who wants to be successful after Giuliani not talking the talk on these matters? It's inconceivable. Even Al Sharpton, during the Democratic primary, took care to hoist into service some tough-on-crime rhetoric—always, it's worth noting, to appreciative applause from his partisans.

It seems difficult to imagine that on these three issues, there's any going back, at least in the near future. On this much, State Comptroller Carl McCall agrees: "The things Giuliani's done in terms of his priorities, there's nothing wrong with any of those things, and there's nothing wrong with a Democratic candidate doing any of those things." Another Democratic elected official, a liberal, who didn't want to be quoted by name, adds that whoever runs for mayor in 2001 "will have to convey that they'll do no worse on crime. You can't look like you just want to do prevention and reduce the arrest rate and look credible. He's changed the language on that issue. And with respect to business, you just can't be for substantially increased taxes on local businesses. Business will flee. Psychology matters."

Fighting crime, cutting taxes, and reforming welfare are all conservative ideas by right of birth. But, especially with a Democratic president supporting all three of them, New York Democrats will be hard put not to embrace them. They're issues that Giuliani has used, says Richard Schrader, who heads the New York office of Citizens Action, "to capture the center, which is greatly expanded in the Clinton era. He's captured from [Ruth] Messinger a kind of center-left coalition, and she's left with only the most marginal voters." Those voters aren't going to get her elected, and even in a future Democratic primary, they probably won't amount to enough to elect a Democrat who, at least on these three issues, doesn't sound something like Rudy Giuliani.

IN HIS 1993 CAMPAIGN, GIULIANI HAMmered away relentlessly at David Dinkins on the Korean-deli boycott and especially on Crown Heights, appearing on podiums in Jewish outer-borough neighborhoods with his onetime nemesis Al D'Amato and with Norman Rosenbaum, the brother of Yankel Rosenbaum, killed during the Crown Heights rioting.

This year, Giuliani has played it differently. Yes, he went over the top when he sniped at Messinger for missing that Columbus Day mass. But he contained the larger and much more potentially explosive Louima tragedy, which many observers expected would blow up in his face. He hasn't solved New York's racial problems by a long shot, of course, but he has certainly avoided the racial tripwires that cost Dinkins his job, and he's rewritten the standard rules of coalition building.

Here's how David Dinkins assembled his coalition, and how Ruth Messinger tried to assemble hers. To get the women's vote, you arrange a press conference with a dozen or more prominent women, you make remarks in which you demonstrate your fealty to the cause on a handful of litmus-test issues, and you

Photographs: above, Richard B. Levine; opposite, Joe DeMaria/AP/Wide World.

tout some legislation you'll propose to address those or other concerns. You do the same with blacks, Latinos, gays, Jews, labor—and presto, you've got a mosaic you hope is gorgeous enough to capture 50.1 percent of the vote.

Giuliani hasn't quite worked that way. Two years ago, the city's Latino Establishment was furious with him—Deputy Mayor Ninfa Segarra, the supposed Hispanic conduit in the administration, was woefully out of the loop, and the mayor fired Liz Colón as head of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The question in the air was whether he'd come anywhere near the 34 percent of the Latino vote he got in 1993.

TODAY, THE QUESTION IS whether he'll top 50 percent. And he hasn't done it by tailoring this or that program specifically to Latino interests or by appointing prominent Latinos to high-ranking positions in his administration. He's engaged in a bit of that sort of palm-greasing, and a bit is inevitable in politics. But mostly, his gains among Latinos have happened for the same reason as his gains among women and among gays and, to the extent that it's happening, among blacks: People recognize that the city, whether by a little or by a lot, depending on where they live, is better off. The fact that he seems to be doing well even among poor voters says something about the demise of political entitlement in favor of fresher notions about the importance of economic development and crime reduction in poor neighborhoods.

Giuliani "captured from Messinger a kind of center-left coalition, and she's left with only marginal voters," says Richard Schrader of Citizens Action.

This is not, of course, to say that Giuliani never plays ethnic or racial politics. "Who in their right mind would *want* an endorsement from [City Councilwoman] Priscilla Wooten?" asks Michael Meyers of the New York Civil Rights Coalition. "She can't even speak English, and she's the chair of the Education Committee. There's only one reason he wants her—she's black."

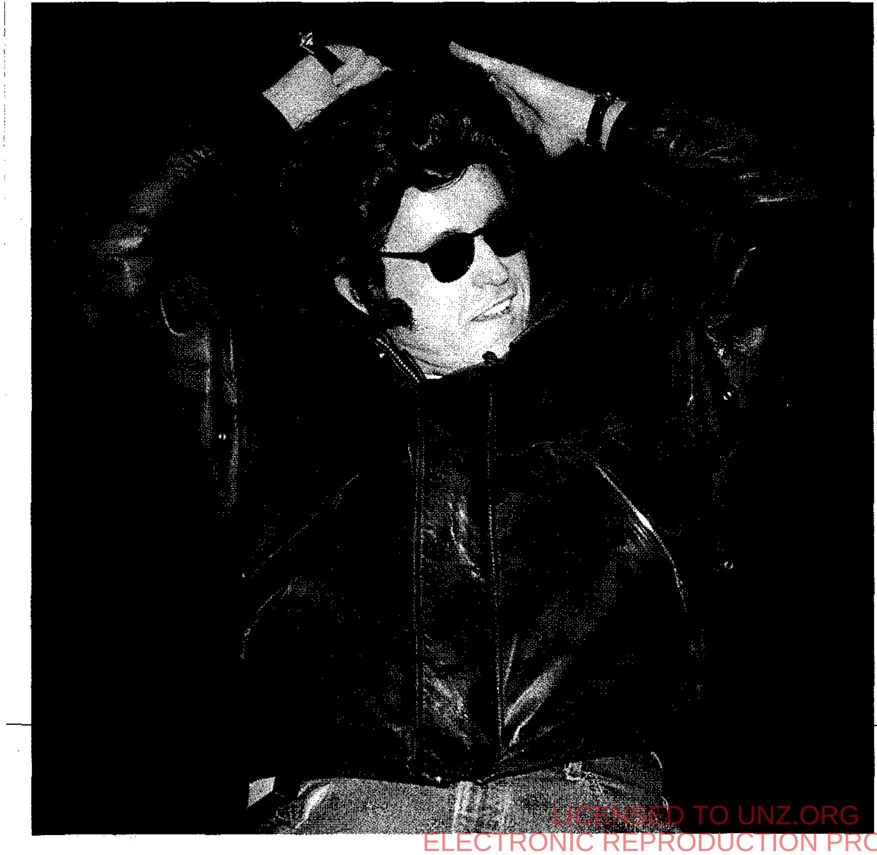
That's true, and it's also true that it's easier to bring people under the tent when economic times are better: "You should never underestimate the power of incumbency backed up by a budget surplus," says Cooper Union's Fred Siegel. But exploiting that, too, takes skill. The economic windfall—which has enabled him to put out a classic election-year budget and promise that he'll give more money to schools and services in his second term—has allowed him to corral chunks of these formerly anti-Rudy constituencies. "He's done something unheard of," says NYU's Mitchell Moss, "which is, he's using his budget surplus to expand his coalition. He's done what Democrats weren't able to do."

Democrats weren't able to do it because they operate from a different model. That model, of cobbling together constituencies on the basis of specific promises, isn't working this year—Messinger has tried, but she stands a good chance of losing a majority of every one of the aforementioned groups except blacks. There is no way, under the old rules, Giuliani "deserves" the endorsements he's garnered and the votes he's about to get from these groups. But the old rules aren't operative, so he's getting them.

FOUR YEARS FROM NOW, HE'LL BE GONE, and it's unlikely there'll be a Republican to run for mayor who can assume his mantle. He's been, in Richard Schrader's words, "a party of one," and when he's off the stage, his partisans will be left with nothing. Will everything just fall back into its previous place? The next mayoral election will be decided by Democratic-primary voters, a very liberal electorate for whom a candidate espousing the social-welfare policies and cultural politics of the past may be perfectly fine.

But right now, it feels as though the landscape has shifted far too much for that to happen. The drubbing Messinger is likely to receive will reinforce that change, and, assuming a reasonably efficient second Giuliani term, it's not likely that even Democratic-primary voters will want to put up another Dinkins or Messinger. If New Yorkers collectively could construct their perfect mayor from whole cloth, it would probably be someone with Giuliani's priorities, more or less, who's just nicer. Democrats like Comptroller Alan Hevesi and Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer, likely candidates in 2001, will no doubt begin jousting shortly after this election to become that candidate.

Such a candidate would win a general election in a walk and, having borrowed from Giuliani's playbook, would probably be a pretty successful mayor. And the Democratic Party would be back on track—which, funnily enough, might be Giuliani's most enduring legacy. ▬



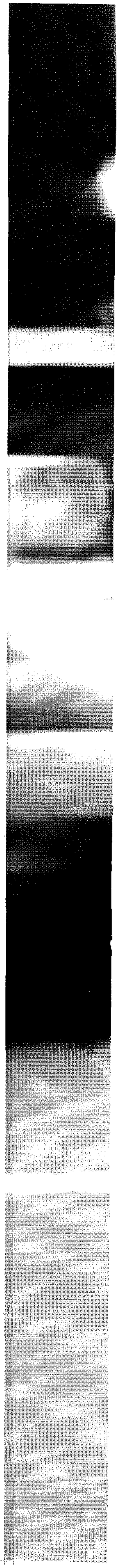
DON'T BE CRUEL: **Giuliani played tough for a charity event, but wisely used a budget surplus to bring liberals into his camp.**

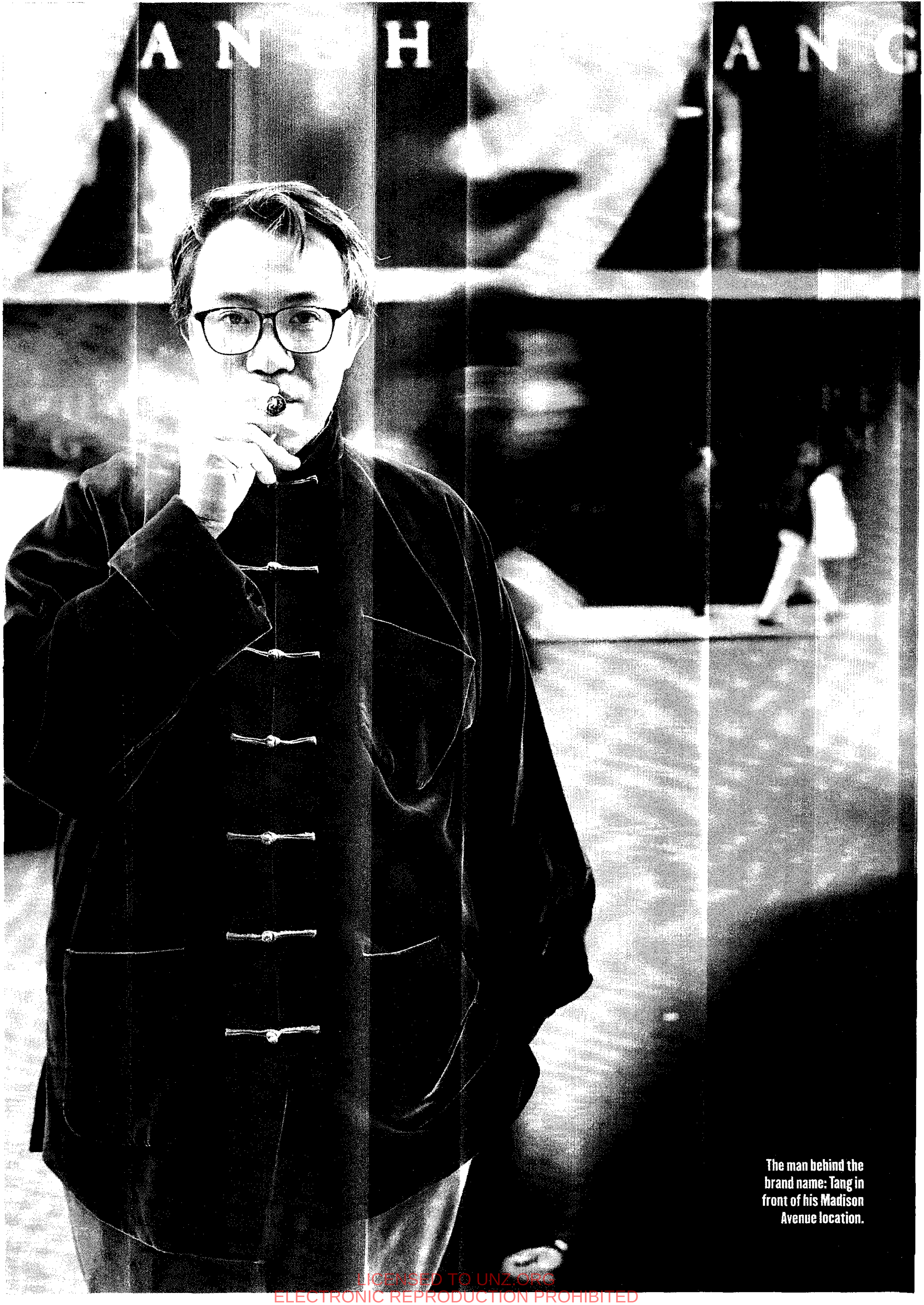
David Tang runs Hong Kong's trendiest clothing house and department store, Shanghai Tang, and its swankiest club. He's got A-list friends like Fergie and Blaine Trump. He quotes Shakespeare, plays the piano, and sells Cuban cigars. It seems too much for one man, but he wants more. He wants to turn Shanghai Tang into a world brand, a Chinese Nike. And where else to start but across the street from Barneys?

THE COMING OF THE TANG DYNASTY

BY ALEX WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE FROHMAN





The man behind the brand name: Tang in front of his Madison Avenue location.

“We’re bullish on Shanghai Tang,” says one fashion forecaster. “It’s one of those moments of somebody doing the right thing at the right time.”

IT’S A MUGGY SEPTEMBER MORNING, and even though David Tang has hidden himself deep inside one of the countless glass-curtain skyscrapers that jut above Hong Kong’s Victoria Harbor, history is starting to encroach on him. Some thirteen weeks and 36 hours before, the British Empire acceded to a form of euthanasia, and the People’s Liberation Army rolled in—all a part of the ceremony, of course. But the demise of Queen Victoria’s global dynasty comes at a time when at least one Hong Kong entrepreneur is concerned with the birth of another—his own.

David Tang is Hong Kong’s most flamboyant impresario, dandy, savant, and Barnum, and he wants to give the world its first global Chinese brand. In eight weeks, Tang will introduce Shanghai Tang, his fledgling neo-retro-Sino-chic fashion label, to New York, the West, the world at large, in the confines of an idiosyncratic 12,000-square-foot department store of the same name in New York on Madison Avenue. Madison, of course, has already become the upscale-brand capital of the world, a point driven home when Calvin Klein and Giorgio Armani opened their vast American flagships there in the past couple of years.

Shanghai Tang, which opens November 21, will be fitting company for its new, Milan-influenced neighbors. What Tang is attempting is an utter reinvention of the MADE IN CHINA concept, a bold if playful update on a couple of millennia of Chinese fashion staples—from the traditional cheongsam to the Mao jacket. Even the luggage and silver ashtrays get a Shanghai Tang tweak, ending up both sumptuous and quirky.

Of course, Tang is not ignorant of the fact that Chinese products are already widely available in New York—down around Mott and Canal Streets, that is.

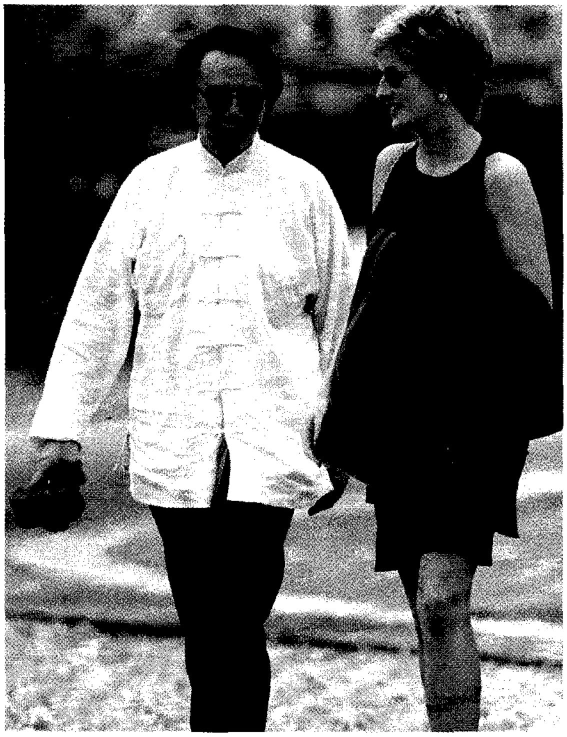
“Yes, I go to Chinatown all the time, because I go down to Soho, you know, I pass by,” Tang says. “I always liked Chinatown, but it’s sad in a way, because Chinatowns all over the world are a mock-Tudor duplication of what people imagine China is like, with all those rock lions and gates and so forth. But they haven’t evolved. In a way, Shanghai Tang tries to address that—to evolve Chinese style so it’s not stereotyped.”

This morning, Tang sits in a windowless room sucking at a Cohiba cigar and wearing a navy-blue “Tang” suit (a Mandarin jacket over billowy silk pants). His mischievous eyes stare through his goggle-like, black-framed glasses at a long table full of belts, purses, silverware, and backpacks culled from street markets in Hong Kong, boutiques in Italy—items that might serve as inspirations for new Shanghai Tang products. Seated around the table are designers and manufacturing specialists who have convened today’s meeting to discuss new housewares and accessories (“hard goods”) for Shanghai Tang. They will show off sketches and muse about whether, say, a particular belt could be translated into Chinese—be made witty enough for Shanghai Tang’s label but cheaply enough for profit.

One by one, the young female designers make their pitches. One young European hands Tang a set of long silver serving spoons in the shape of fish. “But what are *these*?” Tang asks petulantly. “They have *holes* in them. They can’t be used for sauce.”

Salad servers? she offers with uncertainty.

“With salad, you tend to use *wood,* because of the vinegar,” he snips. “You have to have some knowledge, or else you’re bullshit.”



Courting royalty: With the princess of Wales in Hong Kong, 1995.

The spoons are tossed, as will be most of the items on the table. “Eighty percent is crap,” Tang says.

It might be tempting to introduce David Tang Wing-cheong as the last of the great colonial compradors, a vivid, curious bicultural colonial hybrid unfamiliar on these shores. But in fact, there aren’t many David Tangs on any shores. Loud, cocky, profane, yet at the same time overweeningly polished, Tang is not universally beloved. Nevertheless, he is that rarest of “bounders” (his word): not only has he chummed around both hemispheres with Tory members of Parliament and global industrialists but he has also slipped into the hermetic social circles of the British royals. Lately, even the American peerage—Kevin Costner, Tom Brokaw, and Blaine and Robert Trump—has grown intrigued.

Tang, in fact, has proven himself over his 43 years to be a man of almost Cubist multiplicity. To put things in New York terms, it might be said that Tang is part Donald Trump, part Ralph Lauren, and maybe part Edgar Bronfman with a pinch of Sirio Maccioni, a dash of André Balazs, and impossibly, even a sprinkle of Harold Bloom. He’s also a cigar-puffing ex–philosophy professor, lawyer, pianist, and painter, a practicing Catholic prone to Cantonese tirades. Strictly speaking, David Tang is everything and he is no one thing—except David Tang.

A young designer shows off her designs for Chinese motifs, which Shanghai Tang uses on everything from fabrics to juice glasses. Tang leafs through them quickly.

“Zhang Daqian. He was China’s foremost artist. He died about fifteen years ago. Go out and buy a big book of his work. You can pinch a lot of ideas from him. Just the way he does a lotus . . . ,” he says paternally, tracing on the table with his finger.

He then adds coolly, “I’d rather you be fantastically clever, work one day a week, and then take holiday, than work hard and not produce results. That wastes your time, and mine.” He shrugs. “That’s just the way of the world.”

Cigar smoke wafts ominously over the silent table.

ONE DOESN’T HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH Tang that he does not lead. He jokes, he wheedles, he flatters. And his tastes can be quite singular. Still, he runs a strict meritocracy, and those who perform are rewarded, from Jeremy Tromp, who as-

Photograph courtesy of David Tang and Next Media Group Management Ltd.

cended to Shanghai Tang's CEO post at 28, to Tang's shoeshine man, who buffed Tang's Lobb shoes on the Hong Kong streets for twenty years, then moved inside and put on a smart white tunic when Tang opened his chic China Club.

Finally, a designer shows him a small Italian leather purse with a brushed-steel clasp. "There is nothing Chinese about this," Tang sniffs. Still, it's a nice, clean design, and the manufacturers can get it made for cheap. Tang warms to the idea.

"Use one of our authentic Chinese motifs for the buckle, and immediately it's Sinofied, or whatever the word is," Tang says, giving the green light.

"I don't mind evolution," adds Tang. "What I don't want to do is copy."

AMERICANS, EUROPEANS, AND ASIANS who visit Hong Kong business-class and above are already familiar with Shanghai Tang. A stop there has become sort of de rigueur for moneyed tourists, like a tram ride to Victoria Peak. Located in the Pedder Building, one of the rare stone Colonial-style buildings among Hong Kong's glass towers, Shanghai Tang radiates an aura of whimsy in this citadel of commerce.

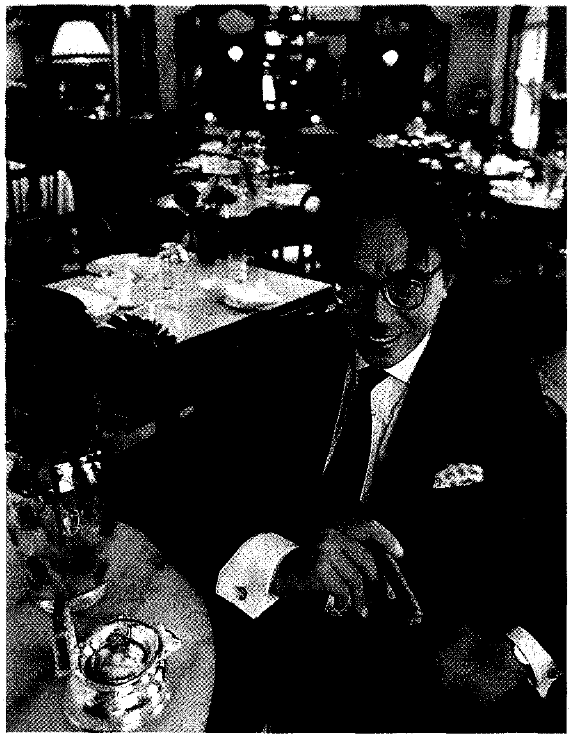
Tang launched Shanghai Tang in 1994 as a modest boutique tending toward kitschy fad items like Mao watches and coffee cups. To build a respected brand, however, he decided to go upmarket and court the Hermès customer.

Tang, however, was not a fashion designer. Nor was Gemma Choi, a NYU-educated buyer whom he brought in as his first lieutenant. So with the boldness of the neophyte, they set out to do nothing less than update and electrify the historical Chinese aesthetic. What they happened on was a brazen rebuke to nineties minimalism. Even parochial garments like the cheongsam ("long dress") were reinvented as fashion-forward Westernwear in glowing turquoise, cut in sizes suitable for the petite Gong Li—the lovely Chinese movie star hired as the face of Shanghai Tang—as well as for the more matronly Upper East Side hostess.

Prices rose in lockstep with the store's ambition. Tang rolled out a three-piece, electric-blue Tang suit at $800, and a cashmere Mein Lap jacket—a short, vaguely Sgt. Pepperish coat in navy with gold lining—for about the same price. There were even men's cheongsams, which look a bit like luxuriant, ankle-length silk nightshirts. Such attire looks natural on those already accustomed to stares. Richard Gere, Steven Seagal, and Oliver Stone have all tried out the look while hobnobbing with Tang.

But Tang knows not to try to sell *gweilos* ("ghost people," or "foreign devils") what they won't wear. Therefore, Shanghai Tang introduced more-sober linen blazers and leather jackets that, though modeled after Mao jackets, could pass for Calvin Klein. Already, the Shanghai Tang in Hong Kong grosses $20 million a year.

"We're bullish on Shanghai Tang," says David Wolfe, a fashion forecaster for the Doneger Group. "It's one of those wonderful fashion moments of somebody doing exactly the right thing at exactly the right time. We've projected China as a major influence for 1997–98. The minimalism that has defined the nineties has really reached saturation point. Our eye wants something that is visually more stimulating, yet at the same time we have this continuing design ethic of simplicity."



Head of the table: At the exclusive China Club.

Tang, despite his creeping girth, functions as his own best mannequin. He strolls through his clubs and stores like a sultan in Shanghai Tang silks, smoke billowing. The performance art that is David Tang, however, is not complete unless one can hear his accent, which even his British fiancée finds "amazing." There is something prewar, Edwardian about it. Wooden floors are not "chipped," but "*chip*-ped." Each word rises slowly, dramatically, like large bubbles from somewhere deep undersea.

Tang's halogen personality finds its way into every corner of the store. Even the white-tiled floor is inlaid with intricate mosaics in Shanghai Tang's trademark acid-pinks, Day-Glo lime-greens, and glowing oranges, which, not surprisingly, also illuminate the clothes.

Gemma Choi has one explanation for where the brilliant colors came from—a trip to Tibet. Tang has his own explanation. It's a concept called Po, borrowed from a British psychologist friend of his, Edward de Bono, which refers to the process of trying to solve a problem by shaking up conventional thinking.

"Sometimes, to find a solution to a problem, you have to get past a mental block," Tang explains. "So what you do is dislocate the argument at some stage with some crazy idea. And then you push this crazy idea to its logical conclusion, and sometimes you can actually come up with a solution. The idea of Po, to Po something, means to turn things upside down."

He continues: "So I took, say, the traditional Mao jacket, a utilitarian, gray thing. I said, 'Let's make it lime-green.' Everyone will say, 'You can't.' Why not? So we then make it, and it sells. Easy solution. So any bright colors we have we call Po colors."

His Madison Avenue emporium will become a shrine to Po color. More than double the Hong Kong store's 11,000 square feet, the store will feature 24-foot ceilings, a stained-glass mural covering one wall, and a winding oak staircase. Consultants recommended Rockefeller Center. Tang also looked at the old Doubleday space on Fifth Avenue but refused to be talked out of the foot traffic of New York's premier outdoor shopping mall.

"Between 57th and 62nd on Madison is prime, prime," Tang says. "I always dreamed of having a shop here. I feel anchored, right at the center of the nucleus. It reminds me of my physics days. Inside the nucleus, there are protons and neutrons. The electron whizzes around the periphery. I think if I was on Fifth Av-

"Between 57th and 62nd on Madison is prime. I always dreamed of having a shop here. I feel anchored, right at the center of the nucleus."

Photograph by Mary Beth Camp/Matrix.

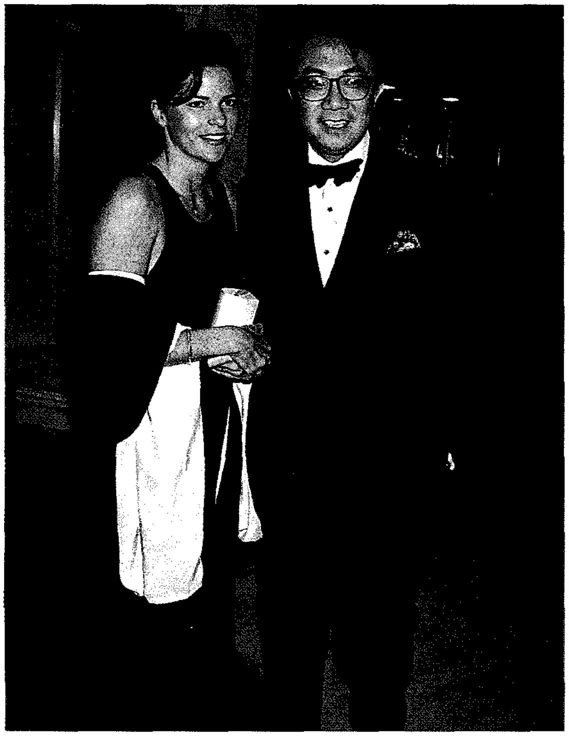
“The uncharitable presumption would be that I’m a social climber,” says Tang. “But if you get to know new people, are you a social climber?”

enue, I would feel like a mere electron.”

Eventually, Shanghai Tang will be more than just a department store. In Hong Kong, Tang is also the proprietor of the China Club, a center of the city’s A-list social life that sells memberships for up to about $20,000. Tang opened the original China Club in 1991, atop the old Bank of China building in Hong Kong’s Central District. (He opened a second in Beijing last year.) The three-story club pays subtle tribute to the seductive Shanghai of the thirties, with the era’s Art Deco chrome and dark wood paneling fused with traditional Chinese lanterns and ceiling fans.

In New York the China Club name is already taken; but Tang wants to get into the socializing business here, too, by piggybacking a restaurant on top of Shanghai Tang—the hot scene, he hopes, atop the hot store. It should be open within a year.

There will, of course, be synergies. “What I’d like to do is have an incredibly long bar [a 75-foot version of the China Clubs’ noted, Mao-themed ‘Long March Bar’] looking over Madison and 61st, but, running parallel to the bar, a series of cabinets.” The cabinets would be filled with Shanghai Tang wares. “You should be able to buy things whilst you are drinking,” he says. “We always try to *maximize.*”



English accent: With fiancée Lucy Wastnage at a London gala.

NEXT TO HONG KONG, LAS VEGAS ITself is a sleepy desert oasis, a spiritual retreat. The tiny island has little taxation and a wholly unquestioning attitude toward the accumulation and presentation of wealth. The city’s skyline is a modern Pantheon of global brand names. Above the glassy skyscrapers, gigantic neon signs glow portentously—Philips, Nikon, Ford, Epson. So it’s not unreasonable, if you grow up in Hong Kong with a little bit of money, to want your own brand. It’s a little like growing up in Houston and wanting an oil patch.

“We’re in the brand-building business,” Tang says. “Retail for us is simply the outlet. It’s the show, the theater where we display our products.”

At the moment, this It boy from twelve time zones away is dissecting a bowl of chow fun rice noodles at the China Club with the club’s silver chopsticks (“I would have preferred ivory, but that wouldn’t be politically correct, would it?”).

“What’s *American*?” asks Tang. “McDonald’s . . . Coca-Cola . . . Marlboro . . . What’s *French*? Yves Saint Laurent, Hermès. What’s *Italian*? Ferrari.”

But what’s Chinese? “There *is* no Chinese brand. It just seems to me to be crazy.”

Which is why Tang has decided to launch one. Or be one.

“It is so difficult to get a retail business profitable, and to come into the heart of New York is almost a kamikaze prospect,” Tang says. Lately, he has tended to eschew his Savile Row suits for his Tang suits. The roomy silks give him a vaguely Hefnerian bearing, as if he alone were majestic enough to show up at a cocktail party in his pajamas.

Of course, Tang never set out simply to curate the Chinese aesthetic; he intends to refract it through the prisms of commerce and irony. Shanghai Tang, after all, is as much “Tang” as it is “Shanghai.” The major question, of course, is whether even Westernized Chinese will sell in the West.

“I think the quality of the things he sells is just wonderful. I don’t know of any store in New York that has all the wonderful silks and scarves and jackets,” says Blaine Trump, who met Tang in London and threw a dinner party for him in New York last spring. “That whole Oriental, Chinese look—it’s pretty popular. I grew up in the Orient, and I have two Mandarin dresses with the Suzie Wong collar that I still wear. They’re just kind of a classic, like the Chanel shoe. They just never go out of style.”

Hamish Bowles, Vogue’s European editor at large, went to Hong Kong for the first time last fall and brought back a deep-green velvet Mao jacket lined in yellow silk, which he wore “as a sort of bohemian black tie” to the Met’s Costume Institute gala in December.

“For me, the Shanghai Tang take on black tie is perfect, because it still has a spin on the black-and-white penguin thing, but it’s just a bit edgier,” Bowles says. “I could see it as an irresistible Christmas-present destination. I think that might be how more men end up with Shanghai Tang stuff.”

At least Tang, at this one precise moment, has got China pretty much to himself. Miuccia Prada and John Galliano may have made chinoiserie overtures in recent collections, but nobody has staked the survival of a retail empire on the Chinese aesthetic. Even fewer are trying to build one on the historically dodgy MADE IN CHINA label. Shanghai Tang, however, trumpets its origins. The words MADE BY CHINESE are stitched into the logo.

This is one reason why, ironically, he wants to sell it to the West first, in order to legitimize it for the Chinese market. It’s almost an Asian variation on Tommy Hilfiger’s half-intentional strategy of selling white preppyism to black city kids who in turn gave it cachet for preppies. Whether the good Communists of Beijing will be raising their chrome-plated coffee-mug lids that read, in fluent coolie English, KEEP WARM BY CHINESE as a Pan-Sinitic salute remains to be seen.

Regardless, Tang is already embarking on the next phase of his plans to mine Chinese culture for traditional products just waiting to be branded: herbal remedies, medicines, teas. “We have a saying in Chinese,” he says. “‘Things are only good when they are being soaked in salt water.’ You succeed abroad, then when you come back, they buy.”

“WHO GETS YOU UP IN THE MORNING?” Tang asks Alex Ng, his burly, affable driver of seventeen years.

“You, boss,” answers Ng.

“Every fucking morning, I have to get

Photograph by David Benett/Globe Photos.

him up. This morning he came to my flat, thinking that he was early. I was already gone. Boom, seven o'clock. Gone."

These days, Tang is moving even more quickly than usual. In coming years, he wants stores in London, Milan, Tokyo, Los Angeles, and maybe São Paulo and Mexico City. And maybe Sydney and Beirut. "We are very ambitious about perpetuating the brand in the largest possible area," Tang says. "America is probably the only nation in the world which has got a critical mass of 280 million that is more or less homogeneous. Europe is not homogeneous by any means."

Tang's interests include mining, oil, television, duty-free, and banking. He has a flower business in Hong Kong, a fast-food chain in China. He holds directorships on 21 boards. But still the business press insists on calling Tang a "socialite." "It's only irritating because I know I do a bit more than people think," he says dryly.

Perhaps one reason Tang has retained this party-boy image is that his business interests have grown quite comfortably out of his personal indulgences: cigars, food, clothes, art. Shanghai Tang and the China Club are both, in a sense, palaces to his own appetite for tasteful saturnalia. In 1992, Tang mixed money of his own with investments from silent partners ("friends") to secure rights to distribute Havana cigars throughout large parts of the Pacific Rim. It was the birth of Pacific Cigar Company, which now brings in $50 million a year.

Tang makes no secret of the strategic and often silent partners who back all his enterprises. In Shanghai Tang, Tang allied himself with Johann Rupert of the Geneva-based Richemont Group, which controls Vendôme, owner of world brands such as Cartier, Mont Blanc, and Dunhill. Reportedly, Rupert put up $15 million for nearly half of the business.

But Tang is the one responsible for making it happen. He has imposed on himself the brutal, eighteen-hour flight to New York every few weeks for months, to check up on the progress of the store.

"You must be present at all times," he says impatiently, "or everything turns to catastrophe."

IT'S ONLY 25 MINUTES BY BENTLEY CONvertible from the surreal congestion of Victoria Harbor to the New Territories to the north, but it might as well be a flight to Oahu. Verdant, volcanic peaks rise above the sun-drenched inlets of the South China Sea.

It's a lovely Thursday, and David Tang is hiding out at his isolated country house in Sai Kung, which seems like a Sinophilic vision of Eden. Wandering out toward the placid shore down multi-tiered lawns, Tang wears an immaculate white Tang suit. He seems ever more the emperor in repose. He turns back to face the pink, three-story Mediterranean-style house, where he has entertained the likes of Bryan Ferry, Paul Theroux, Chris Patten—the last British governor of Hong Kong—and, of course, the late Princess of Wales.

Hard at play: At the original Shanghai Tang, in Hong Kong.

"This is the classical *feng shui*, in that you face the sea and you have a mountain behind," Tang says. "I planted the lawn, all the azaleas, the hibiscus, and these cacti's, which are rather good."

He points to a structure a half-mile away, across the water. "My grandfather built that house just around the corner," he says.

Tang's grandfather, Sir Tang Shiu-kin, was born to the fourth concubine of a prosperous banker who had immigrated from Canton early this century. But it was Sir Tang, who founded the Kowloon Motor Bus Company, who truly built a Hong Kong empire. A famous philanthropist, he was also bafflingly difficult.

"When everybody wore Chinese robes, he wore a suit, but when people started wearing suits, he wore Chinese robes," says Tang, who is quite active in charities for Down Syndrome, cancer, and English literacy. Tang's father, Billy, was also born of a concubine, but he almost died at birth. From then on, Sir Tang associated Billy with bad fortune and disowned him, emotionally if not financially. Billy Tang would go on to own a restaurant named Tang's in London's Chinatown, as well as many racehorses. "He was miserable, that's all. I mean, a tyrant," Tang says of Sir Tang. "We were absolutely petrified of him."

By the time David was 14, he moved to Britain with his parents and brother (he also has two sisters). Upon arrival, Tang knew one English phrase: "Hello, my name is David Tang." He trotted it out for the headmaster of Eton, on a visit to prospective schools. Tang ended up at the Perse School, in Cambridge.

He eventually entered the University of London and studied nuclear physics, then philosophy. He was a quick learner in other disciplines, too. Before long, he was wheeling around in a Jensen sports car, gambling, and hanging with fast friends at swank clubs like Annabel's. His grandfather, however, promised him £30,000 for a flat if he would study law. He switched, and ended up at a prestigious firm, Macfarlanes, handling probate matters. He found the work dreadful. "I thought, 'Why the hell am I standing around listening to other people's problems?' " he says.

So Tang decided to follow his bliss, and he took a job teaching English and Western philosophy at Beijing University, where he earned $50 a month. A year later, he met English oilman Algy Cluff at a dinner party. Soon, Tang was running Cluff's Hong Kong office. "I was essentially a tea boy," Tang says.

As a warm breeze begins to blow, Tang wanders toward the large French doors swung open on the country house. To the left of the room, a black Steinway grand piano sits on a white stone floor. To the right, Tang's fiancée, Lucy Wastnage, sits on a sofa with an ice bag on her cheek. Lucy, 29, is an attractive, fresh-faced Londoner who could pass for a Kennedy. The daughter of a British paint manufacturer, Lucy met Tang eight years ago when she worked at Asprey's, the high-end jewelry company. Yesterday she endured surgery for two wisdom teeth. Today she's on soft foods—spaghetti under a mountain of caviar.

(continued on page 107)

"What's *American*?" asks Tang. "McDonald's . . . Coca-Cola . . . But what's Chinese? There *is* no Chinese brand. It just seems to me to be crazy."

Photograph by Adrian Bradshaw/Saba.

BARBARA KRUGER

How does a wordy eighties art star negotiate a nineties comeback? With sculptures of Roy Cohn in heels and Santa Claus in his cups, a promotional bus, and a Halloween double opening.

By Craig Bromberg

IT'S 10 A.M. ON A SULLEN AUTUMN DAY, AND Barbara Kruger is standing silently under the skylight of her raucous Brooklyn studio. All around her, teams of disheveled assistants are hacking away at the three sculptures that will form the centerpiece of her new show. Surrounded by paint fumes and massive clouds of plaster, Kruger is focused on only one thing: J. Edgar Hoover's head. A *faux*-marble likeness the size of a watermelon, the G-man's head is being delicately maneuvered by two workers trying to position its tongue in Roy Cohn's mouth—no easy feat considering that the statues of the two political pitbulls are already teetering on six-inch high heels. "It's *perfect,*" Kruger exclaims, once the assistants have the head in place. "Now all we have to do is wrap them in the flag and put them on the pedestal."

Next door, two other assistants are putting the final touches on a life-size replica of Marilyn Monroe, half-exposed, perched on the outstretched arms of Bobby and Jack Kennedy. A third sculpture features Jesus and a drunken Santa resting back to back on a giant sarcophagus. Jesus clutches a cross beneath a baby angel while Santa has his hands on a dollar sign and a pretty little girl who looks suspiciously like JonBenet Ramsey. No one has ever accused Kruger of subtlety.

After a four-year absence, the erstwhile media star is back with a splashy double opening the likes of which the city's sleepy art scene hasn't seen since the mid-eighties. On Halloween, Kruger's sculptures will debut at the Mary Boone Gallery on 57th Street. A day later, she will inaugurate power-dealer Jeffrey Deitch's cavernous new Wooster Street installation space, where her dancing slogans and videos will be projected onto the floors and walls. And just to make sure no one misses her homecoming, Kruger has also commandeered a bus that will travel on a circuit from Eastern Queens to the Empire State Building, bedecked with giant Krugerisms. If *that* doesn't get her noticed, nothing will.

Not that getting noticed is her intention, of course. "I only *wish* I was that calculating," she insists, pushing a mane of curls off her wan, well-scrubbed face. "Everything I do can be attributed, good or bad, to my short attention span. I mean, it's not as if I don't *like* controversy. I'm interested in *every* reaction."

INDEED. THROUGHOUT HER PROMINENT TWENTY-YEAR CAREER, CRITics have complained that Kruger is more interested in reaction than in emotional reach. Her now ubiquitous images—grainy black-and-white photos framed in red with catchy slogans—became a pop signature of the eighties, with the artist seeming to exploit the media culture even as she criticized it. "Her work is basically the graphic equivalent of screaming political banalities," rants cranky conservative critic Hilton Kramer. "Any attempt to attribute artistic profundity to it is ridiculous." Kruger returns the compliment: "If Hilton didn't exist, I'd have to invent him," she says. "Even a stopped clock is right twice a day."

Not that the 52-year-old artist denies she is a product of the media age. She began her career with Condé Nast, where, at 20, she snagged a job as a designer at *Mademoiselle.* "At Condé Nast, if people didn't look at the page you designed, you got fired," she says. "That's the baseline of my work: to grab you and make you ask questions."

It certainly worked. By the early eighties, Kruger's biting graphics—the mushroom cloud of an atomic blast captioned YOUR MANIAS BECOME SCIENCE; Dick and Jane plastered with the slogan WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO—were unavoidable. Cutting through the macho bluster of the eighties art world, she managed to become a critical success who simultaneously achieved the mass appeal of Keith Haring. Her work graced T-shirts and matchbooks, bus shelters and billboards, even the Times Square Jumbotron. Soon, Long Island ladies were ambling through Bloomingdale's wearing Kruger's I SHOP THEREFORE I AM on rhinestone-studded T-shirts—oblivious to the intended irony. "Actually, that was really gratifying," Kruger claims now. "I'm not the lady who shops in Bloomingdale's, but I *am* a lady who shops. I *am* those people." Besides, she adds earnestly, "it's self-identification. Sooner or later, those same people will look at those words from a critical distance."

However, like Haring's, Kruger's message was slowly lost in the medium. By the early nineties, the bite seemed to have gone out of her slogans. Once-gushing critics now complained that her work was too ideological, too mechanical, too tendentious. One remarked that walking into her shows was like walking into a lecture ten minutes late. Kruger fled to Los Angeles and concentrated on large projects—train stations, museums, even concert backdrops for the preachy thrash band Rage Against the Machine.

Though she returns to Manhattan every summer, it was the celebrity-crazed culture of L.A. that was the impetus for her new style: what Kruger calls a portraiture of "proper names." Instead of anonymous figures, she turned to tabloid icons: the Kennedys, Marilyn, Hoover and Cohn. "In L.A.," she says, "I'll go to the supermarket and end up standing on line right next to someone who's in one of those papers: movie stars, politicians, people from the music business. And I blink—I can't believe it's them. I began to realize that these are real bodies, real people. And that's what I'm interested in—how people relate to one another."

For someone so fascinated with public personae, Kruger herself is notoriously private. The daughter of working-class parents from Newark, she now lives in a giant TriBeCa loft and circulates among a tight group of writers and old art-world friends. She impatiently waves off any discussion of her private life. "The work speaks for itself," she says firmly.

Slouched over an austere steel table a few weeks before her show, Kruger seems remarkably unruffled. "The crickets"—her derisive term for art critics—"can say what they want about me," she says. "My reality testing is pretty good. I'm interested in exploring the place of sex and power in social life, and a little controversy on that wouldn't be so bad." And if a naked Marilyn straddling two Kennedys raises Hilton Kramer's hackles, Kruger doesn't much mind. "All the Kennedys' problems seem to have some connection to female genitalia," she notes archly. "Let's face it, Michael Kennedy wasn't doing *crossword puzzles* with that baby-sitter." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Hot Heads

In just a few years, Jonathan Adler's serious porcelain ceramics, with their sensuous forms and graphic patterning, have become instant collectibles. But this hot young artist has a more playful side. So when the folks at Barneys needed stands to display their hats, Adler came up with his own quirky interpretation: stylized ceramic heads with more than a nod to the dandyish gentlemen of the twenties. They've proved such a smash that Barneys is now taking orders ($500; allow two to four weeks).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/ *Main Floor Men's Department and Chelsea Passage*

Famiglia Flair

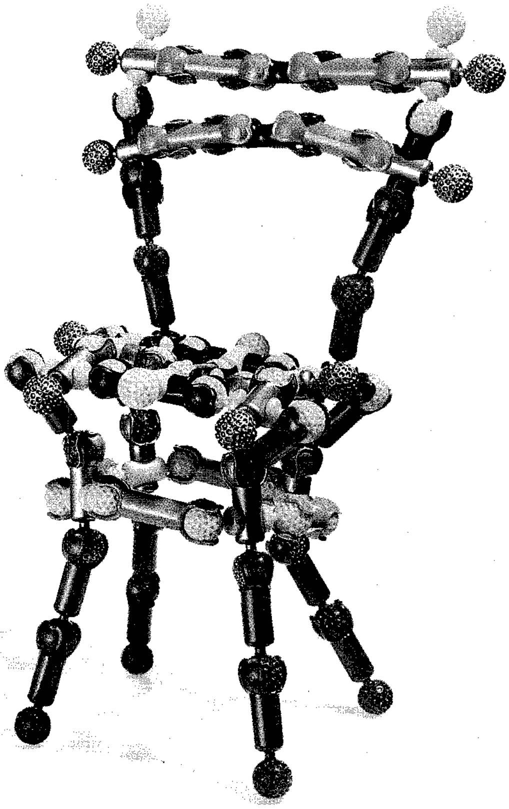
"We don't carry black," says Monica Abbatemaggio Holzer, and you know that this tiny little dress shop's roots are not in New York. Sorelle Firenze (Sisters Florence) is an offshoot of the Quelle Tre boutique in Florence. Monica and her sister Barbara Abbatemaggio, along with a trio of Italian sisters (whose label is Quelle Tre), design just about all the clothing. Shapes are simple, colors strong, fabrics retro or of the moment. A nubby coat of Casentino wool has the look of another era, while long lean stretchy dresses are very today. (From $25 for a Mary Quant bodysuit to $80 for a Lycra-and-cotton sweater to $459 for a wool coat.)

SORELLE FIRENZE/*139½ Reade Street/ 571-2720*

Pop Art

It was models of DNA that inspired artist Michael Joaquin Grey (who studied genetics and physics at U.C. Berkeley) to create Zoob. His construction kit is based on the ball and socket, and it's been called a biological Lego and a moving morphing modeling system. The bright plastic pieces click and pop together to form joints that rotate, limbs that extend, and axles that spin ($24.95 for a 70-piece set; $39.99 for one with 120 pieces).

GEPPETTO'S TOY BOX/
161 Seventh Avenue South, near Perry Street/620-7511
THE TORTOISE & THE HARE/
1470 York Avenue, at 78th Street/472-3399



SPIEWAK
SPIEWAK
N Y C

Military Complex

Spiewak (the 93-year-old outerwear manufacturer) and Yak Pak (the urban bag maker) have become unlikely collaborators. Their nearly indestructible gym backpack is made of Titan cloth, *Spiewak's abrasionproof,* tearproof, stainproof, and moistureproof fabric; Yak Pak provides the bag's multi-pocketed military look and the bright colors ($64).

EQUINOX/*All locations*

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Rule Britannia

House and garden: *Fine English antiques at Lauren Stanley and silky* **Victorian blooms** *by Jane Sybilla Crosland.*

LAUREN REDDINGTON AND STANLEY Szaro—the lawyer-and-collector team whose gallery is filled with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century treasures—have decided to focus solely on their silver business. As a result they are closing out the rest of their one-of-a-kind inventory and offering beautiful pieces at deep discounts. Nineteenth-century walnut Chippendale-style lion-claw-foot footstool, was $1,200, now $620; English mahogany Davenport desk, was $3,500, now $2,100; Orkney chair, circa 1840, was $2,400, now $1,440; eighteenth-century Canadian pine armoire, was $14,500, now $8,700. *Lauren Stanley Decorative & Fine Art, 300 E. 51st St. (888-6732); checks accepted; Tues.–Sat. 11–7; 10/28–11/1.*

The Chic Clique

WHEN SUSAN LAZAR, THE STAR DESIGNER of sleek, sexy, and versatile clothing, has a sample sale, one can almost hear the panting of fashionistas. Herringbone-tweed wrap coat, was $550, now $329; copper stretch-satin strapless dress, was $374, now $224; jersey tops, skirts, and dresses, were $128–$250, now $69–$150. *Susan Lazar, 275 W. 39th St., third floor (302-5888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–5; 10/27–10/30.*

Skin Deep

IT SEEMS TO US THAT IF YOU ARE GOING TO invest in a pair of leather pants, you should go the custom-made road—after all, the best ones fit like a glove. At Leedl's, designer Menusch Kohl takes your measurements and then makes a muslin model for a second fitting before cutting the real thing. Leather and suede pants, were $850, now $650; leather jackets, were $900–$1,400, now $750–$1,250; full-length coat with removable cashmere lining, was $2,800, now $2,300. *Leedl's, 20 E. 31st St., second floor (213-9204); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 12–7 (by appointment only); 11/1–11/30.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Must-Have **Eclectic Home's "holiday entertaining" sale (with selected goodies, like this un-welcome mat, 10 to 50 percent off) provides yet another reason to visit this Chelsea gem. *Eclectic Home, 224 Eighth Ave., near 21st St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 12–9, Sun. 12–7; 11/1–11/30.***

Weaving Wishes

WOODARD & GREENSTEIN, IN ADDITION TO selling American antiques, weaves antique-reproduction carpets. It's now offering odd-size area rugs and runners, large and small remnants, discontinued designs, and one-of-a-kind factory samples. Regularly priced at $13.75 per square foot, now $4–$7 per square foot; unfringed pieces can be fringed for an extra $10. *Woodard & Greenstein American Antiques, 232 Madison Ave., near 37th St., Room 512 (988-2906); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 10/27–11/18.*

To Everyone's Benefit

PROCEEDS FROM THE SPENCE-CHAPIN THRIFT Shop benefit a wide array of children's charities—for example, international and domestic adoption programs and social services for troubled New York City families. Included in its eighth annual sale are some great designer finds: Chanel strapless ivory dress, here $350; Giorgio Armani tweed suit, here $175; Prada black leather bucket bag, here $225; Chanel gold-chain belt, here $50. *Spence-Chapin Thrift Shop, 1430 Third Ave., near 81st St. (737-8448); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. till 5, Sun. 12–5; 10/30–11/2.*

Shoe Down

NINA DELMAN, WHO CREATES shoes for the mature set as well as for younger hipsters, is putting the whole lot on sale. Loafers, retail $165, here $85; Studio Delman models, retail $165–$175, here $60–$65; calfskin ballet shoes, retail $165–$175, here $75–$85. *Nina Delman Showroom, 730 Fifth Ave., near 57th St., eighth floor (399-2323); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Thurs. 10–7, Fri. 12–6; 10/29–10/31, 11/4–11/5.*

Fairy Godmothers

THE GODMOTHERS' LEAGUE THRIFT SHOP IS having its annual sale to raise money for the West End Day School for emotionally disturbed children. Polo pinstripe coat dress, here $50; Valentino purple sweater set, here $75; Oscar de la Renta beaded jacket, here $250. *Godmothers' League Thrift Store, 1459 Third Ave., near 82nd St. (988-2858); checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–5; 10/30–11/3.*

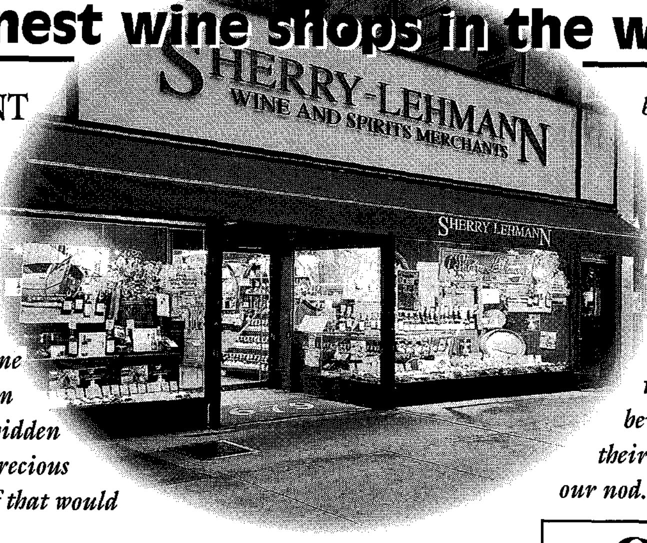
Faux Foxgloves

IT'S APPROPRIATE THAT JANE CROSLAND'S speciality is eighteenth-century English flower arranging; her whole persona evokes that period. Crosland creates silk arrangements for places like the Metropolitan Opera and Tiffany's. Small arrangements in antique containers, retail $250, here $55 and $95; large arrangements in ceramic vases, retail $950–$2,500, here $250–$350. *Jane Sybilla Crosland (734-4216); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–5; while stock lasts.* ■

Photograph by Matt Salacuse.

Sherry-Lehmann

'One of the finest wine shops in the world" – Zagat Survey



BEST WINE MERCHANT

"Our Choice for the city's best wine shop is Sherry-Lehmann, the great emporium on Madison Avenue (at 61st St.). And that's hardly because we regularly belly up to the counter and order cases of Yquem for our sons to inherit when they come of age. Quite the contrary. We esteem Sherry-Lehmann precisely because hidden behind the intimidating array of precious bottles ... there lurks a friendly staff that would be as happy to sell you an inexpensive Oregon Pinot Noir, and teach you something about it, as they would to walk some swell through a big-ticket purchase. Sherry-Lehmann's all business, but they're aware that their business is ultimately the slightly silly one of peddling beverages. And that, along with their terrific selection, wins them our nod." -New York Press

GREAT UNSUNG HEROES OF BORDEAUX

These Unsung Heroes provide a great opportunity to sample the lesser-known wines of Bordeaux at modest cost. All are delicious to enjoy now with a bright future ahead.

BOTTLE CASE

CHAT. CARONNE ST.-GEMME 1990 (Haut Medoc) 13.95 167.40
A Grand Cru Bourgeois Exceptionelle that was discovered for us by Baron Alexander von Essen. This is a classic blend of Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot and Petit Verdot. *(7125)*

CHAT. CARSIN 1995 (Bordeaux) 9.49 113.88
Intense plummy character with a touch of vanillin oak. Soft, velvety structure makes this delicious. *(249)*

CHAT. GREYSAC 1994 (Medoc) 8.95 107.40
Greysac's high percentage of Merlot yields a harmonious and well-balanced claret. *(880)*

CHAT. MAISON-NEUVE 1995 (Montagne- St.-Emilion) 9.95 119.40
Situated on the plateau between St.-Emilion and Lalande de Pomerol, the superior vineyard soil produces a richly textured wine with soft, supple tannins. *(4018)*

CHAT. MAGNE FIGEAC 1995 (St.-Emilion) 12.95 155.40
This vineyard is situated on the gravel plateau just to the northwest of the ancient fortified town of Saint Emilion. Produced from older vines, this 1995 is very concentrated with a rich structure and great finesse. *(308)*

CHAT. MAYNE VIEIL 1995 (Fronsac) 8.95 107.40
Made from 90% Merlot and 10% Cabernet Franc this Fronsac is well structured with good concentration and elegant tannins. *(591)*

BOTTLE CASE

CHAT. PEYRAUD 1995 (Premieres Cotes de Blaye) 6.95 83.40
Round, rich cassis flavors and fine balance. *(635)*

CHAT. ROQUEFORT 1995 (Bordeaux) 7.49 89.88
The original Chateau Roquefort, located in the Entre-Deux-Mers district, dates back to the 13th century. This 1995 is crafted from 90% Merlot and 10% Cabernet Franc. *(347)*

CHAT. ROUSTAING 1995 (Bordeaux) 6.79 81.48
The rich clay and limestone soil of this Entre-Deux-Mers vineyard yields superb fruit with a predominance of red berry fruit and good concentration. *(439)*

Chateau Rozier
Saint-Emilion Grand Cru
Jean-Bernard SABY
MIS EN BOUTEILLE AU CHATEAU

CHAT. ROZIER 1995 (St.-Emilion) 13.50 162.00
Elegant with a high percentage of Merlot which gives this wine great subtlety and charm. *(358)*

CHAT. SEGONZAC 1995 (Prem. Cotes de Blaye) 9.49 113.88
Rich and very concentrated with berry and cassis flavors. *(486)*

VIEUX CHATEAU LANDON 1995 (Medoc) 13.95 167.40
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FROM ALAIN SENDERENS

ALAIN SENDERENS

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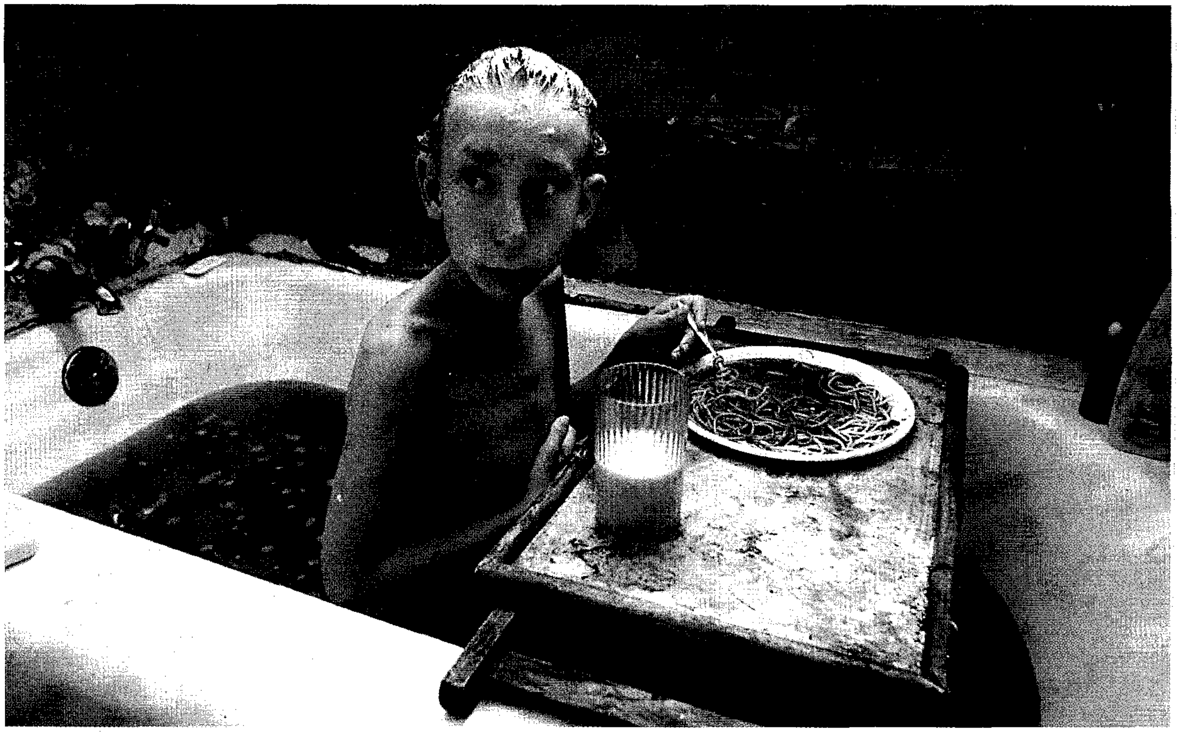
MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Clawless

The selling of kitty corpses to a local butcher is just one clue that the nihilistic cruelty of Harmony Korine's 'Gummo' is a big adolescent put-on.



What's the matter with kids today? Cat killer Jacob Reynolds, one mean teen.

Photograph by B. Birmelin/Fine Line Features.

IN **Gummo,** THE SHOCK AVANT-GARDE FEATURE directed by young Harmony Korine, a group of people (generically, white trash) stand around in a messy suburban split-level house and watch a grown man destroy a kitchen chair. He smashes it, bangs it, butts and elbows it. He just destroys the damn chair. But why does he do this? We have no idea. We have seen some of these people before, the men with lank hair and tattoos, the women frizzed, wearing sweaters and jeans; we have seen them drinking beer and arm-wrestling, but they don't figure prominently in the movie, which, in any case, has no plot and only a few recurring characters. Nor is there anything earlier in the movie that would lead us to believe that the destruction of the chair has a particular social meaning—that the scene is an attack on, say, consumerism, or on sitcoms set in perfect kitchens, or on Martha Stewart, or on anything else. The man smashing a chair is simply a man smashing a chair.

What's going on here? I think it's obvious that Harmony Korine, the screenwriter of *Kids,* recently profiled in these pages as a snarling little show-off ["Dis Harmony," by Richard Regen, October 20], knows what he is doing. That is, Korine, who is 23, knows perfectly well that the kind of people *Gummo* is about will never see it. He knows as well that the only possible audience for it—the educated urban bourgeoisie and their hip, art-loving children—cannot be shocked, in movies, by eroticism, violence, or death. That is what they always see in movies, and for Korine, that stuff is mere commercial cliché, phony and dead. The only thing this audience can be shocked by is disorder. *Gummo* has been fueled by an aesthetic of ugliness and by youthful contempt that is meant to needle an audience expecting its art to be beautiful or "powerful"—or just to make sense. *Gummo* is hell to sit through; it's boring and redundant, a series of mock outrages, some of which want so badly to be revolting (two kids shooting a catatonic old woman in the foot) that one can only laugh at the thoroughness of the effort.

So why write about *Gummo*? After all, Harmony Korine has no more than a glimmer of talent. *Gummo* is worth writing about because it's an instructive artifact of the late twentieth century—an example of extreme disgust with the media that expresses itself in the media. (Where else could it express itself? Korine longs to be noticed.) Korine wants to blow up the MTV-advertising world of perfect, chic imagery and fluent salesmanship. He wants to cleanse, to burn, to destroy. If only he knew how to do it! There may be some trace here of Diane Arbus's photographs of freaks and giants, but in its bleak nihilism, *Gummo* is inadvertently closer to those "reality TV" programs in which a cop bursts into a trailer and arrests someone while a baby sits bawling on the floor surrounded by junk. It is beyond redemption.

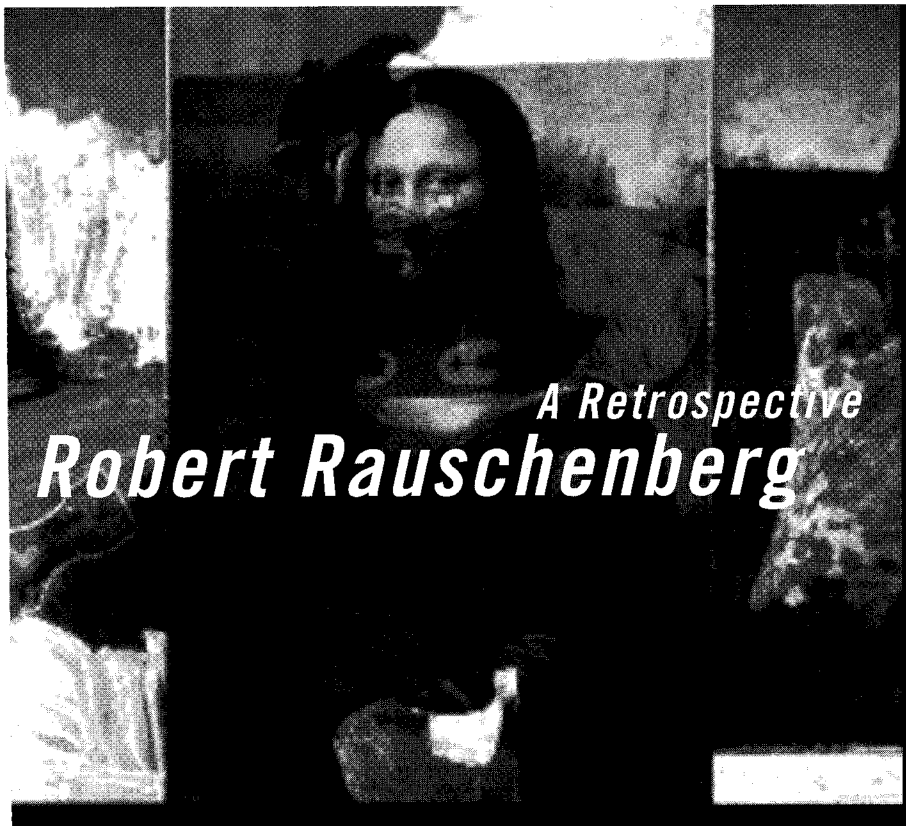
A prologue of sorts acquaints us with a tornado in Xenia, Ohio, in 1970, and presumably what follows is a portrait of a tornado-shocked community. But this prologue, it turns out, is just an excuse for Korine to show off the kind of rubbly world he's comfortable in. Indeed, anyone taking *Gummo* as a serious essay on social breakdown should be sent to a home for retired liberals. *Gummo,* it turns out, was shot not in Ohio but in Korine's hometown, outside Nashville. With the help of a famous cinematographer (Jean Yves Escoffier) and a few professional actors (Linda Manz and Max Perlich), he persuaded a lot of his childhood friends and neighbors to do ridiculous things and to trash themselves.

The movie is composed of rough and discontinuous vignettes—dejected little home movies, or fake cinéma-vérité scenes of poverty and squalor. Women with thick calves sit around on porches bad-mouthing their neighbors; little boys wander about and attack one another; girls do odd things to their nipples and slowly lick their lips for the camera—the movie has some of the pimply teen carnality of *Kids.* It is all dank, affectless, bedraggled, and photographed without pity or outrage. Nor does Korine spare himself. He turns up as a messy little drunk making homosexual advances to an embarrassed old friend, an encephalitic black dwarf. The levels of exploitation in that scene are too sick to contemplate.

The only semblance of purposeful activity is the efforts of two skanky teens, Tummler (Nick Sutton) and his diminutive sidekick, Solomon (Jacob Reynolds), to kill as many cats as they can. They drown them and shoot them, then sell them to a butcher for money to buy glue to sniff. America, your cats are dying! Korine wants to frighten us with brat nihilism. In this context, the most startling thing in the movie is an interview with an elderly woman in a parking lot who says she had a cat once, and it died, and she misses it—an oddly humane touch. Most of the rest—the fatties, the dwarf, the prostitute sitting in bed and servicing the little teens—is just carnival theater. Harmony Korine is too arrogant to understand that it's much harder to tell a story coherently than it is to string together a series of meaningless "cruel" vignettes. But that's a mistake that can be put down to youth. What can't be forgiven is the habit of aestheticizing the poverty and troubles of helpless people.

Yet Harmony Korine must be granted half a victory: He won the Critics' Prize at the recent Venice Film Festival, and he won another kind of critic's prize in New York when Janet Maslin, in the *Times,* called *Gummo* "the worst movie of the year." That, of course, is an enormous distinction, one that a 23-year-old can dine out on for months. Korine may not have much talent for filmmaking, but he knows how to play his elders. In *The New Yorker,* Kurt Andersen, trying to put spin on spin after interviewing Korine, compared the filmmaker to Arthur Rimbaud (then withdrew the comparison) and teased the idea that *Gummo* was a revolutionary work of art and that anyone who didn't like it was an aging hypocritical yuppie. Korine spun the spinning Andersen as if he were an empty top.

In brief: IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL IN THE DISgraceful **Kiss the Girls,** the kind of thriller that pretends to sympathize with women who are being mauled and dominated by men but actually exploits the sadism for everything it can get out of it. The movie was the top-grossing picture in the country for two weeks in a row. Is it any wonder that kids like Harmony Korine are running amok? ■



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Agitpop

Arthur Miller's 'The American Clock,' revived by the Signature Theatre Company, tarts up its preachy Depression-era storyline with a funky four-piece band.

SIGNATURE THEATRE COMPANY HAS ATTRACTIVE new premises at 555 West 42nd Street, where it continues its policy of devoting a season to a single playwright, this time Arthur Miller. The new house opened with **The American Clock,** a 1980 Broadway flop, though a success before and after in other locations and versions. Fundamentally, this is agitprop, or political poster art: a cross section of Depression-era America in vignettes, based on Studs Terkel, intertwined with the concurrent story of Brooklyn's Baum family, based on Miller's own youth.

I am not fond of agitprop, and even less so if it is crossbred with personal family history in which the one who emerges most ennobled is the playwright himself as a young man. Again, it may be good for an author to write about what he knows best, but not so obsessively that by now we, too, know it practically by heart. To be sure, he tries here to be comical, at times even at his own expense, but Miller light has an unfortunate propensity to resemble too closely Miller heavy.

We get the story of how erratic Moe Baum; his gallant wife, Rose; their journalistically gifted son, Lee; and sundry friends and relatives cope, or don't cope, with the years between the 1929 crash and World War II. This is interspersed with scenes from the fates of suicidal bankrupts, dispossessed farmers, itinerant hobos, canny labor organizers, dedicated Communists, etc., not excluding the visit of a jobless dentist to a good-natured prostitute for his sex and her education in Marxism. A four-piece band backs up the cast in period songs, exuberantly optimistic and thus clashing in ponderous irony with the misery on view. Now and then there is something touching or droll, but the total effect is a blur. During the Depression years there was a theatrical genre known as Living Newspapers, where actors performed the news of the day. This play, however, is more like a Dead Newspaper, the kind blown about in the wind on some deserted railroad platform.

James Houghton, Signature's artistic director, has directed with an unstable mixture of artistry and artsiness, and at a slack pace. E. David Cosier's set has a hand-me-down look to it, but otherwise things are under control, especially Annie Loui's effective stylized group movements. If, in a naturalistic play, you want actors who look realistically drab, this cast of fifteen, playing many roles, certainly fits the bill. Most unfortunate is Laura Esterman (Rose), with her faded repertoire of mannered vocalism, fluttery lopings, and bathetic countenance. The talented Lewis J. Stadlen would be fine as Moe, the American cluck, and also as a southern sheriff exploiting a black man, except that the actor has made a career as the supreme Groucho impersonator, and some Groucho clings to him like coal dust to a miner. As Lee, Jason Fisher does yeoman's work but, alas, with a yeoman's lack of charisma.

There are, however, winning contributions from the rousing Patrick Husted, the comic-timing-endowed Mary Catherine Wright, the amiably emphatic Kale Browne, and the clarion-voiced Stephen Pearlman. The spunky band plays Loren Toolajian's arrangements with bounce and sentiment. If only one did not fade, like the play, well before this long, and longer-seeming, evening deigns to end.

Ticked off: Chris Wynkoop, Stephen Pearlman, and Melissa King in *The American Clock.*

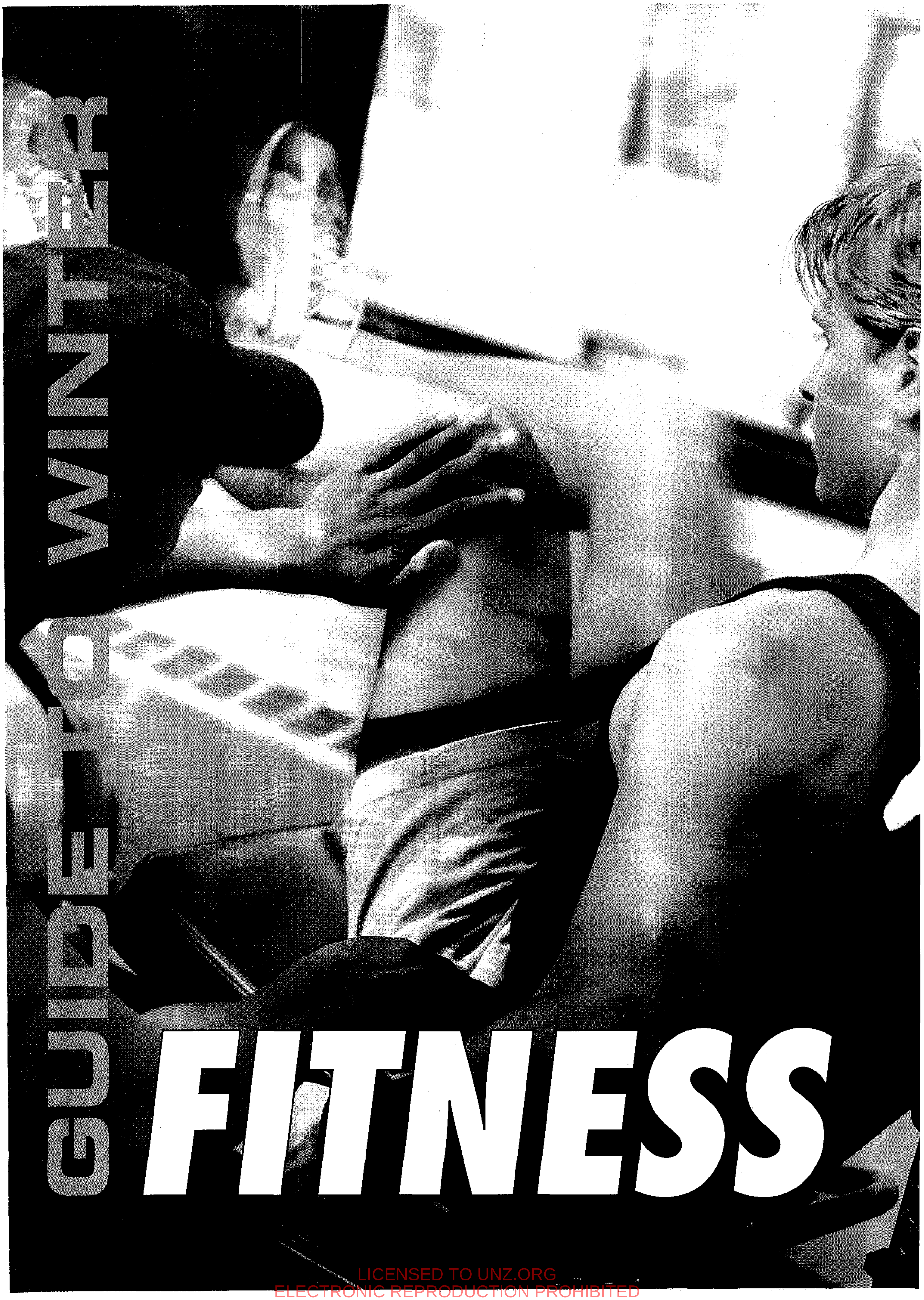
DOWN-HOME FOLK ARE ON display also in **Alligator Tales,** a one-woman show written and performed by Anne Galjour, about life in the Louisiana wetlands at (so help me) Cut Off, whence she hails. The piece, beneficiary of many awards and numerous rewritings, tells of what happens to Rosetta and Grady Cheramie, Web Pitre, Urus Arceneaux, and other colorful wetlanders during Hurricane Wanda. Thus Act One; Act Two takes place six years later, or ten

(continued on page 84)

Photograph by Susan Johann.

GUIDE TO WINTER

FITNESS



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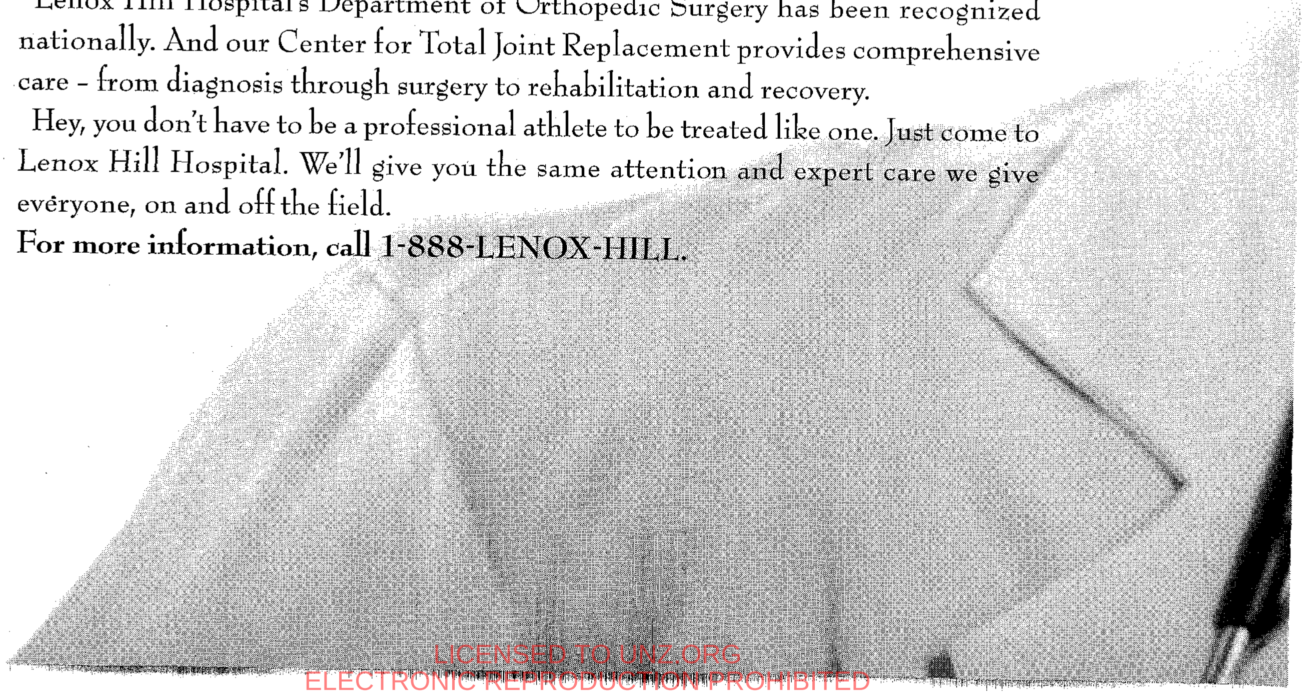

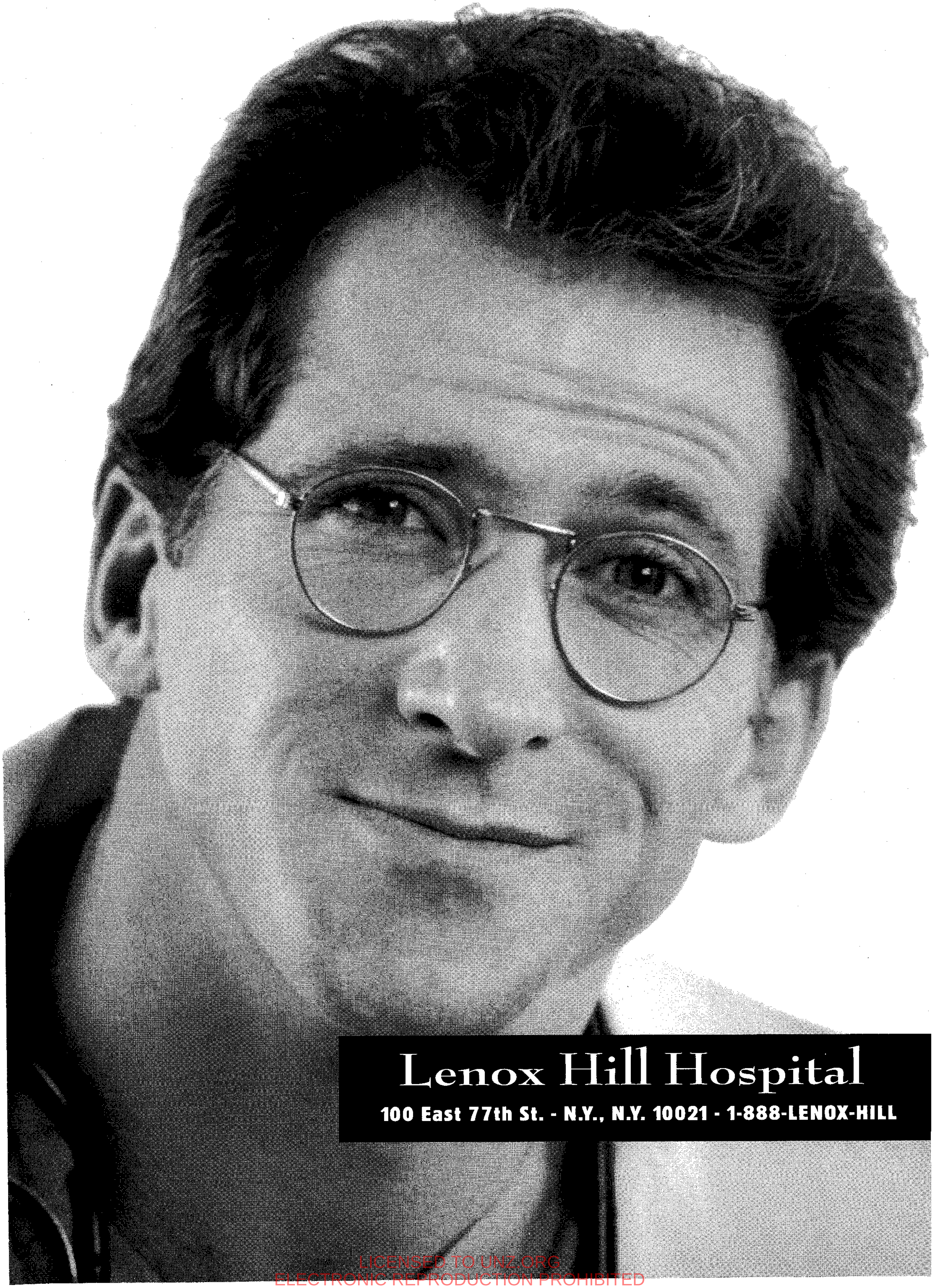

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WINTER SHAPE-UP

BY LISA IANNUCCI

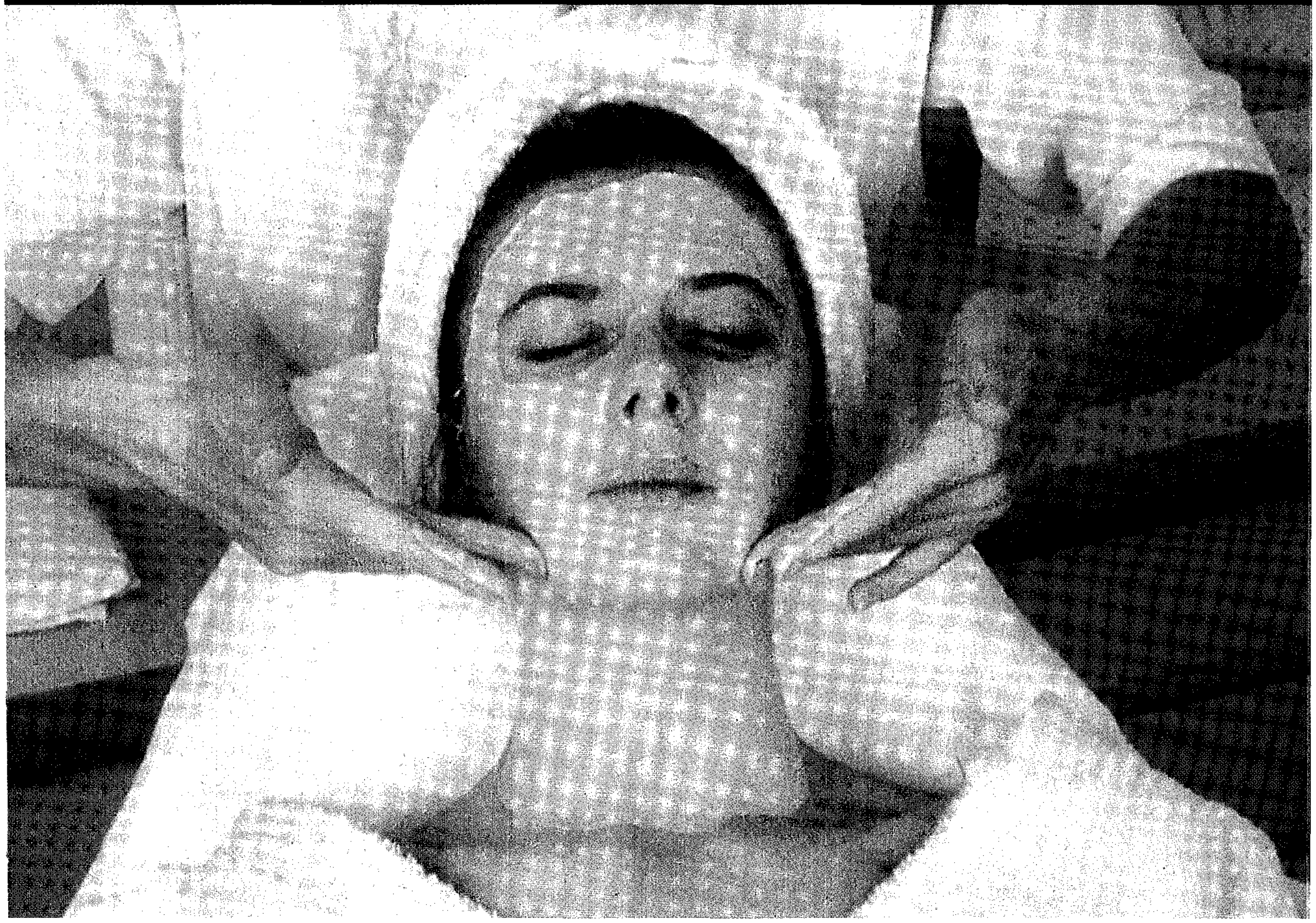
Traditionally, the cold city winter weather beckons us to stay indoors, hibernate under oversized sweaters, overindulge at holiday gatherings, and gain winter weight. Then come spring, we scramble to lose pounds and firm up before bathing suit season.

So much for tradition! Look at winter as a period for rejuvenation, not hibernation! Keeping fit and healthy is a year-round activity, and winter in New York offers a wondrous menu of options–from outdoor activities, such as cross-country skiing and ice skating in Central Park, to cutting-edge fitness facilities, classes, and state-of-the-art at-home equipment.

There are other bonuses to hitting the gym: Exercise releases endorphins or "feel-good" brain chemicals. Similarly, complementary pampering, like massage, aromatherapy, and body treatments can lift the spirits. So, escape to a premier Manhattan spa and enjoy facials and body wraps to detoxify dry winter skin, or relax with a deep muscular massage to release holiday stress and tension.

While we're bucking tradition, why wait for the new year to make a resolution to change? Eliminate unwanted hair, add volume to thinning tresses, or just change your style and color. Consult a cosmetic surgeon to correct problem areas, and create a new you. It's amazing how wonderful a little self-indulgence can make you feel.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA EDITOR
HARRY SEGAL DESIGN DIRECTOR
BETH BISCHOFF PHOTOGRAPHER
LORY CONKLIN RESEARCH
All photos not labeled were taken at New York Health & Racquet Club



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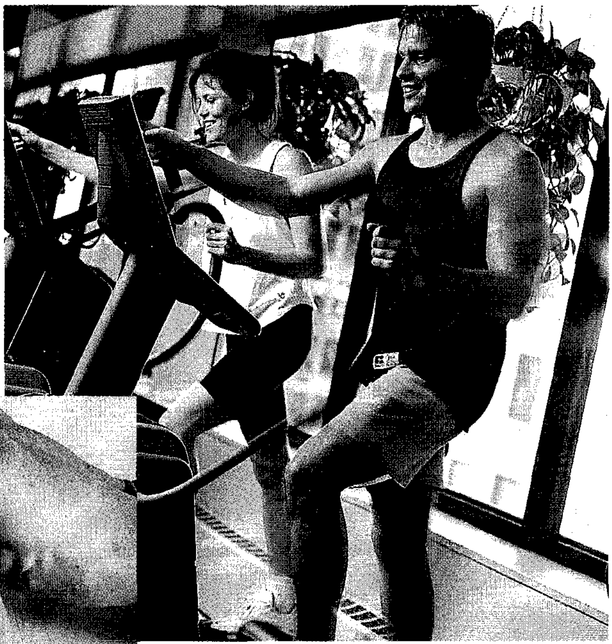
GET READY...

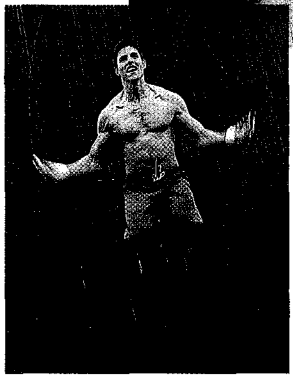
"Many people don't have the time for long, ongoing programs, but they do need a kick-start to working out and taking care of themselves," says Susan Weinstein, R.N. and director of Women's Health Education at **Saint Barnabas Medical Center** in New Jersey. "We offer a one-night session on wellness that gives the health information and motivation to get started," Weinstein says.

Once you get started, Weinstein advises not to get discouraged if you slack off. "Just start again," she says. "Find an activity that you enjoy and pick a part of the day that's right for you. Experts advise working out three times a week, but I believe you should do some form of exercise six days a week and make it part of your daily lifestyle."



GET SET...

Why are you working out? To tone muscles? Lose weight? De-stress? Whatever the reason, goals are terrific motivational tools–but make them realistic.



"At holiday time, many people rush into the gym and kill themselves working out trying to fit into a dress or outfit," says Jason Barnette, fitness director of **Manhattan Plaza Health Club**. "This is extremely unrealistic and can be harmful to the body. Shoot for a slow lifestyle change, not just 'lose it, gain it, and lose it again.'"

If you have the motivation, but don't want to go at it alone, a personal trainer can motivate you and keep you on track.

"People in the city live from a day planner, so if you have a personal training session marked in your calendar you'll do it," explains Barnette. "Personal trainers will listen to you and help you along. At a certain point you're going to level off in the workout. Our trainers find ways to continually challenge the muscles."

...GO!

What kind of exercises should you do? A healthy exercise program combines aerobic exercise and strength training. Aerobics improves the heart and lungs, helps to raise the HDL or "good" cholesterol, increases endurance levels, burns calories, and improves your heart's ability to provide more oxygen to your cells. As a result, you can perform activities for a longer period of time.

"Good heart health is good functional health," explains Dr. Richard Stein, chief of cardiac prevention and rehabilitation at **Lenox Hill Hospital**. "You have to have a healthy heart in order to play well and enjoy your activities, whether its skiing, hiking, or whatever."

According to Dr. Stein, getting a healthy heart means working out aerobically at a moderate pace for a minimum of 30 to 40 minutes, three times a week. Good aerobic activities include cycling, walking, swimming, cross-country ski machines, or calisthenics.

"Work at it though," says Dr. Stein. "On a scale of one to 10 where one is sitting and 10 is exhausted, you need to work out in the seven and eight range. But listen to your body. If you're having pain or shortness of breath, stop working out and get examined."

PUMP IT UP!

As we age, our muscles weaken. Strength training, or working out with weights, improves muscle strength, enhances balance and flexibility, increases bone density and metabolic rate, and reduces chances of injury. Simply put, it helps you to perform everyday activities, such as lifting the kids and carrying groceries.

Strength training is emerging as a vital component to a solid exercise program, and experts recommend it at least twice a week. Many women are put off at the idea of using weights, however, believing a misconception that weight-training will make them look masculine and bulky. "That's not true," says Anne Irving, fitness director at the **The Peninsula Spa**. "You really have to make a concerted effort and use a lot of weight to add bulk. Using a light weight and performing more repetitions will increase lean muscle mass, which helps the body to metabolize fat at a faster rate. The more lean muscle you have, the more fat your body will burn."

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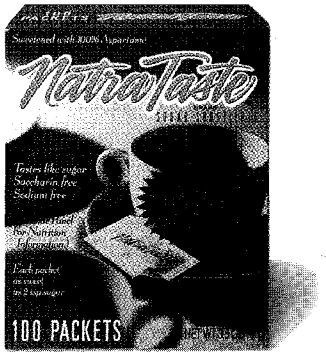
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TAKE YOUR PICK

Aerobic and strength training exercise programs are successful when you find something that you enjoy. New York City offers myriad trendy and traditional workouts for all ages and fitness levels–from basketball and yoga to spinning and body pumping.

"Today, aerobics is just a broad terminology for many activities such as boxing aerobics, slides, and more," says Maryann Donner, aerobic program director at the **New York Health & Racquet Club**. "There are low-impact funky aerobic classes and even those with swing dancing for seniors. There's something for everyone."

Right now, underwater treadmills, elliptical stairclimbers, and Spinning® are some of the hottest aerobic workouts in the Big Apple.

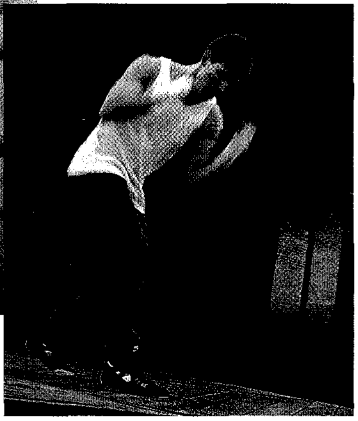
"Spinning® is a low-impact group cycling workout that trains the thighs and buttocks, builds endurance and stamina," says Donner. "The bike resembles an outdoor bike, but the resistance can be modified for beginners and increased for veterans. Men like the session because it's not choreographed."

"The elliptical stairclimber is a cross between a treadmill and a stairclimber," explains Mitch Batkin, national director of service at **Bally Sports Clubs**. "It's like jogging in the air, taking the pressure off the knees, and giving a great cardio workout."

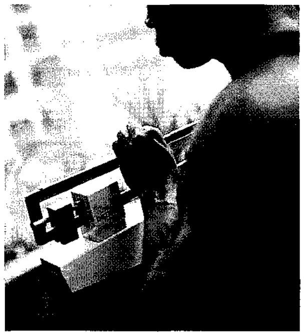
If bouncing is more your aerobic style, the POWERBOARD adds a spring to the traditional step class. "It's a spring-action step board which puts less pressure on the knees and turns step into a serious new workout," says Jason Barnette of **Manhattan Plaza**.

Or how about a game of hoops? Today, playing basketball isn't just for the pros or the playground. It's a good cardiovascular workout that everyone can do year-round.

"You need strength and agility to play the game and it's a great way to tone muscles and lose weight, because you're constantly running," says Alex English, NBA Hall of Famer and partner at **Basketball City**. English suggests doing some physical conditioning before playing by stretching, training with light weights, and running, gradually increasing weight and speed.



Save time while working out by combining both strength training and cardiovascular exercises into one workout. "Powerstrike has the punching, striking, and blocking of karate combined with the movements of traditional dance," says Jennie D'Arrigo, manager of **Reebok Sports Club/NY**. "It combines the skills of martial arts, and the benefits of cardiovascular and strength training in one workout. I think this combination will set the next exercise trend."



For another hot combined cardio and muscle strengthening workout, go climb a wall–literally. "Rock wall climbing is an incredible body strengthening

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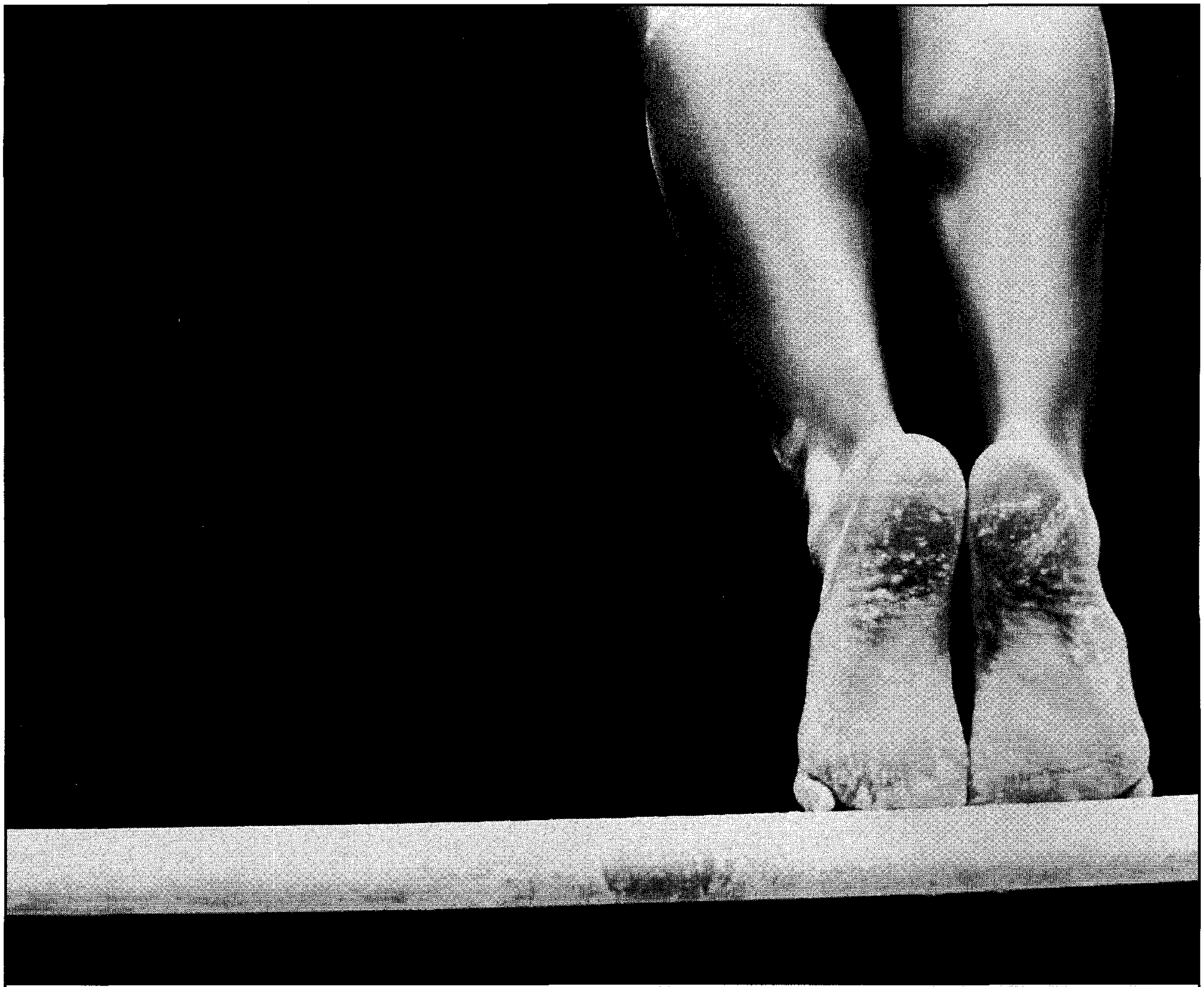
- * EAT IF HUNGRY, NOT BORED OR FRUSTRATED.
- * EAT BALANCED MEALS WITH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
- * EXERCISE A MINIMUM OF 3 DAYS A WEEK FOR 20 MINUTES
- * DRINK 6 TO 8 GLASSES OF WATER A DAY.
- * PLAN MEALS AND SNACKS.
- * CREATE A SUPPORT SYSTEM.
- * BECOME KNOWLEDGEABLE ABOUT PROPER EATING AND EXERCISING.
- * GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK. IF YOU SLACK OFF, JUMP RIGHT BACK ON.



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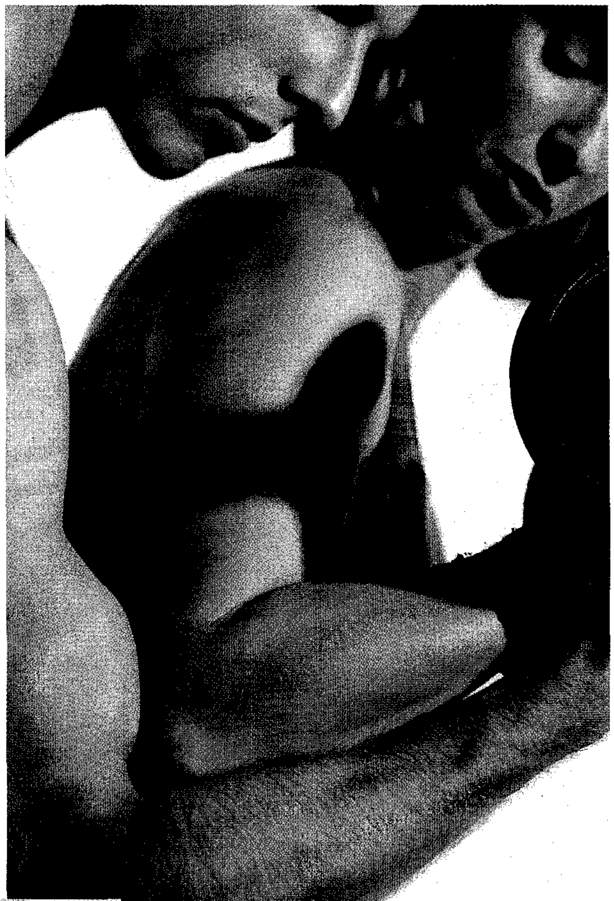
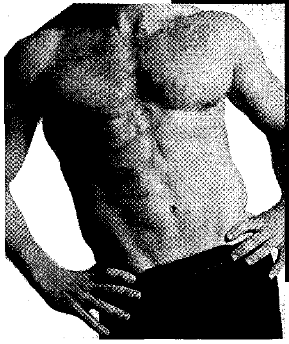
workout that uses every muscle from hands to feet," explains Carol Espel, program director of the **Sports Center at Chelsea Piers**. "It also increases flexibility and is a very taxing and demanding cardiovascular sport. It's very enticing."

To strengthen and tone, there's still the expected club equipment including Cybex, Nautilus, and free weights. Or, flex your muscles with the newly popular body pump exercise."The body pump is an organized strength training workout set to music in a studio, but isn't a knee-to-elbow type of workout," says Espel.

There are also other excellent low-stress exercises that improve flexibility, strengthen and tone without jarring the joints, including yoga, martial arts, and **Callanetics**.

"Callanetics are non-impact, no bulk, no sweat, deep muscle exercises that produce results very quickly ," says Ruth Jeffries, owner of Callanetics Studios at Carnegie Hall. "You can loose one to two dress sizes in 10 to 20 hours with Calanetics," she adds. "The more you stretch a muscle, the more you can work a muscle."





Yoga increases flexibility, tones muscles, and improves breathing and posture. "It focuses on the confidence in your body to create a new you," says Leslie Nelson, director of the **SoHo Sanctuary**, a yoga studio and spa for women. "To get your body really beautiful you need breathe deep and pay attention to your whole body. Then the outcome is simply radiating.

"The assumption is that with yoga, you don't get an aerobic workout, but actually, the heart rate and lung capacity increases. Yoga can also be challenging and vigorous if you take it to that level. It's hard muscular work to hold a form."

No matter what you choose, one way of working out isn't better than another. "The smart thing to do is combine cardio, strength training and flexibility exercises with a proper diet," says Batkin at Bally. "Find variety and something you enjoy and the pieces of the puzzle will all fit together. Then you'll do it."

MUSCLE MAX

Perhaps you're already working out, or an avid tennis player or inline skater at Central Park. Winter is an ideal time to enhance the skills and techniques for your sport, or to physically prepare for outdoor sports, such as skiing or ice skating.

You can't just jump into an activity, like skiing. Muscles don't have memory, so they need to be retrained," says Harry Hanson, president of **Hanson Fitness**. "For example, skiing works the lower muscle groups in the legs and back. Trampolines and ski or snowboard simulators train you to jump from side to side and build the stamina, endurance, strength and coordination you need once you hit the slopes."

Outside, Manhattan's parks and streets are ideal places to exercise, just dress warmly, watch your body temperature and the thermometer. "Taking you outdoors, our Trekk class combines power-walking with calisthenics and other sports-based movements," explains Jennie D'Arrigo, manager of **Reebok Sports Club/NY**. "It's a one-hour outdoor workout that combines strength training and cardiovascular conditioning, but is modified for any fitness level."

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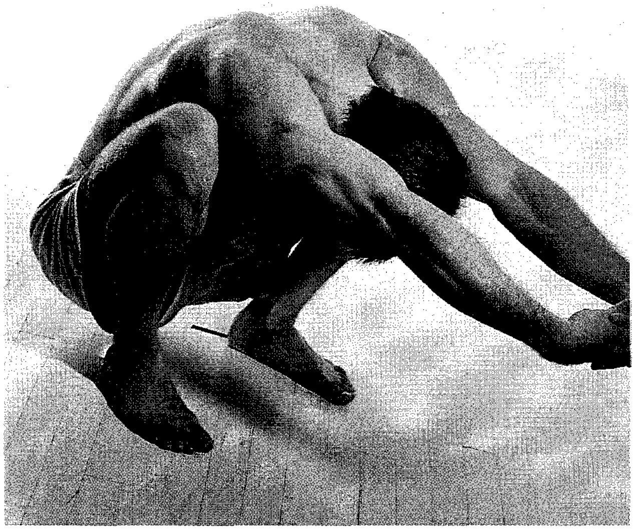
BRING IT INSIDE

If you're hanging onto summer sports while Jack Frost is nipping at your nose, don't hang up your tennis racquet or roller blades just yet. Sports are no longer season-specific as facilities now have indoor volleyball, roller hockey, and basketball courts, simulated rowing machines, inline skating areas, and track facilities, so you can enjoy summertime activities year-round.

Can't afford a membership or time to get to the gym? Treadmills, recumbent bikes, climbers, crosstrainers, weight machines, dumbbells, and more are available to help create an at-home gym.

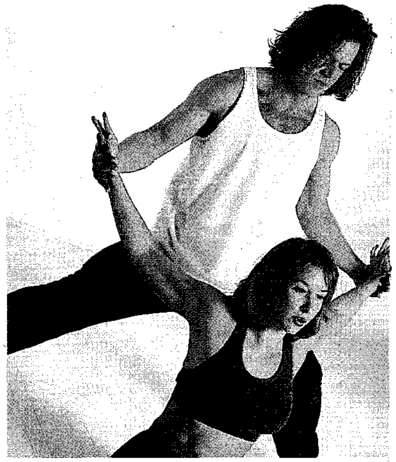
"If the equipment is at home, there is the likelihood you'll use it," says Seth Turok, vice president of special projects at **Omni Fitness Equipment, Inc**. "Stick with what you enjoy, such as bicycling or stairclimbing. If you're just starting, a treadmill is the easiest thing to use."

Machines can run from $500 and up depending on quality and amenities. Try each machine before buying and make sure the store has a trial period or money-back guarantee.



AVOID INJURIES

At home or at the gym, workouts should make you breathe a little harder and make muscles feel a little burn. But if you're too tired to get off the couch the next day and every fiber of your being hurts, then you did too much of a good thing. To avoid injury, warm-up, cool down, and stretch muscles before and after the workout. Use proper equipment, including shoes, and learn how to use the equipment and facilities correctly from a pro.



"If you are just beginning, go someplace with qualified trainers to learn how to use machines and free weights," says Dr. W. Norman Scott, chairman of orthopaedic surgery at **Beth Israel Medical Center**. "The truth is, there are many ways to mess yourself up. Bad technique and trying to lift too much weight can really hurt you. You should know what you're doing."

Over-confidence also can be harmful to the body. So, if you've never used weights before, don't show off and try to bench press more than you can. Or, if the last time you've skied you just barely made it down the bunny slope, don't expect to tackle a diamond head without working your way up.

"Skiers, and other athletes who go try a level where they shouldn't be are at an increased risk for injury," says David Menche, associate director of sports medicine at the **Hospital for Joint Diseases**. "You need to warm up and stretch, and make yourself as strong as you can, by doing sports-specific skills."

SURVIVING THE STRESS FACTOR

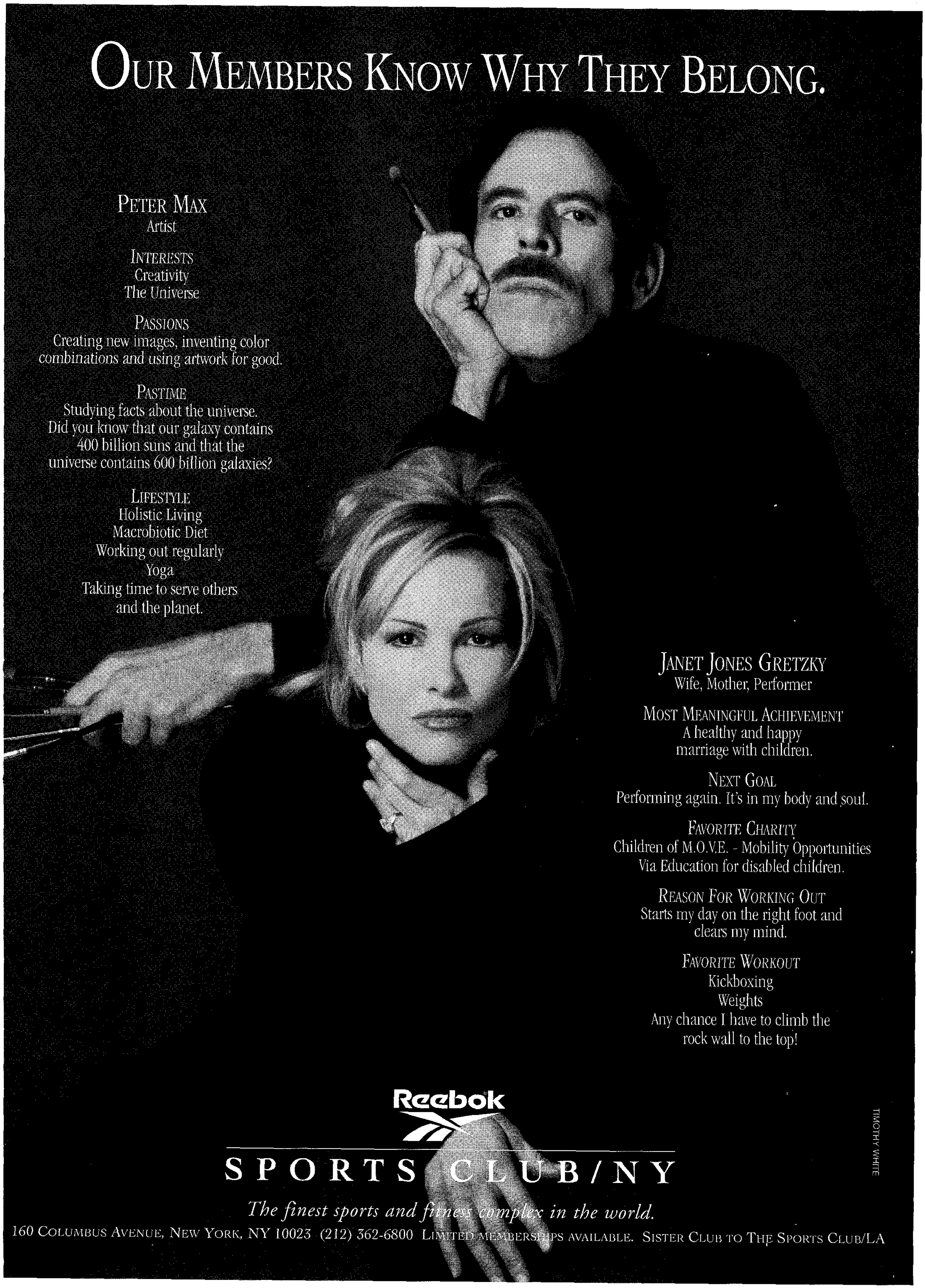
* LISTEN TO YOUR BODY. OVERTIRED OR HUNGRY? TAKE A NAP OR HAVE A SNACK. YOU'LL FEEL REFRESHED AFTERWARDS.

* RELAX. TAKE 15 MINUTES A DAY TO WATCH TV, READ A MAGAZINE, PARTICIPATE IN A FAVORITE HOBBY.

* AVOID ALCOHOL AND DRUGS. THESE CRUTCHES ONLY CREATE PROBLEMS AND INCREASE ANXIETY.

* RECOGNIZE THE SOURCE: JOB, FAMILY, SCHEDULE. ELIMINATE UNNECESSARY BURDENS AND LEARN HOW TO SAY, "NO."

* LAUGH! WATCH A FUNNY VIDEO, CRACK UP WITH PALS. WHAT BETTER WAY TO ENJOY LIFE AND ELIMINATE AGGRAVATION.



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TIMOTHY WHITE

"Broken legs are possible, but it's the knees that are particularly vulnerable to sports injuries, especially in women," says Scott. "Certain people have abnormal kneecap alignment, particularly women. The knees must be strengthened, but stay away from weight-bearing exercises. Instead focus on leg extensions and flexion machines."

Being sidelined from exercise isn't fun, but it's important to recuperate slowly and ease back into your routine. "You can't work out until full motion of the joint is obtained and then a natural progression of exercise must be done to build strength," says Menche.

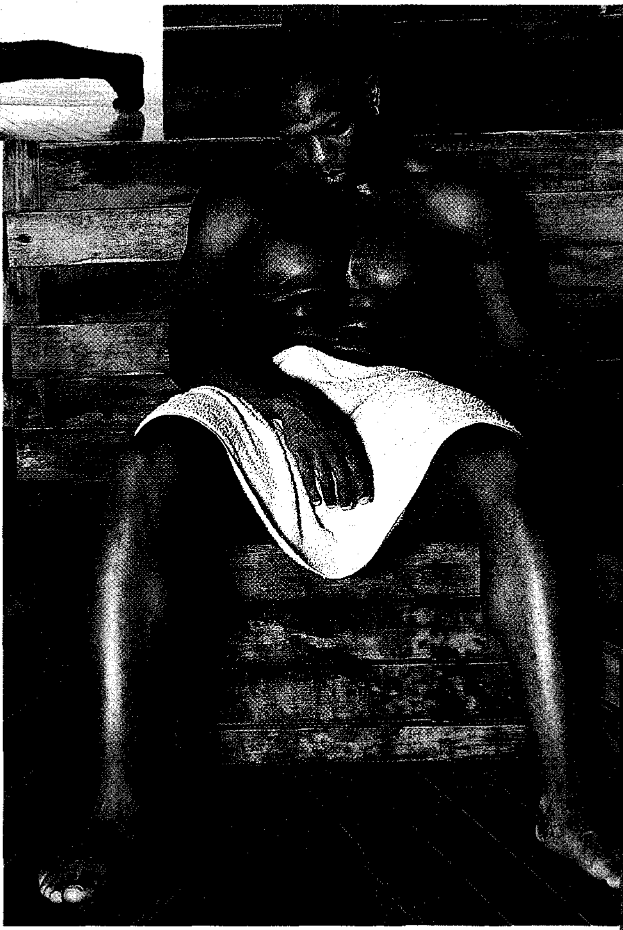
Consult a sports medicine specialist or physiatrist to evaluate your condition. "If you get reinjured, it can lead to a long term injury," says Todd Cronin, chief physical therapist at **New York Cornell Special Surgery Sports Medicine Center**. "You might want to consult a physiatrist, a conservative doctor of rehabilitative sports medicine who will evaluate your situation and use physical therapy and other means of wellness to heal your injury."

State-of-the-art technology and surgical procedures are available to help rehabilitate injured areas. "Even some damaged cartilage can now be broken down and transplanted back into a patient to correct injuries," says Menche. But he cautions that this is a long-term process.

Most importantly, if you've never exercised or it's been awhile, check with your physician and get a thorough medical examination before beginning an exercise routine.

ACHIEVING THAT INNER GLOW

When you look good, you feel good, but exercise is only one part of achieving total fitness. Think of yourself as a wonderful gift package. The inside is always nice, but it's the exquisite wrapping that initially draws the oohs and aahs. Taking special care of your outside is just as important as caring for what's inside. When you look and feel good, you radiate health.



We all want perfect skin, as smooth as velvet and as soft as a baby's bottom. But no matter how much we bundle up, winter's harsh, cold, air and dry, indoor heat can damage it. Fortunately, luxurious remedies are available to give skin a healthy, radiant glow, including mud wraps, glycolic peels, facials, aromatherapy, salt scrubs and massages for your face, hands, feet or entire body.

Although every skin care expert has a unique philosophy and treatment for skin care, all agree that it needs daily pampering and year-round hydration.

SKIN TO WIN

"Dry skin, chapped lips and puffy red eyes are common winter beauty problems," says Lia Schorr, of **Lia Schorr Skincare**. "Wind is actually stronger than the sun and windburn takes a longer time to heal than sunburn."

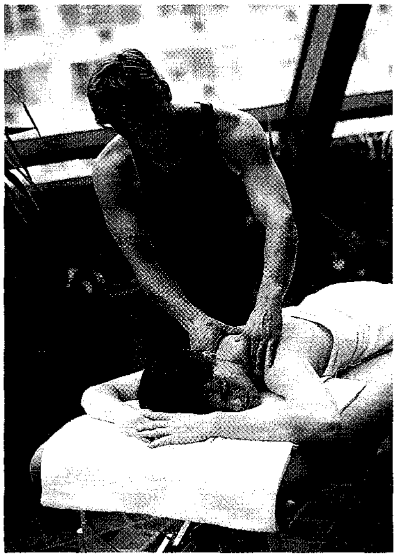
"In the winter, you need to double up on everything, two coats of moisturizer, eye cream, and lip balm to protect the skin."

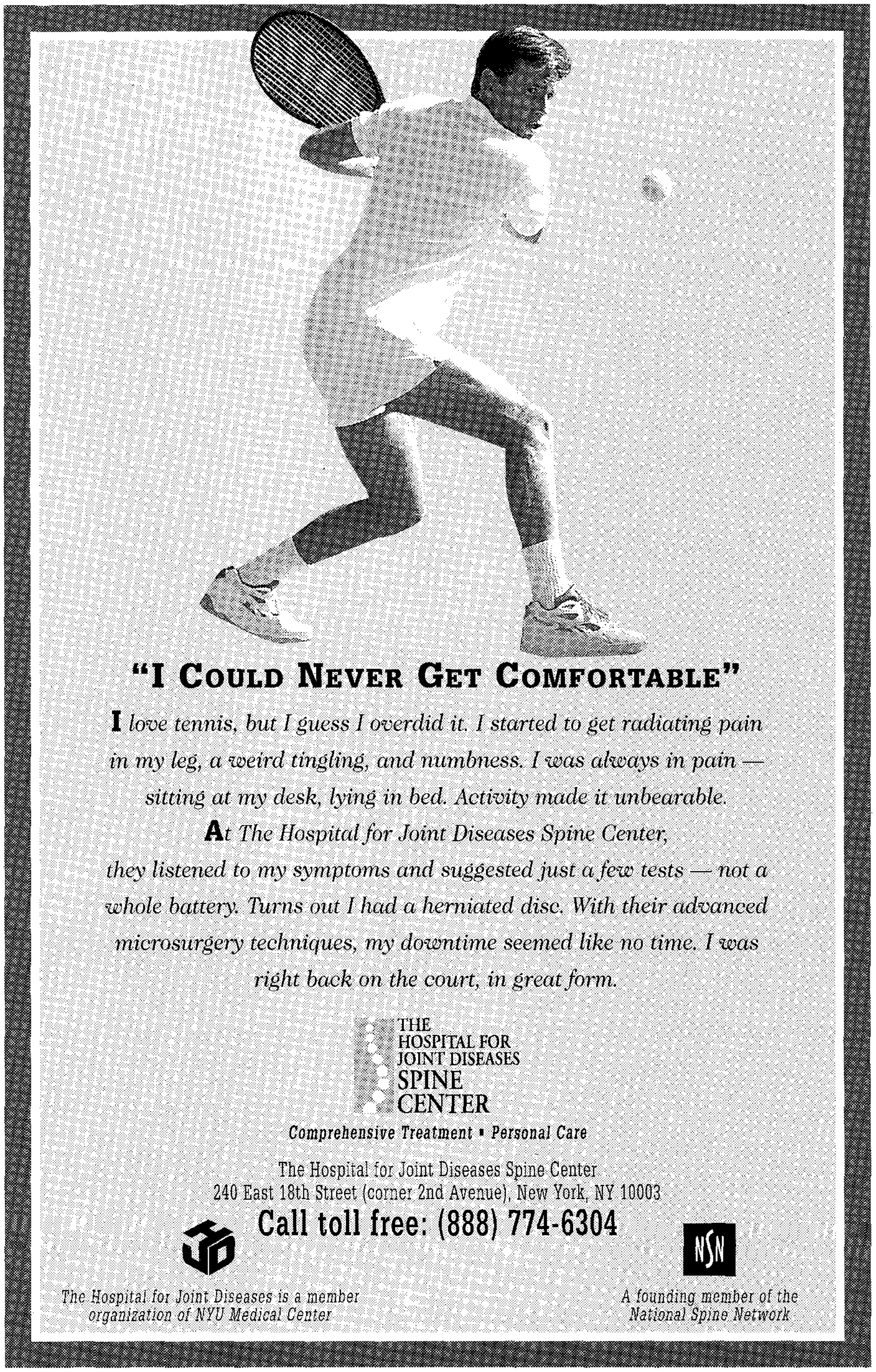
But we can't protect ourselves from age-induced wrinkles, or can we? "Many people believe that wrinkles are due to aging, but it's actually a lack of *moisture and nourishment*," says Mina Bowker, owner of **Azure Skin Care**. "There are mixtures with gels and strong nourishing creams that hydrate and moisturize the eye and can help to remove the lines. Drinking at least six to eight glasses of water daily is also vital to hydrating the skin."

Indulging in facials and wraps may sound like an expensive retreat reserved only for the rich. But treatments are affordable and helpful for problem skin, or to eliminate body toxins and impurities.

"I believe it's a connection of the *mind, body and spirit to create a* whole positive attitude and self-image," says Anushka, owner of **Anushka Day Spa.** "You need to feel your best and look great. A few of our favorite ways to restore, revitalize, de-stress and enhance beauty include seaweed, mud from the Dead Sea and aromatherm wraps."

"Everyone has problems with their skin," says Ling Chan of **Ling Skin Care**. "After a cleansing facial, the skin needs to heal from daily problems, so we use custom-blended facials with teas and herbs to detoxify and heal. Then we educate people on





"I COULD NEVER GET COMFORTABLE"

I love tennis, but I guess I overdid it. I started to get radiating pain in my leg, a weird tingling, and numbness. I was always in pain — sitting at my desk, lying in bed. Activity made it unbearable.

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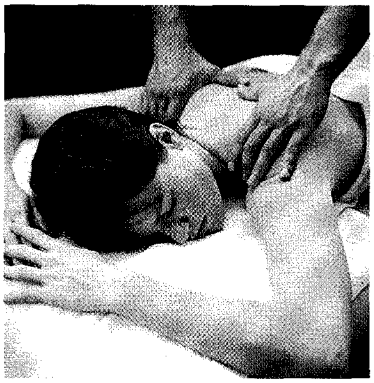


how they can take care of their skin in their homes."

New Yorkers are prone to pollution, stress and winter air, all elements that can clog pores, says Faina Shafir, owner of **Faina European Skin Care**. A glycolic peel is today's most popular facial that penetrates deeper into the skin to clean and exfoliate, with immediate results. "Exfoliating the skin with deep pore cleaning facials eliminates dead cells. If the skin is breathing, the texture, complexion, and quality of the skin improve."

Whether it's a facial or body massage, if you've every had one, you know how good it feels. It's the exhilarating handiwork of a professional masseuse, penetrating hot oils into tired, worn skin and relaxing tense muscles.

"Massages decrease stress levels, relieve toxins, and help with circulation to bring the body back to balance," says Tristina Ponzini, spa services coordinator at **The Peninsula Spa**. "Warm herbal oil massages are a classic ayurvedic treatment that brings an elemental balance to the body. Oils are chosen on how you feel that day, and each provides a varying level of energy and balance.

TOP FORM

Hair experts say hair is power, self-confidence and an attraction to the opposite sex. But for some people, hair just isn't there, or there just isn't enough.

"Many women are frustated in realizing that loss of hair is something they can't fix," says Elline Surianello, founder of **LeMetric Hair Center**, specializing in a needle-and-thread procedure to add balance to thinning hair. "The rule is if it doesn't come back in six months, then it's not going to. You can't camouflage it with an outfit, but with the right balance, hair can boost self-esteem and self-confidence."

"If you're dissatisfied with the volume, just change it," says Dino Dondiego, president of **Sequence**. "Anyone can get fuller hair with blending one hair at a time onto already existing hair, next to the scalp. Many women are genetically disposed to female pattern thinness, so if the woman is dissatisfied, just get something done to look and feel better."

Other issues with hair replacement are believability and comfort. **DonCosa Images** uses a unique Microdot Process™ that adds high quality virgin hair to your existing hair, providing a natural look that even stands up to sports and strenous activities. What's more, it allows the scalp to breathe.

Sometimes, a simple change in cut or color can provide an instant feel-good boost. "My goal is to make it believable," says Angela Cosmai of **Angela Cosmai Salon**. "No one wants to be a slave to hair. It should be easy to take care of and look real." Cosmai suggests eliminating bad hair color, correcting over-processing, and using hair-friendly products.

SLEEK & SMOOTH

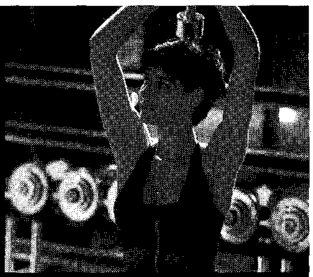
For some people, when it comes to hair, there's just too much. Permanent hair removal, or electrolysis, can be the answer for achieving sleek, smooth, hair-free skin on the face and body.

"Removing excess hair is a permanent process that improves appearance," says Lucy Peters of **Lucy Peters International,® Ltd**. "These days, machines make hair removal easy with only a slight sensation. Most people can sleep through it."

After the skin is sleek and hairless, be sure to moisturize after every bath or shower. To ensure a healthy glow, drink at least eight glasses of water per day and watch your intake of salt, sugar, and processed foods.

PREPPING FOR OUTSIDE

- * WEAR A HAT
- * DRESS IN LAYERS
- * USE MOISTURIZER WITH SUNSCREEN
- * USE LIP BALM
- * WEAR SUNGLASSES WITH A UV PROTECTION
- * DRINK LOTS OF WATER
- * KEEP HANDS AND FEET DRY
- * WEAR FABRICS THAT DRAW MOISTURE AWAY FROM THE SKIN



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A STEP FURTHER

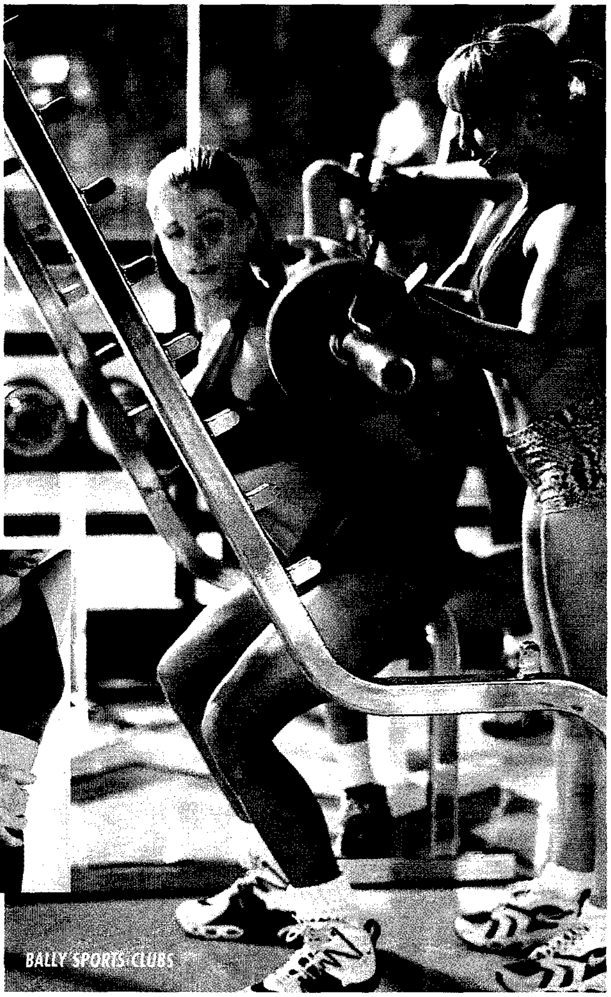
Most of us have wished, albeit secretly, to change a certain body part, daydreaming about a new nose, smaller breasts, or cellulite-free thighs. Gravity and age leaves marks on the skin and body, causing sags, creases, and lumps. Sometimes diet and exercise aren't enough to eliminate life's battle scars. Safe cosmetic surgery can change the way we see ourselves and, in some cases, turn the clock back just a few short years.

"It's not fair; but and beauty reigns! Cosmetic surgery gives you a second chance in life," says **Denise Thomas**, a cosmetic surgery consultant, who refers patients to plastic surgeons. "But choosing a surgeon can be confusing. It's helpful to have someone with the information you need on selecting a doctor."

All surgeons agree that choosing a doctor you feel comfortable with is the most important part of cosmetic surgery. However, it's also vital to have realistic expectations. Computer imaging can help you to visualize the final product. "You must be doing it for your own self-enhancement, but if you are doing it for someone else, I don't operate," explains **George Lefkovits, M.D.**, plastic surgeon. "Know what you want and choose a Board Certified plastic surgeon. If you don't have a good rapport with your surgeon, it's probably best not to have it done by that surgeon."

Until now, plastic surgery was reserved for older patients who showed signs of aging and wanted them eliminated. But why wait until the signs are there? "The newest trend in plastic surgery is doing smaller things sooner," says **Dr. Mark A.Erlich, M.D., Profiles & Contours**. "We're essentially doing the same procedure, such as a facelift, but less of it. Today, it's more maintenance, not correction and patients can keep problems in check instead of waiting for them to get worse." Simple choices include minimally invasive procedures such as skin resurfacing, collagen injections, and chemical peels. However, breast surgery, liposuction, and rhinoplasty still remain three of the most popular procedures.

"Large breasts can interfere with normal activities, including sports, so breast reduction is often extremely gratifying," says Lefkovits. "Pain, chronic rashes, or just embarrassment lead many women to reduce breast size."



Weight loss, gravity, pregnancy, and aging are all associated with drooping and sagging breasts. Frequently, breast lifts and breast augmentation can also provide a lift for a woman's self-esteem.

"If you're at your ideal weight, exercise, and eat right, but still can't eliminate fatty deposits, liposuction may help," says plastic surgeon **James Reardon, M.D.** "It removes fat deposits through suctioning to smooth unwanted fatty areas, but it's only for areas that couldn't be removed by diet and exercise. It's only successful if you don't go back and start to overeat again."

ABOUT FACE

"The face is the key," says **Eli Milch, M.D.**, at **Park East Plastic Surgery**. "It's more important than the body. It's there anytime you look in the mirror. If you work out and feel great, there's no reason you can't look as good as you feel."

If you're undergoing plastic surgery, **Dr. Fredrick A. Valauri**, plastic surgeon at the **Beauty Enhancement Center** recommends getting your skin in its best pre-operative condition. "Improve sun-damaged skin and poor elasticity with wraps to detoxify and improve the skin's overall tone and health," says Valauri, who has an optional spa in his practice. "Facials and reflexology are relaxing and de-stressing and a collateral benefit for the patient who is getting anxious about the procedure, but it's a non-medicated way to relax."

THE NOSE KNOWS

Unfortunately, winter isn't only holidays and togetherness, unless you count sealed up windows and germ-sharing. This can contribute to winter's downside–colds, flu, and chronic sinus infections.

"We see more episodes of sinusitis in the winter because of drier air and germs," says Steven Schaefer, M.D. at the **New York Eye and Ear Infirmary**. "Fortunately, humidifiers, plants and normal saline nose spray can help to restore water to the nose. Patients who have repeated sinus infections may be eligible for surgery to correct the problem, but only as a last resort if they failed medical management."

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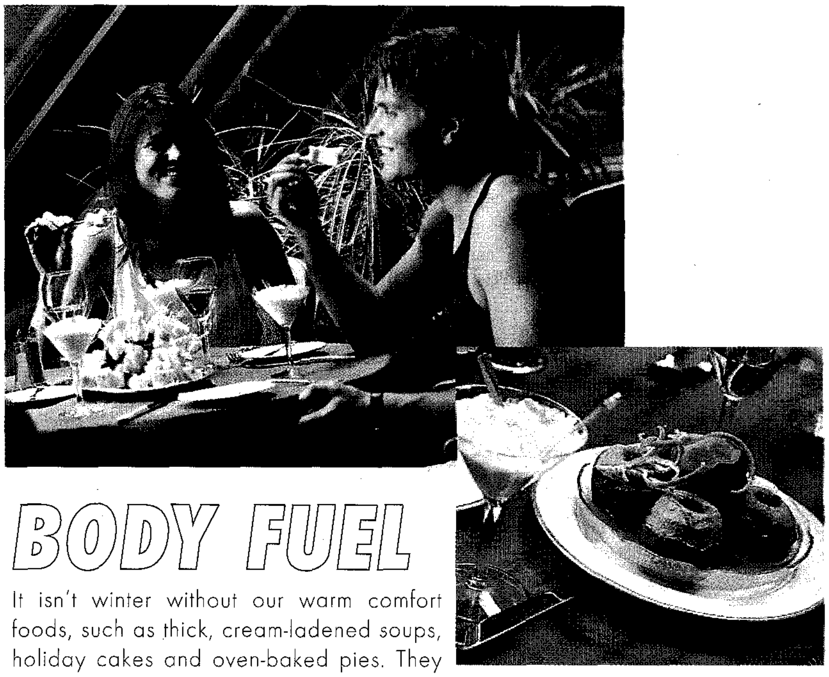
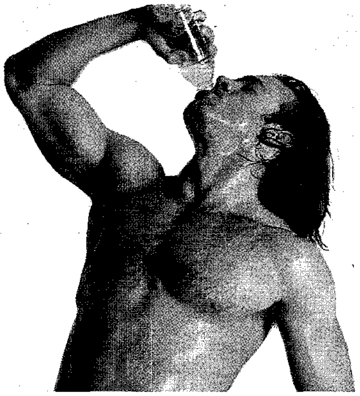


BODY FUEL

It isn't winter without our warm comfort foods, such as thick, cream-ladened soups, holiday cakes and oven-baked pies. They fill our homes with delicious aromas, but also add fat to our bodies. Proper nutrition is vital to providing energy and helping us to fuel our days.

"If you're overeating out of stress or boredom, find out why," says Susan Weinstein R.N., **Saint Barnabas Medical Center in New Jersey**. "You need 2,000 to 3,000 calories to maintain a healthy weight, and water and fiber to flush out calories."

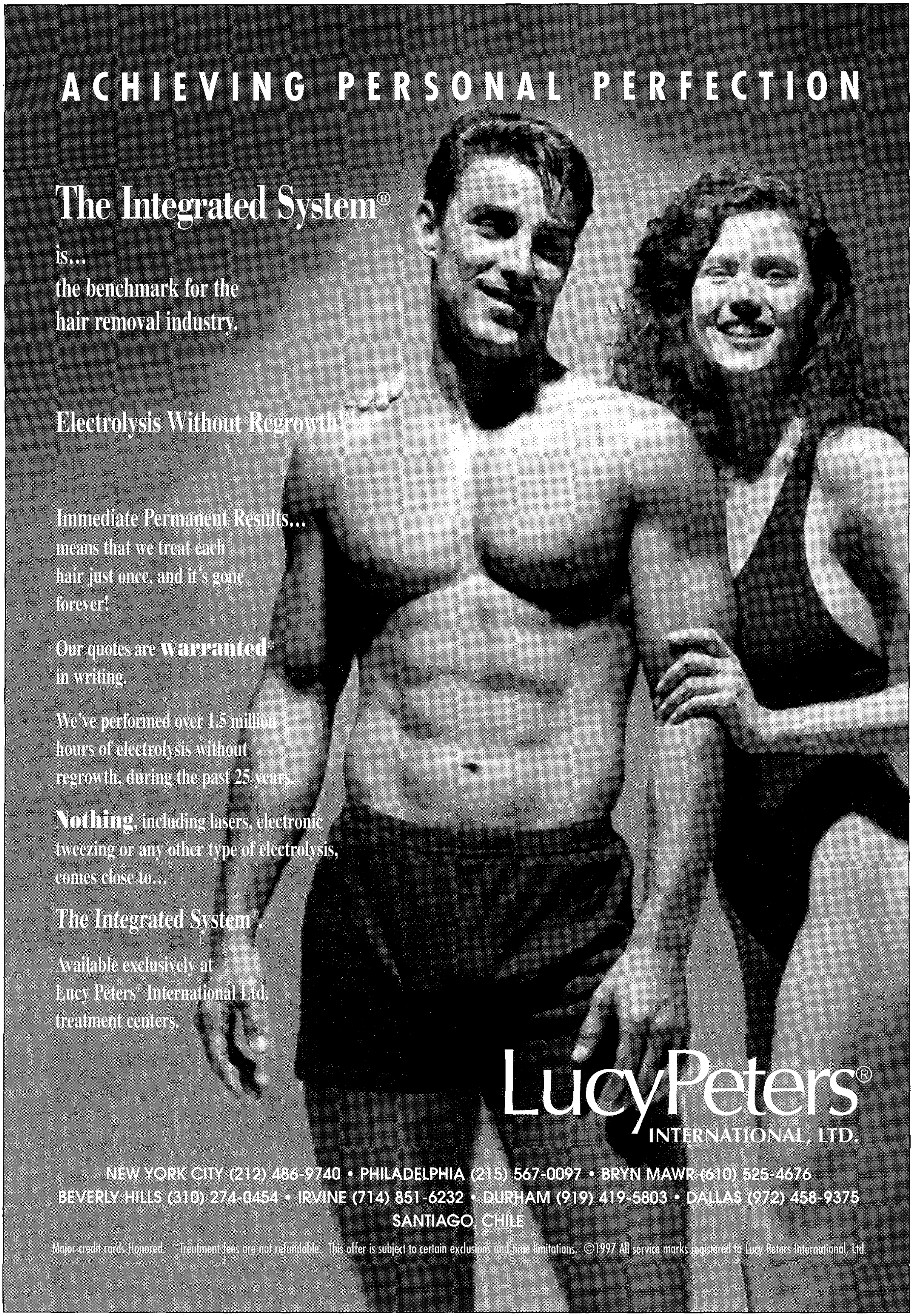


If consuming extra calories is sabotaging your diet, choose sugar-free substitutes. For a sweeter taste with fewer calories, turn to **NatraTaste®**, a sugar substitute sweetened with aspartame (about 180 times sweeter than sugar), yet has no calories. Try Natrataste in tea, coffee, eggnog, sprinkled on cereal, and more—without guilt.

SMILE, YOU'RE DOING GREAT!

Of course, proper dental hygiene and care is an important component of creating a healthful you. Clearly, it's imperative to visit a dentist at least twice a year. If you are searching for good dentist in your area, call **1-800-DENTIST** for a top-notch referral. "We screen and check dentists and refer based on location and need," says Gabriel Golan, D.D.S.

By making small changes in your diet, setting a routine exercise program, and taking care of your entire body, you'll look good and feel good, no matter what season it is. Then smile. You've earned the right to be proud of a stronger, healthier, and better looking new you.



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Basketball City
Pier 63 at W. 23rd St.
212-924-4040
New York City's premier basketball facility with activities including mens, women's, and youth leagues, charter court rental, individual and corporate membership, tournaments, contests, and special events. The facility includes six hardwood courts, sports lounge, fitness center, six volleyball courts, and men's and women's locker rooms.

Bally Sports Clubs
335 Madison Ave. (& other locations)
1-800-756-7666 for the nearest club
Introducing four new high-end athletic clubs for the selective fitness enthusiast. Bally Sports Clubs offer state-of-the-art facilities featuring body-part conditioning, advanced training centers, extensive cardiovascular training stations, the latest group fitness classes, and personal training.

Callanetics Studios of Manhattan
Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th Street
212-765-2900
Body re-shaping exercises: lifts behind, reduces saddlebags, trims waist & tummy, lifts breasts, visible difference usually within 10 sessions.

Hanson Fitness
63 Greene St.
212-431-7682
826 Broadway
212-982-2233
After 12 successful years at 63 Greene St., Hanson Fitness, the most respected personal training facility in New York, is now offering an additional location at 826 Broadway at 12th St.

Manhattan Plaza Health Club
482 W. 43rd St.
212-563-7001
MPHC continues to remain on the cutting edge of fitness, with classes ranging from POWERBOARD to Pilates. Facilities include Cybex VR^2 equipment, Precor crosstrainers, indoor/outdoor pool, climbing wall, and spa services.

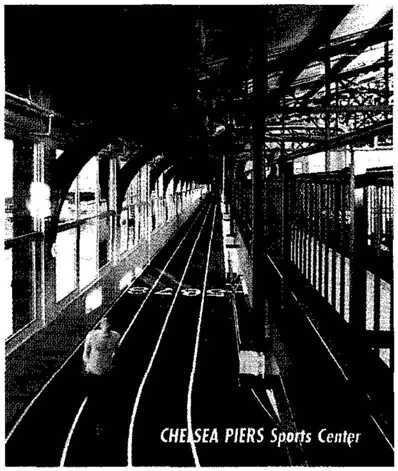
New York Health & Racquet Club
3 NY Plaza, 18th fl.
1-800-HRC-BEST
Seven locations in Manhattan; with 700 classes offered weekly, including tai chi, pilates, and spinning, you're sure to find something you love to do. Alternately, try an underwater treadmill or swim in a luxurious pool. Also available is Personal Best program, which combines personal training with nutrition counseling.

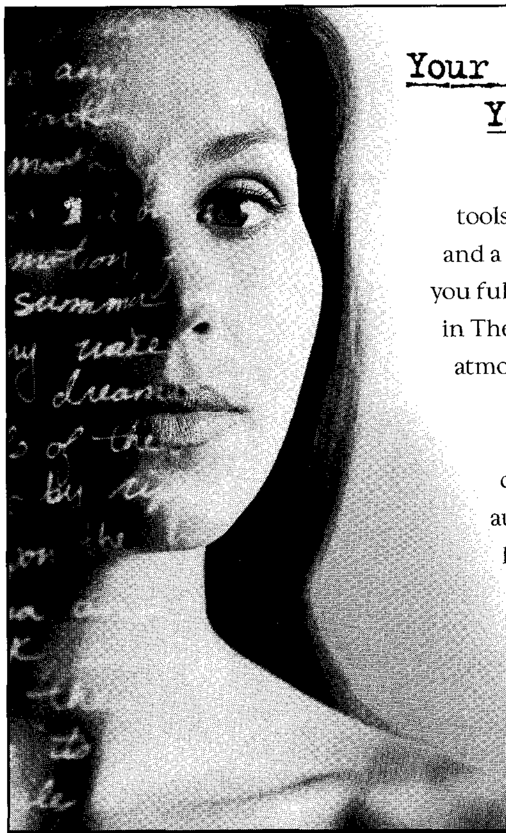
Omni Fitness Equipment Specialists
380 Madison Ave.
212-953-6767
The newly opened Omni Fitness Equipment store is designed in a futuristic, user-friendly, and

relaxing atmosphere—a far cry from the intimidating and sterile environments of most fitness equipment stores. Omni, the exclusive Manhattan source for the ever-popular Life Fitness line, also features state-of-the-art equipment from Vectra and Parabody. A friendly and knowledgeable staff, including exercise physiologists, will help evaluate fitness needs and even set up the equipment in your home or apartment to ensure the maximum benefits and safety of every workout.

Reebok Sports Club/NY
160 Columbus Ave.
212-362-6800
This $55 million, 140,000-square foot club, represents state-of-the-art fitness. The premier sports and fitness complex offers over 40 different fitness and recreational options, including the city's top private trainers, ; an extensive offering of aerobics, exercise, spin, martial arts, boxing and yoga classes, a full day spa and salon; a 45-ft. rockclimbing wall; an outdoor in-line skating and running track; a junior Olympic pool, basketball courts, an executive business center, Gourmet Grill restaurant, sidewalk cafe, and more.

SoHo Sanctuary
119 Mercer St.
212-334-5550
The perfect place for women to find health, fitness, and well-being this winter. Offers private and group Yoga classes devised specifically for women, as well as oh-so-luxurious spa treatments, including facials, massage, reflexology, and full-body treatments. Tues. - Fri. 10-9, Sat. 10-6, Sun. 12-6.





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Internationally Acclaimed Colorist Angela Cosmai, who tends to the locks of many celebrieties, is noted for expert color correction. Her extremely natural color processing range between $100 and $400, while talented apprentices, mastering her technique and subtle philosophy, will charge $35 to $100. Haircuts by expert stylist are $60 compared to the usual $100 to $195.

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Angela Cosmai Salon
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Internationally acclaimed colorist Angela Cosmai, who tends to the locks of Terri Garr, Meryl Streep, and Anne Bass is noted for expert color correction. Her extremely natural color processes range between $100 and $400, while talented apprentices, mastering her technique and subtle philosophy, will charge $35 to $100. By appointment only: 16 W. 55th St., 541-5820.

Anushka Day Spa
241 E. 60th St.
212-355-6404
NYC's legendary day spa has been pampering NY's elite for 25 years. Soothes your senses and restore your spirit amidst a tranquil atmosphere of body wraps, massage, facials, manicure and pedicure, spa lunch and more. Day of beauty packages available.

Azure Skin Care
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212-439-0080
Off Fifth Avenue, the Beauty Enhancement Center is a day spa and surgical suite which offers laser hair removal, skin analysis, aromatherapy facial and body treatments, waxing, reflexology, and massage therapy, as well as cosmetic surgery performed by Dr. Fredrick A. Valauri, a Board Certified plastic surgeon, and his professional staff.

Faina's European Skin Care Center
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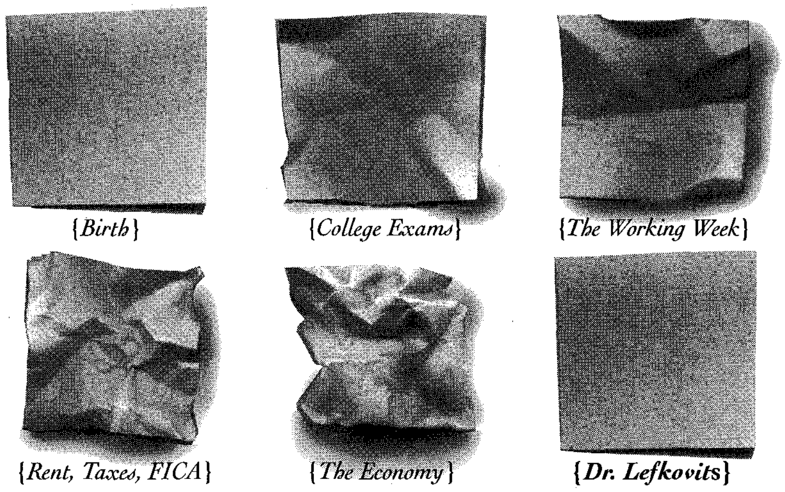
Dr. George Lefkovits is a Board-Certified plastic surgeon and an Assistant Professor of plastic surgery. He has a state-of-the-art operating facility which includes the laser. He specializes in liposuction and breast surgery, and male aesthetic surgery, including hair restoration.



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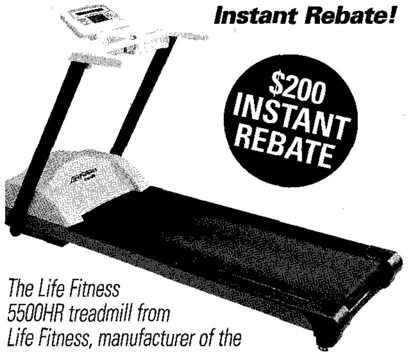

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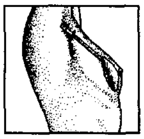
Gynecomastia

Male Breast Reduction

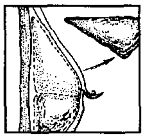
Gynecomastia refers to a condition where the male breast becomes enlarged. As many as one of three males are affected by this embarrassing problem. Gynecomastia develops from a variety of causes, but most often it is just an increase of fatty or glandular tissue due to a subtle imbalance of hormonal metabolism.

If this condition is a source of embarrassment for you, surgical correction is usually the treatment. Whether you have an accumulation of fatty tissue only, or if it's combined with glandular tissue, cosmetic surgery can give you excellent results. Many times it restores your confidence to participate in summer sports and activities.

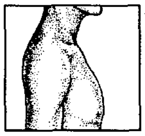
If you have been considering cosmetic surgery, and would like more information, call me at (212) 832-0770 to schedule an appointment for a complimentary consultation.



For a man with an excess accumulation of fatty tissue in the breast area, only liposuction is needed. A special instrument is inserted through a small incision into the fat layer, suction is applied and the fat is removed.



A different procedure is used when glandular tissue causes the overdeveloped contour. The unnecessary tissue is removed in sections through a small one-inch incision around the nipple-areolar complex.



The results are excellent. The undesirable contour is removed, restoring the normal male breast shape.

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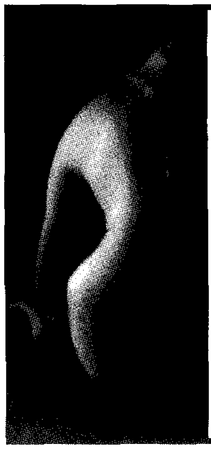

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Park East Plastic Surgery
Eli Milch, M.D.
114 E. 71st St.
212-988-2500

Park East Plastic Surgery Center is directed by Dr. Eli Milch, a world-renowned Board Certified plastic surgeon. Dr. Milch specializes in aesthetic surgery with particular interest in tumescent liposuction, minimal incision breast augmentation, nasal surgery, and face lifts. Most procedures are performed in a state-of-the-art surgery center.

Profiles & Contours
800A Fifth Avenue (at 61st Street)
212 861-4100

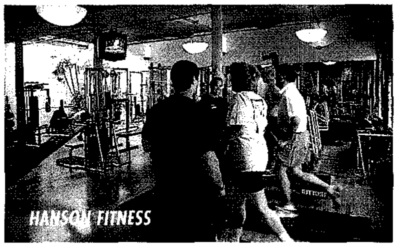
Profiles & Contours, The New York Plastic Surgery Center, provides the entire spectrum of cosmetic and aesthetic surgery procedures. They have introduced numerous technical innovations to cosmetic surgery in the past 16 years, including computer imaging.

James J. Reardon, M.D., P.C.
737 Park Ave.
212-832-0770

Dr. Reardon is a Board Certified plastic and reconstructive surgeon with over 25 years of experience. He performs a range of cosmetic and reconstructive procedures including female and male (gynecomastia) breast reduction; cosmetic facial, eye, and nasal surgery, as well as tumescent liposuction, breast augmentation, and fat injections. All surgery is performed in his ambulatory facility, which has two operating rooms, a three-bed recovery room, and a full-time Board Certified anesthesiologist.

Denise Thomas
Cosmetic Surgery Consultant
212-734-0233

Cosmetic surgery is the greatest mid-life pick-me-up, so baby boomers are running to cosmetic surgery consultant Denise Thomas. She connects them with top plastic surgeons who will fix all their "ailments": bags under the eyes, droopy eyelids, sagging jawline, love handles and 'fix that nose'. No one knows plastic surgeons like your one-on-one personal shopper Denise Thomas.



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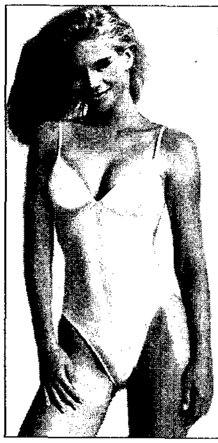

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The Beth Israel Health Care System of St. Luke's -Roosevelt Hospital Center, two prestigious academic medical centers, recently created a partnership that provides an array of specialties, including neurology and neurosurgery, orthopaedics, cancer care, cardiology, neonatal care, and obstetrics. Programs in diabetes, nutrition, and weight-management are nationally recognized. Together, the system comprises more than 2,700 beds and represents more than 3,200 physicians.

The Department of Orthopaedic Surgery at Beth Israel Medical Center provides a full range of orthopaedic services at its three convenient Manhattan locations. Each site provides the highest level of care, technology, and support. The orthopaedic services include: emergency treatment, sports medicine/injuries, major joint replacement, diagnostic arthroscopy, treatment and surgery for the shoulders, upper extremities, feet, and ankles, as well as care for the spine at The New York Spine Institute at Philips Ambulatory Care Center.

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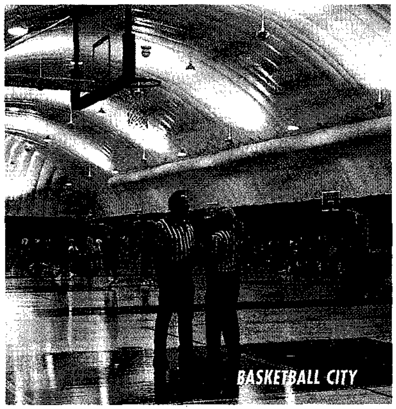

Lenox Hill Hospital
100 E. 77th St.
212-434-2000
Lenox Hill hospital is a 652-bed teaching hospital that offers a wide range of general and specialty medical, surgical and psychiatric services to adults and children. Among its special programs are obstetrics/gynecology, high-risk neonatal care, advanced cardiovascular services, orthopedic surgery and sports medicine and otolaryngology.

New York Cornell Special Surgery Sports Medicine Center at Chelsea Piers
23rd St. and the Hudson River (Pier 60)
212-366-5100
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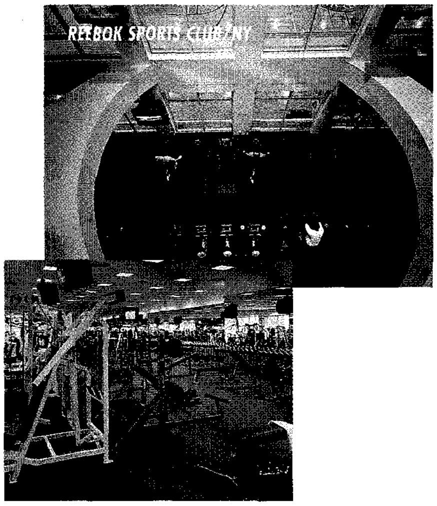

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1-800-DENTIST®

1-800-DENTIST® is a nationwide network of dentists in private practice screened and qualified to provide dental care. The network has over 150 dentists in the New York metropolitan area, including all the specialities and services, such as implants, periodontics, endodontics, and oral surgery. 1-800-DENTIST® will give you the information you need in choosing a dentist for you and your family.

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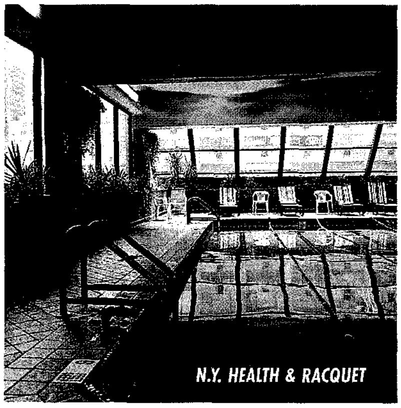

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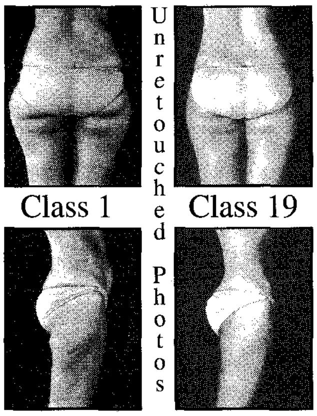

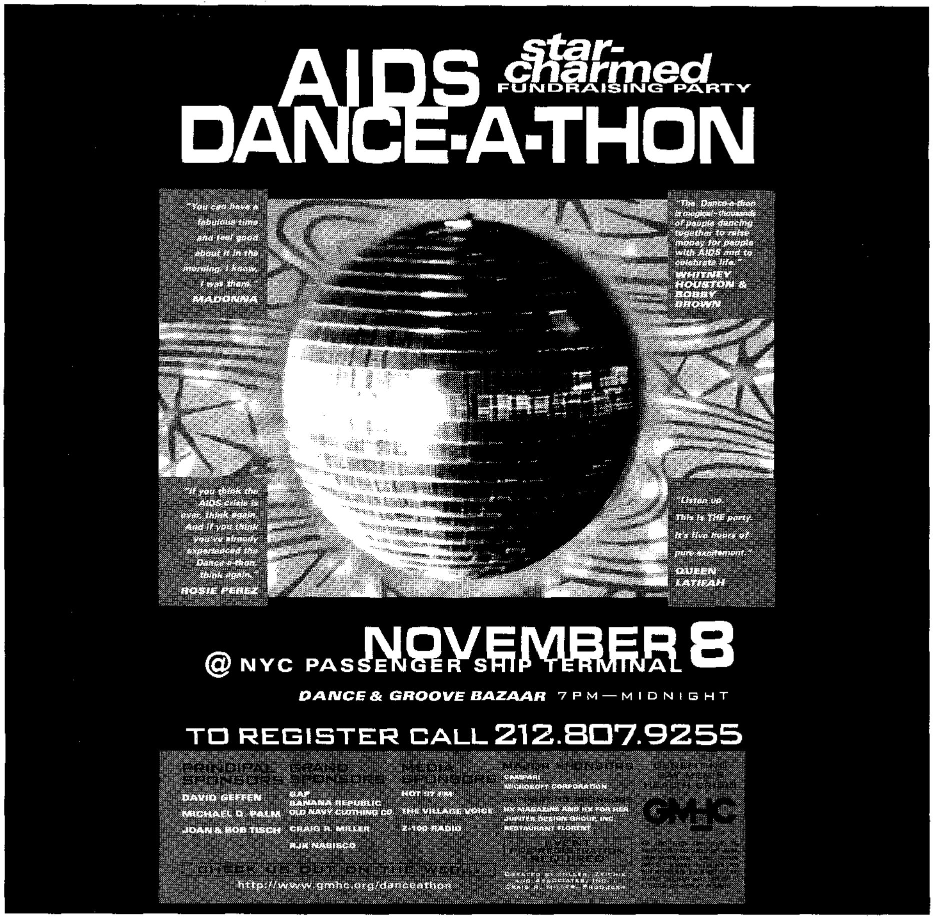
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Simon *continued from page 54*

minutes after I cut out.

Miss Galjour, a graduate of and teacher at San Francisco's Writers Who Act Workshop, strikes me as a mediocre actress who writes, and is perfectly charmless as she flounces and prances about, contorting her features and flailing her arms enough to make a weather vane envious, while forcing her voice into antipodal registers. Nevertheless, all her characters (including Michael, who turns out to be a dog) emerge much the same, which is to say arch, coy, and faintly nauseating. She has performed this two-hours-plus show in many places, most appropriately, I think, at her alma mater, South La Fourche High School.

The current infestation of one-man-or-woman shows is reaching plague proportions. (Three of them just in yesterday's mail, clamoring for attention.) This retrograde genre would let drama backslide to its primitive beginnings, and depends on its cheapness. Some unemployed (and perhaps unemployable) actor latches on to some more or less famous person's story, or simply rehashes childhood memories, and the result is supposed to be theater. At any rate, we must not elevate economics to the stature of aesthetics and let the tail (or tale) wag the dog (or alligator).

THEATER

I LIKEWISE FLED **Queen Amarantha** AFTER ACT One. Charles Busch seems to be getting less bright and Buschy-tailed by the minute—well, less bright, anyway. Concocted by him and Carl Andress, this is a campy Grimm-style fairy tale about an eccentric young queen who likes to go about in drag (Busch, of course) or play around with her cousin, the sulky Roderigo (Andress). She is beset by enemies, such as the evil Duke of Agar, the bumbling Earl of Moreland, and the Countess Thalia just released from jail. A hired assassin, Adrian, flubs and falls for Amarantha, as she does for him, and the thin plot struggles to thicken. The archaizing dialogue is wan when not downright wilted, and injections of halfhearted camp do little to enliven it. Busch himself is losing what flair he had. He used to come across as a successful transvestite but now suggests a failed transsexual. In the cast, able performers such as Ruth Williamson and Marcus Lovett are content to go with the cloacal flow; only Karen Phillips touchingly tries to create a character out of nothing. Most noteworthy are the Gothic scenery and Cocteauish costumes of Eduardo Sicangco.

Camp is a funny business. It works best when it's either very high or very low. Unlike in German, there is no Middle High in Camp. *Queen Amarantha* makes the mistake of trying to be tasteful about its cross-dressing and sexually ambiguous relations. It's like an elephant in a bikini worried about showing too much cleavage. ■

Egonmania

Eighty years after his death, the morbid narcissist Egon Schiele can still shock; sketchbooks that offer glimpses of Pollock becoming Pollock.

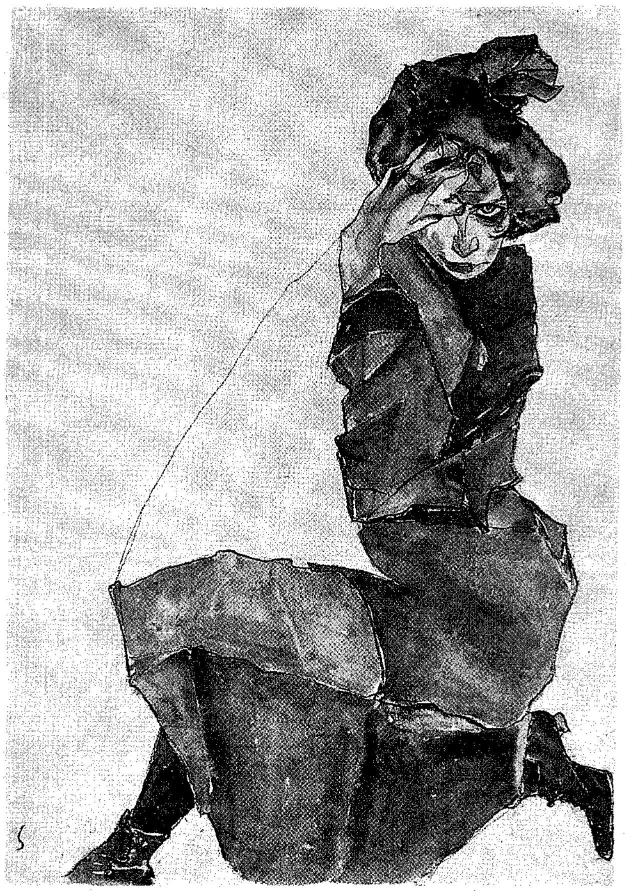
Egon Schiele (1890–1918) PLAYS AN ESSENTIAL part in the drama of modern culture. He is the revelatory outsider, consumed by a truth too intense, too difficult, and too private for middle-class propriety, who creates a moment of extraordinary intensity—and dies before he reaches 30. The influenza outbreak of 1918 killed Schiele, but his life and art have developed such an operatic power that a librettist would naturally suggest that "society" murdered him. Not surprisingly, Schiele's sexual angst and death-haunted musing make him a favorite of moody adolescents. He is often an important early infatuation, an artist who leads alienated young dreamers into a lifelong interest in art.

Nonetheless, the work of this emblematic modern figure is difficult to see—except in reproduction—because most of it remains in Vienna. The pictures that are not in Viennese museums, moreover, are often in private Austrian collections. **Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna** at the Museum of Modern Art therefore provides a rare opportunity to see Schiele's work in depth. Organized by Magdalena Dabrowski, the exhibition contains about 150 drawings and paintings from the private holdings of an Austrian doctor named Rudolph Leopold. The pictures on display ange from early land-capes to a sketch, made only three days before Schiele died of the Spanish flu, of his pregnant wife on her deathbed.

In a great Schiele drawing, a serpent lives in the line, ontorting the body. The flesh sinks inward; the limbs play out grotesquely; the cadaverous fingers are helpessly erect. The color of skin in his gouaches is bluish, inged with unhealthy pinks and ashen whites. In some pictures, the mottled flesh teems with decay: It has a maggoty shimmer. Many drawings are self-portraits, created—performed—in front of a mirror. His body is not so much naked as stripped and quivering, like a snail yanked from its shell and dropped onto a cold plate. His pictures of ravished women with uplifted skirts have a proud finality, as if here at last the truth were revealed. The swollen genitals are rendered with the exacting care usually given to a woman's features: Here is the hidden face of the body.

The mood in Schiele's best pictures is mysterious, at once hot- and cold-blooded, theatrical and realistic, raw and overbred, limp and tumescent. That is partly why they have power. Psychic torment is not simple. Many works in this show, however, do not have this powerful ambivalence: Schiele was not always in full possession of his gifts. He was a great draftsman but a pedestrian painter. His oils display neither the doodling intimacy of line nor the beautiful bruising of color typical of his best drawings and gouaches. His preening sometimes looks unfelt and almost comical, as when he looks out from under his eyes in a vampish manner. This is witchy kitsch. And his art declined after 1912. Many pictures of these years are flaccid illustrations rather than revelatory visions. The last paintings are a near-embarrassment, especially the soft-focus nude that closes the show, which has a fatuous "Come to me, my darling" look.

Still, we remember Schiele for his great conviction. This exhibition comes at an interesting moment. Narcissism is one of the great diseases of the twentieth century, and Schiele's defining characteristics—his self-involvement, erotic ennui, and feeling for death and decay—are also common today. But Schiele presents his themes from the vantage point of a new century. He knew that he was doing something new; he paid a



Schiele's *Kneeling Girl in Orange/Red Dress* (1910).

hotograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

harsh price for outraging convention. As a result, his ennui is strangely fresh, his shock still shocking. Today's artists, working with familiar themes in a fading century, are understandably afraid to appear either earnest or unknowing. They must depend upon intelligence, irony, and social analysis. When they look into Schiele's mirror, they will see their younger, more powerful selves.

Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings, which Nan Rosenthal organized for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is an important exhibition of the early work of a troubled artist who, like Schiele, could not be restrained by any convention. From 1937 to 1941, Pollock (1912–1956), who had studied with the American Regionalist Thomas Hart Benton, kept three notebooks that he filled with 91 drawings. He used these notebooks to study composition and practice drawing, often by making sketches of black-and-white reproductions of old-master paintings by, among others, Rubens, El Greco, and Michelangelo. Occasionally, he made drawings of images taken from pop culture. Rosenthal has discovered, for example, that one drawing depicts a young woman portrayed on the cover of *Life* magazine. (The cover's theme, which the artist must have found comically appropriate given his own psychological troubles, is the "youth problem.") But Pollock's deeper purpose in these sketchbooks is to find himself as an artist. In this show, which includes 27 other Pollock drawings from the same period, you can see Pollock becoming Pollock.

Pollock was not a precocious draftsman. But he had the impatience—the eruptive drive toward expression—essential to serious art. Even in the earlier sketches, when he is analyzing old-master compositions, he is reluctant to tie himself down in the description of any particular part of a picture. His thrust is already toward "all over" composition toward that visionary field of sweeping paint strokes found in his celebrated "poured" or "drip" paintings of the late forties and early fifties. While his line may reflect the dynamic ripple of Benton's art, it does not settle within the rectangle as Benton's does. It pushes outward; it never quite behaves. In the third sketchbook, certain drawings reflect Pollock's interest in psychoanalysis and in the Mexican muralists, notably Orozco But these images are not owned by Orozco, Jung, or any other influential figure It is here that Pollock discovers his distinctive note. He seems to catch a tide o energy, to find a way to power rathe than to conventional know-how. These turbulent images have an awkward, visionary fire. ■

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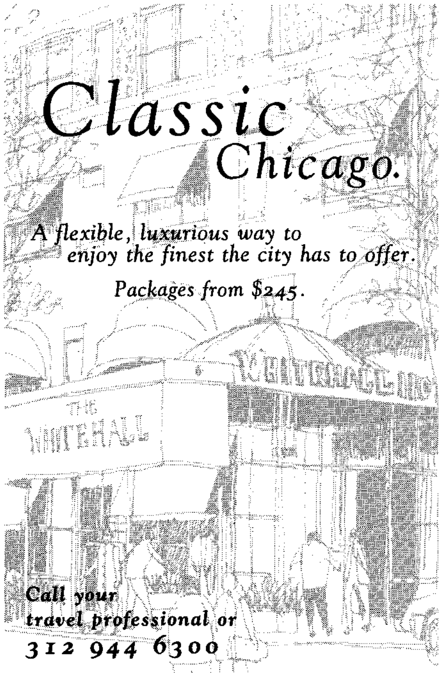

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CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Princess Charming

As Cinderella in 'La Cenerentola,' Cecilia Bartoli shows off the charisma that's made her opera's darling of the decade. She doesn't sound bad, either.

Fan-club favorite of the opera: Cecilia Bartoli in *La Cenerentola.*

IT'S BAD LUCK FOR THE METROPOLITAN OPERA THAT **Cecilia Bartoli** is unlikely to be a frequent future presence in the house. The only young singer in sight able to stir up the sort of audience excitement that operatic personalities once created in abundance, Bartoli shows no inclination to explore a blockbuster repertory unsuited to her voice and temperament. The Met needs Carmens, Azucenas, and Kundrys, but this cautious mezzo-soprano will apparently stick with Rossini, Mozart, and Handel, composers whose more intimately scaled operas tend to get lost in the Met's cavernous hall but suit Bartoli's bravura vocal style and ability to establish immediate communication with a crowd of adoring fans.

That said, the first-ever Met production of Rossini's *La Cenerentola,* with Bartoli in one of her specialty roles, is a grand success. I shudder to think how the company might have staged the work a few years ago—most likely as a brainlessly overdecorated candy-box production designed to elicit oohs and aahs but making only superficial contact with the piece. The Met has grown up a lot in a decade, and the company's current take on this delicious 1817 *dramma giocoso* not only is exceptionally witty and intelligent but also suggests some of the darker shades that inhabit Rossini's comic operas. After all, in this earthy Italian-style retelling of the Cinderella story, the composer has removed the fairy-tale elements and added a disturbing edge to Don Magnifico's grasping venality, his daughters' abusive behavior to their stepsister, and Angelina-Cinderella's humiliating domestic plight amid the ashes.

An all-Italian production team reminds us of this without ever allowing the unpleasant subtext to overwhelm the opera's essentially comic spirit. Maurizio Balò's costumes—frock coats, bowler hats, tapered gowns—evoke the Edwardian era, and his clean-lined sets, flatteringly lit by Gigi Saccomandi, amusingly expand on that theme—with its huge cracked mirror, rickety oversized sofa, and musty blue wallpaper, Magnifico's tumbledown mansion is a comic aria all by itself. Rather than smothering the action in irritating slapstick, director Cesare Lievi focuses on the uneasy relationships that give this opera its comic energy and human warmth, although he finds room to insert some inspired flights of fancy: the visualization of Magnifico's dream about a winged donkey flying over a bell tower, for example, or the charming finale with Don Ramiro and Angelina perched on top of a giant three-layered wedding cake.

None of this detracts from Bartoli's centrality to the performance, the captivating spontaneity of her stage presence, the unerring musicality of her singing, or the sheer exuberant fizz of her vocal personality. If anything, her talents shine even more brightly in a production that is neither excessively cluttered nor gussied up, and she expresses the pathos of the character with a stabbing poignancy missing from her video of the opera. Of course the main attraction is the voice and its fascinating play of colors as she darts from one mood to another, ending in an irresistible rondo-finale that seems to cast a blessing over everyone, onstage and out in the hall. "The voice is too small," I keep hearing it said, although no one ever complained about the Cenerentolas of Teresa Berganza and Frederica von Stade, elegant singers who also never aspired to make a big noise. Bartoli's voice reached my ear just fine, and each note sounded wonderful.

Adding to the evening's overall flavor of *italianità* is a cast of mostly native singers: Michele Pertusi (Alidoro), Simone Alaimo (Don Magnifico), Alessandro Corbelli (Dandini), and Ramón Vargas (Ramiro). It may no longer be possible these days to assemble ap-

hotograph by Winnie Klotz.

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propriate voices for a viable *Il Trovatore,* even in Italy, but practiced Rossini singers are easier to find, and these four are among the best—and what a pleasure to hear the words relished and projected with such clarity for once. Vargas was the clear audience favorite on opening night, a light tenor of modest tonal allure whose skill with coloratura nevertheless matches Bartoli's note for note. The suavest and most stylish member of this quartet is undoubtedly Pertusi, but Alaimo and Corbelli make a hilarious comic team, all the more effective for slyly underplaying their antic scenes together. James Levine has taken little interest in this repertory over the years, but he conducts it superlatively, providing affectionate, rhythmically buoyant, singer-friendly accompaniments.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

AT A COST OF $180 MILLION AND HAVING taken ten years to complete, the **New Jersey Performing Arts Center** across the river in Newark opened its doors earlier this month with a something-for-everyone vaudeville extravaganza: the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra playing Ellington under Wynton Marsalis's direction; Chita Rivera re-creating bits of her role from *West Side Story;* two flashy tango dancers accompanied by Carlos Buono on the bandoneón; a pas de deux from *Swan Lake* (Irina Dvorenko and Maxim Belotserkovsky); the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater performing excerpts from *Revelations;* and even a dash of classical music provided by Kathleen Battle and the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra conducted by Zdenek Macal.

More than the usual opening-night gala, this one was genuinely entertaining while dropping a few hints about what sort of an identity the Center hopes to cultivate in years to come. Foes of multiculturalism will recoil in horror, but NJPAC seems determined to serve its immediate community rather than assume an elitist stance. Newark, after all, is a rich mix of ethnicities, and the welcome mat is out for all. The Center no doubt intends to please a diverse audience, as well as local performing groups in search of a space in which to grow, develop, and cultivate a constituency. This already sets NJPAC apart from established arts facilities like Lincoln Center, which was founded back in the days when high musical art was primarily defined as glamorous names performing the classics from Europe. And that pretty much continues to be the case in Lincoln Center, even as it struggles to find fresh ways to be relevant. Newcomers to the battle for cultural attention will necessarily have other priorities.

Perhaps it's a comment on the times that NJPAC's brief classical-music offering was the least distinguished part of the gala evening. As a certified if now slightly tarnished operatic celebrity, Kathleen Battle is automatically called upon to grace such occasions, but she gives only a faint reminder of the enchanting vocal talent that made her famous. Her mannered rendition of Rosina's "Una Voce Poco Fa" from *The Barber of Seville* was grotesquely unmusical, sung in a simpering voice that has lost its tonal center. The New Jersey Symphony will surely sound less spongy once the proper acoustical accoutrements are in place, but I doubt that such a stolid approach to Wagner's *Die Meistersinger Prelude* would seem any more festive even then. The diversity of musical events scheduled for the next three months promises to be lively and original, but the classical programming looks stodgy and conventional. In many important ways, NJPAC is off and running, but clearly there is work to be done in this area.

SINGERS NO LONGER SEEM TO IDENTIFY with the unbuttoned cut-and-slash passions of verismo opera, even Puccini's perennial melodramas—if asked to name the most exciting Tosca of the day, many New Yorkers would probably nominate Vera Galupe-Borszkh, the reigning diva of the all-male opera troupe La Gran Scena. It takes that sort of burning commitment to the material to bring these once-shocking works back to life, especially a lesser but still juicy bit of hokum like Giordano's **Fedora.** Last season at the Metropolitan, Mirella Freni and Plácido Domingo got just about as close to the opera as any two celebrity singers could nowadays, a production that was filmed and will be shown this Wednesday (October 29) on PBS.

Fans of the two stars will no doubt gobble it all up, but I enjoyed the performance rather more from a distance. The camera is not kind to either veteran singer, particularly Freni, who now looks like someone's harmlessly cherubic, pink-and-pudgy *nonna.* Beyond that, this soprano's forte was never playing the grand prima donna in extremis, and her demure Fedora is more pathetic than impulsively self-destructive. Still, this was probably Freni's farewell to New York, and we are unlikely to see such an impassioned audience love-in at the Met again anytime soon. Domingo at least sounds like a romantic lover, and the sumptuous production provides all the necessary atmosphere as we are whisked from St. Petersburg to Paris and the Swiss Alps, where the sorely beset Fedora finally ends it all. Despite a few vocal thrills, though, this video is strictly for the faithful, proving that some treasured operatic performances are best left in the memory. ■

TOBI TOBIAS

No Fashion Victim

A rare collaboration—with designer Rei Kawakubo—proves to be immaterial amid an otherwise impressive Merce Cunningham season.

MUCH OF THE PUBLICITY GENERATED FOR Merce Cunningham's season at BAM centered on *Scenario,* for which the fashion designer Rei Kawakubo created the costumes and devised the set. Ostensibly, *Scenario* was a collaboration of Kawakubo, who'd never worked in dance before, and Cunningham, who does not often collaborate in the conventional sense. The score, costumes, and décor for his productions are usually prepared independently from the choreography, the elements coming together, as if serendipitously, at the last minute.

Kawakubo lined the stage with a dead-white ground cloth and backdrop, the latter curving at the bottom to eliminate the horizon line where wall meets floor. High overhead, rows of fluorescent tubes cast their implacable glare. This arrangement created the kind of nowhere used in studio photography and, predictably, reduced everything that invaded the blank space to two-dimensionality. The friezelike patterning of Cunningham's choreography for the occasion only augmented this effect, so that the human action itself looked flat, devoid of sculptural depth.

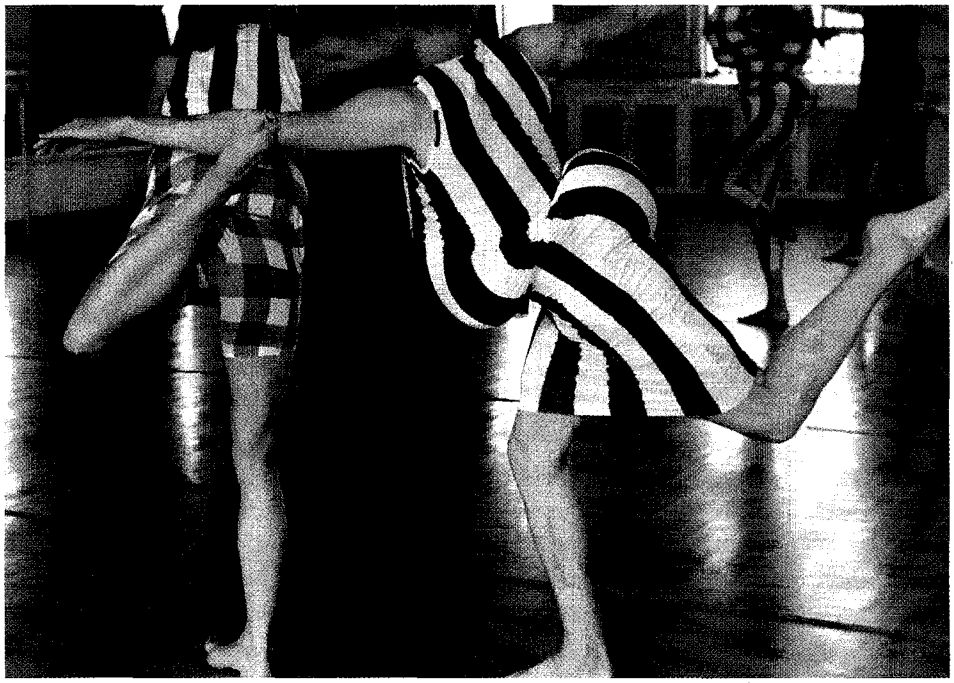
Kawakubo based her *Scenario* costumes on her spring '97 collection for Comme des Garçons. Featuring grotesque protuberances at bosom and backbone, belly and butt, the outfits were executed here in giant sea-green-on-white checks and marine-blue-and-white stripes, then in black (which offered a provocative, if trite, silhouette effect), and finally in stinging red. The shapes proved obdurate; instead of moving with the dancers to engender compelling new forms, they reduced their wearers to bulky, stolid midsections from which protruded spindly, agitated arms and legs. Only when the performers paired up for spates of touch-dancing did the outfits seem witty; the couples' weird lumps and recesses, fitting together jigsaw-puzzle-style, worked like the complementary neuroses of twosomes who fancy themselves in love. Kawakubo's inventive early work—adamantly black, torn and shredded to the point of disintegration—would be better suited to Cunningham dance, sharing its intellectual rigor and austere beauty.

To my thinking, the finest piece shown in the run was the 1996 *Rondo,* not previously given in New York. It proves that the very things that seemingly can't be done are just what genius can do. Arthritis has seriously curtailed Cunningham's movement capabilities, and he now choreographs with the help of a computer program called LifeForms. Using this essentially mechanical aid, he achieves the same subtle ingenuity in managing bodies in space that was the glory of his more mobile years. I suppose one shouldn't be astonished, since a major element in his gift has always been an uncanny ability to endow abstractions with life.

Accompanied by John Cage's *FOUR*^{6}, *Rondo* opens with the dancers assembling in simple geometric arrangements—a circle, parallel lines—then augments such relatively static images by showing something else going on, building up, passing by. The effect is that of people observed against a formal cityscape; the panorama resembles ordinary urban street life with the irrelevant eradicated to clarify specific images. As the dance progresses, it periodically employs a typical Cunningham device: A small cluster of figures watches as another moves or just remains nearby, contemplatively at rest. As always, Cunningham manages to make the stillnesses poignant or heroic, sometimes both. Frequently the middle of the space is left empty, the intriguing actions relegated to the peripheries. Not once does the void suggest emptiness; it always seems to be throbbing with possibility.

All this time, the stage has been veiled by a dark scrim and the lighting kept

(continued on page 91)



Cunningham dancers and Kawakubo costumes in a *Scenario* rehearsal.

hotograph by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

JOHN LEONARD

It's a Slipper Thing

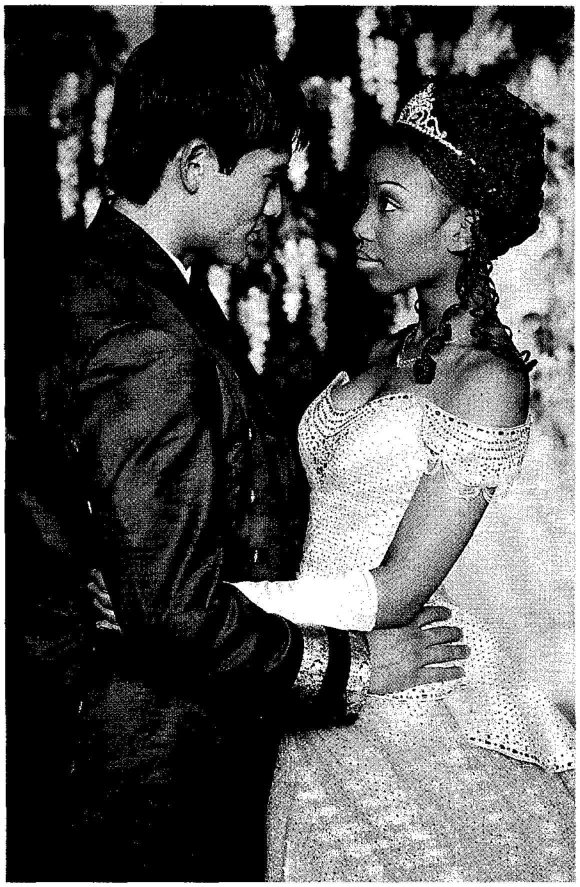
Written as a TV showcase for Julie Andrews, Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1957 take on 'Cinderella' returns as a vehicle—okay, coach—for Brandy.

BE DULY WARNED: WHILE THERE ARE MANY virtues to celebrate in the sumptuous new $12 million television-musical production of **Cinderella** (Sunday, November 2; 7 to 9 P.M.; ABC)—e.g., an orphan girl who decides not to be a victim anymore, a fairy godmother whose magic business is empowerment, a prince who needs someone he can talk to, a pumpkin portentous enough for Whittaker Chambers, and a megawatt cast so multicultural it could stuff an episode of *Star Trek*—it does not, alas, include "Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo." This *Cinderella* is not a remake of Disney's 1950 animation of Charles Perrault's 1697 fairy tale. It is instead a remake, albeit with Magic Kingdom money, of the Rodgers and Hammerstein TV version first broadcast in black and white in 1957, with Julie Andrews, and then taped for posterity in peacock colors in 1965 with Lesley Ann Warren. Posterity has a shorter shelf-life than it used to.

I like Brandy (the artist formerly known as Norwood), whether she is Moesha on UPN or Cinderella on *The Wonderful World of Disney;* she has the gravity of awkward longing, the grace to transfigure inchoate youth into adult agency, and all sorts of songs in her heart. As her show-stopping, shimmy-and-shake fairy godmother, Whitney Houston will have her pick of volunteer bodyguards. As the noble noodle of a prince, Manila-born Paolo Montalban looks and sings like a Romantic poet in his very first bare ruined choir. As the wicked stepmother, Bernadette Peters is, of course, perfect, as she's been in everything she's ever done except *Slaves of New York.* As Queen Constantina, Whoopi Goldberg leaves her pogo stick and stun gun back at the armory and lets us enjoy her as much as she enjoys herself, with a warm warble. And as Lionel, the Falstaff/Stubby Kaye dogsbody in a waltzing royal court, Jason Alexander reminds us that he belonged to musical theater before he ever shacked up with *Seinfeld's* slackers. (Moreover, he eerily resembles Peter Jurasik's Londo Mollari, the orbicular ambassador from Centauri on *Babylon 5.*)

But I also liked "Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo"—not to mention "A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes." Although on no occasion are we ever supposed to admit preferring Walt Disney to Rodgers and Hammerstein, it must have been obvious to the producers that this TV *Cinderella* needed some help, which is why they've borrowed several songs from other Richard Rodgers scores. (Brandy and Paolo are nicely buoyed by "The Sweetest Sounds," from Rodgers's solo effort, *No Strings;* while to have denied bee-stung Bernadette a chance to vamp through "Falling in Love With Love" would have been sinful, even if it is lifted from *The Boys From Syracuse*—a Rodgers and *Hart* affair.) And though Veanne Cox and Natalie Desselle are a delight as Calliope and Minerva, playing the stepsisters more as comically charm-challenged than as bully-abusive, I still miss Gus-gus and Jacques, Disney's singsong mice.

Nevertheless, Brandy is an agreeable improvement on Diana Ross as Dorothy in *The Wiz.* And it's long past overdue that we got a postcolonial *Cinderella*—if not African-American, then Turkish or Bengali or Korean—in a lavish production whose only all-white scene is, of course, the wedding. It assists us in seeing the fairy tale, like organized crime and organized religion, as a medium of upward mobility, as well as a coded all-points bulletin about child abuse. (I am torn between a vulgarized Freudian reading, in which the glass slipper symbolizes unmentionably intimate body parts and a vulgarized Marxist reading, in which it's a fetishized commodity.) On a third hand, in her nifty new book *Kissing the Witch* (HarperCollins, $14.95) Emma Donoghue rewrites *Cinderella* to suggest tha the waif at her kitchen drudgery is actually punishing



They could have danced all night: Paolo Montalban and Brandy at the ball, in *Cinderella.*

Photograph by Randee St. Nicholas/ABC

herself for the death of her mother ("Every word that came out of my mouth limped away like a toad . . . The shrill voices were all inside"); she spurns the mustached prince ("what he proposed was white and soft, comfortable as fog"), to run off instead with the older woman, her fairy godmother: "So then she took me home, or I took her home, or we were both somehow taken to the closest thing." You can, perhaps, imagine what Donoghue does to *Sleeping Beauty* and *Rapunzel.*

House of Frankenstein (SUNDAY AND MONDAY, November 2 and 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) could use some songs. In the lurid sort of Los Angeles we have come to expect and maybe deserve, cyberpunk meets gothic Brontë over a slice-and-dice bowl of Anne Rice Krispies. Who, or what, is "The Midnight Raptor," that he or it should savage and scatter the body parts of pub-crawling pedestrians, while also sponging up their hemoglobin? CCH Pounder, a professor of everything, seems to know, but Adrian Pasdar, a police detective, refuses to listen, until Teri Polo, a blonde, starts feeling odd and then morphs into a werewolf (white, naturally). Meanwhile, for reasons never made entirely clear, real-estate tycoon and "master vampire" Greg Wise needs the Undead Body of Frankenstein's Creature (Peter Crombie), which will involve video uplinks with noisy whirlybirds near the North Pole. Once this frozen Franks s microwaved out of his prophylactic popsicle, he may look like Mary Shelley, yellow and green about the gills and also needing some rivet work, but he's really a Beautiful Beast with bare feet, and as suspicious as the rest of us of real-estate tycoons and their cacodemonic attorneys William Converse Roberts).

I see I've neglected to mention Miguel Sandoval, one of the good guys, and Carsten Norgaard, one of the worst, as well as Jorja Fox and Krzysztof Pieczynski—such resonant names that this minieries might have been a U.N. peacekeeping mission rather than a double-decker succubus. But Sunday night, when Adrian reads *Tom Sawyer* to his nephew while Teri gets naked before she ets fur, is merely warming up, like mustard-colored Franks, for Monday's excess f holy water, body hair, and urn ash; of ireplace pokers, wooden stakes, and a merry-go-round with a unicorn horn; of rucifixes and a food fight. Many of these mpalings and dismemberments we'll witness through infrared goggles on a wan-diving camera eye, a kind of arteril night vision or thermal mapping to which the Undead appear to be partial efore each pounce.

I take *House of Frankenstein,* written y J. B. White and directed by Peter Werner, to be a parable about the Southern California real-estate racket, and must say I'm surprised and pleased that a major network, at the start of "sweeps," would have the megabucks courage of its trashy convictions. I'm also grateful for the occasional witty line, as when our master vampire warns us: "I am not a man to be crossed!"

EVEN MORE OF A SURPRISE IS THE RETURN of Jessica Fletcher in **Murder, She Wrote: South by Southwest** (Sunday, November 2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), the first in a projected series of TV movies based on the show we watched in my house for twelve years. We watched because (a) we'd learned to like Angela Lansbury in anything, from *Gaslight* and *The Manchurian Candidate* on the big screen to *Mame* and *Sweeney Todd* onstage; and because (b) finding any other lighthearted whodunit in prime time was practically impossible. We watched no matter how predictable the murder mystery, or corny the dialogue, or problematic the acting of everybody except Angela—who seemed, as she went about making the obvious less obscure each week in a Cabot Cove more dangerous than Bosnia, to surround herself with guest stars we dimly recalled as having either died or passed on to the happy hunting ground of late-night commercials for red lobsters and green psychics.

South by Southwest is, I am happy to report, triumphantly superior to entire seasons of *Murder, She Wrote.* Produced and directed by Anthony Shaw from a story by the late Derek Marlowe, it amalgamates, plays with, and riffs on two old Hitchcocks: *North by Northwest,* of course, but also *The Lady Vanishes.* Maybe Lansbury feels she owes us restitution for a 1980 remake of *The Lady Vanishes* in which everybody—except, of course, Angela—hyperventilated.

A brilliant government scientist who knows something suspicious about our spy-satellite codes is gunned down on the steps of a municipal building, where he has gone to meet a Los Angeles *Times* reporter. An eyewitness to the killing (Mel Harris) is whisked with her German shepherd into the witness-protection program and dispatched across country by luxury train. In the club car, Mel meets Jessica and then disappears—after which the reporter, too, is murdered; every other sleeping compartment on the train smells like a red herring; the FBI, the NSA, and local cops from Tucson to El Paso do passable imitations of Bozo the Ninja; and Jessica first penetrates and subsequently outsmarts a World Wide Web of spooks, gumshoes, and techno-weenies while simultaneously mousetrapping the surprise arch-villain. All of this is as deeply satisfying as a rum-macaroon soufflé, or maybe zabaglione. ■

DANCE

Tobias *continued from page 89*

subdued, evoking a calm summer night lit by a beclouded moon. Then the scrim lifts, the light intensifies, and the dancers change from motley practice garb to snazzy black-and-white outfits (both wardrobes by Suzanne Gallo and Cunningham); the shift in visuals alone makes the figures' actions appear livelier, more outer-directed. The impulse is to interpret the first section as "rehearsal" and the second, briefer one as "performance," but I doubt that this is what Cunningham had in mind. I think he'd like you to notice not the contrast between the two scenes but the similarities—in other words, the wholeness of the world.

Two other works new to New York were the 1995 *Windows,* which has a compelling weight to it, the dancers moving like earth shifting through geologic time, and the 1996 *Installations,* more memorable for Elliot Caplan's black-and-white projections of the dancers in close-up on latticed screens than for any particulars of its choreography. The most rewarding elements of the engagement? First, Cunningham's sophisticated ability to parse space and time and to evoke the mysterious wonders of life through seemingly abstract movement designs. Second, the dancers he's cultivated. They move with the precision, elasticity, and alertness of a cat making its way across the top of a backyard fence, scouting for prey or merely for situations of interest. They make uncanny technical feats look like celestial play.

Adding luster to the season was the publication by Aperture of *Merce Cunningham: Fifty Years,* which celebrates and elucidates the choreographer's half-century life in dance. A handsome (and accordingly pricey) volume, filled with telling photographs, it looks like a coffee-table book for the intelligentsia, but it's far more than that. The main body of the text—the book terms it "chronicle and commentary"—is by my longtime colleague the dance historian and critic David Vaughan, who serves as archivist to the Cunningham Dance Foundation. Vaughan meticulously documents the progress of Cunningham's indefatigable invention; like his study of Frederick Ashton's ballets, the account is exquisitely objective and informative. Vaughan's prose style, unabashedly influenced by his British origins, has a cool, plain-as-day elegance. The text makes absorbing reading as a narrative and is clearly destined for long life as a reference tool. Five essays by Cunningham, myriad nuggets of information from him incorporated into Vaughan's text, and observations elicited from Cunningham's dancers and other associates add persuasive voices to a remarkable saga of "making it new." ■

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Romper Room

The noontime stroller derby at Sofia Fabulous Grill segues into an evening crush of Upper East Side grown-ups happily tucking into fiercely ordinary food.

IS THIS THE CAFETERIA OF SOME HOITY-TOITY PRE-nursery school? Have we stumbled into an audition for a Pampers commercial? Oh dear, one crotchety toddler is howling and won't stop.

I need a pizza, and fast. My broker pal and I are seated in the atrium of **Sofia Fabulous Grill.** It's noon, and a consortium of Sofia's fabulous floorwalkers is cranking the slide-back ceiling closed because after a perversely tropical October, it just got chilly. We've met at the twinge of the day's first hunger pang, and for a few minutes, we've been alone. She's loving the arching garden room with its chorus line of potted flowers along the window ledge. I'm fixated on the breeze custodians, back again, cracking open the ceiling now to let out the smoke. How many hosts does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Pie piper: Lunchtime at Sofia Fabulous Grill, where toddlers are weaned on brick-oven pizza.

Photograph by Warren Salow

Suddenly it's raining babies: Babies looking stunned, worn out by the rigorous demands of a morning dawdling on the eastern edge of the park. Babies gurgling and burping and drooling elegantly on $112 rompers. Babies as accessories to moms brushing each other's downy cheeks in greeting, then settling in for a gossip as the nanny jiggles the stroller and tries to keep Junior jolly till pizza arrives. That's just part of the Fabulous scene. We could as easily have parked in the bar room with the Eurotraders; the Milanese ragmen and fancy cobblers; the Gallic soupsters who feed Madison Avenue's label-stalkers, come to check out the new competition.

No reservations are taken here (ostensibly). And by one o'clock, there's a line outside. Still, an alert or paranoid observer might detect certain vaguely familiar characters—Charlie Rose, for instance, or Debra Winger, Karl Lagerfeld, perhaps Joan Rivers, being rushed to table upon arrival. Ivana is a fixture here already, in the middle room, with its handsome brick pizza oven built on a foundation of salt and volcanic rock. Rolled-parchment-cone sconces reflect jelly-bean colors—tangerine, lemon, and berry, with an occasional green the hue of an overcooked string bean. But not even dull green can dim the cheerleader perkiness of Ivana, wearing a leopard-spotted mini and a new Italian beau—her perfect face and perfect skin like porcelain, here for lunch, back again for dinner.

Daytime is fun because we can have pizza (not available after 6 P.M., when the oven is needed to sear the imported salt-baked branzino). Charming frescoes of eggplants and sailboats make it feel like a party. And the owners—Vittorio Assaf, a political-science major from Milan who first triumphed with suntanning salons and Fabio Granato, a construction engineer who imports marble—are everywhere, kiss-kissing discreetly with their eyes. Exotically gorgeous young women in see-through silk or black stretch shrink wrap or knit nightgowns tend the reception podium, directing traffic. They are no less an advertisement for salad and discipline than the tall blonde customers in men's-wear trousers with spike heels.

True, the waiter may be ingenuous, recommending the quattro stagioni as "the very popular four stages." Not to be confused with the Three Stooges. Those are the busboys who keep buzzing our table, crying "Who gets the minestrone? Who gets the bruschetta?" following with the dance of the pepper mills. And so what if you order lamb chops and they bring veal Milanese instead? It's not a tragedy. I'm not sure it matters whether the food is good or not. Whether it's dumbed-down Italiana for Americans. Whether it's the least bit authentic. On East 61st between Madison and Park, location is everything. You and I wouldn't cross the street for this very ordinary "New York, N.Y." chopped salad, the insipid minestrone, or ou pitiful pizza with its sog of tasteless porcini. And we ar insulted by the bread—singed crust and cotton stuffing. I'm feeling a pinch of regret. Perhaps I was too tough o Tuscan Square a few weeks back. At least they try.

Be grateful for the flavor of the welcome and the joyous spirit because there's little *(continued on page 94*

Ciao Chow

At Pepe Rosso To Go, expect to find high-style takeout that's more Milan than Little Italy; Avenue A's Flea Market is high on kitsch, low on attitude.

Pepe Rosso To Go IS A STYLISH, ENERGETIC HOLE-IN-THE-WALL that combines the good-food-at-a-bargain charm of beat-era Greenwich Village with the au courance of SoHo. Owner-chef Mauro Servisi exudes the assurance that's typical of his native Milan, while the honey-colored walls and open kitchen lend his small space a warm, inviting feel. A boisterous backstage brigade shakes pans, assembles sandwiches, and makes pasta to order with the frantic but precise teamwork of an acrobatic troupe. Customers can either squeeze in to the few tables and watch the show, take their orders home, or enjoy their stashes on the sun-washed steps of the neighboring church of St. Anthony of Padua, a picturesque spot where the restaurant's overflow often lands.

Pepe Rosso marks the return to New York of the well-traveled Servisi, most recently of Miami and formerly the chef at New York's Mezzogiorno. An historical footnote: In 1987, he opened Moscow's first Italian restaurant ("Perestroika wasn't *that* great for the restaurateur," he says of that short-lived, if forward-thinking, business venture). Joining forces with the Piedmontese Stefano Barbagallo and fellow Milanese Michele Costa, both veterans of New York's Italian-restaurant community, Servisi presides over an efficient assembly line that displays culinary rigor: What should be hot is hot, what should be crisp is crisp, and the flavors consistently ring through.

If writers are often advised to write what they know, chefs would do well to heed Servisi's guiding principle: "I make the food I eat," he says simply. What Servisi knows are the food of Milan and the cosmopolitan palate he has developed as he's moved from stove to stove. His sandwiches, either on focaccia or crusty local bread, are handsomely portioned and, even more important, well-proportioned. Servisi takes great pains with his focaccia and wants it to be experienced as a main player in the dish rather than simply a way to keep one's hands dry while eating what is misguidedly thought to be the more important innards of the sandwich. "The secret to good focaccia is that it is raised two times," he counsels, repeating a mantra of his mother's in Milan.

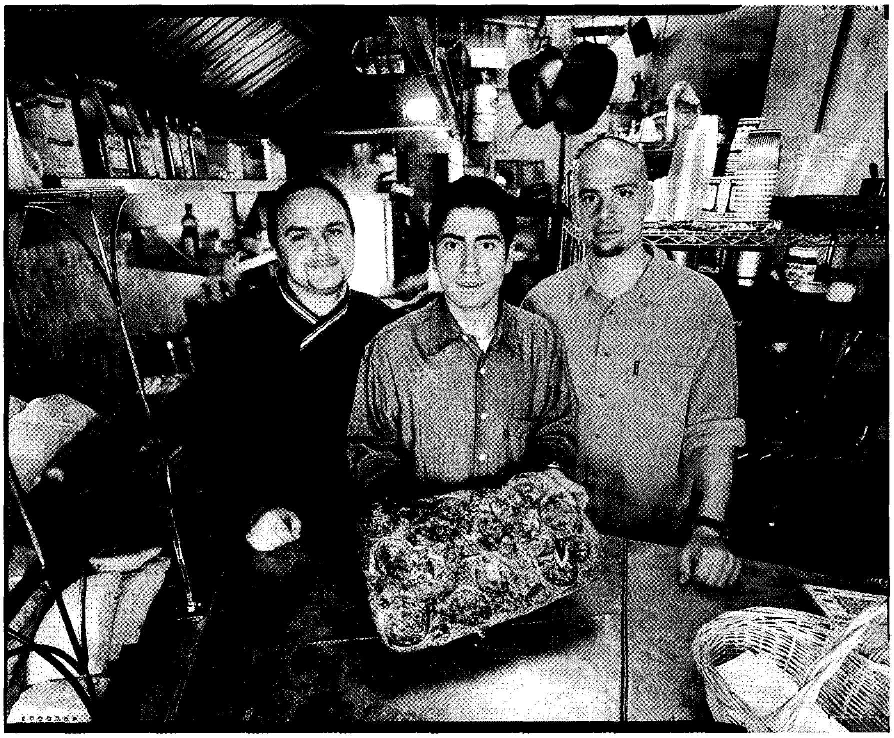
With bresaola, he combines arugula and truffle oil in a sandwich mélange that is salty, meaty, earthy, and just a touch bitter. Grilled chicken with crispy bacon and guacamole isn't exactly Italian, but it wakes my jaded Manhattan palate, which has grown bored of the standard-issue chicken-and-pesto panini piled high on lunch counters wherever *grande lattes* are sold.

The five salads offered are all more than serviceable, but my favorite was one of oranges, organic greens, and goat cheese. The layering of tastes and textures—crisp, brightly acidic, and creamy—comes on strong.

The pastas are cooked to order, and sauced and finished in individual pans, a regimen that I always find infinitely more satisfying than draining the pasta and then slopping the sauce over it. The ingredients marry together better when they spend a few minutes of quality time heating in the same pan. Servisi's spaghetti al pesto would be good if it were nothing more than a well-mixed basil-and-nut sauce. But when the dish is enlivened with fingerling potatoes and string beans, it's an even better incarnation of an old favorite.

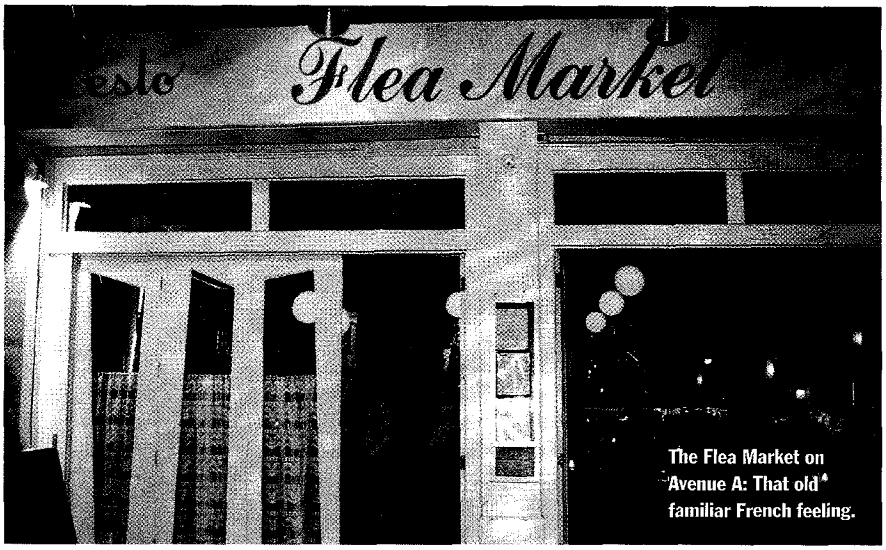
A simple tomato-and-basil sauce can be boiled into a lifeless red soup, or it can turn out to be a sweet, fleshy pasta topper, such as the one Pepe Rosso offers. The homemade gnocchi with Gorgonzola is not light but so intense that you remember why creamy and powerful sauces are worth the cholesterol—because they're unrivaled couriers for the flavors that can jump-start a dish. Finally, the penne with porcini might just as well have been called porcini with penne: Pepe Rosso doesn't stint on this pricey but sublime ingredient.

Pepe Rosso, 149 Sullivan Street (677-4555). Open daily 11 A.M.*–11* P.M. *BYOB. Sandwiches about $5.50; salads $3.95; pasta up to $5.95. Cash only.*



Little Milan: From left, pastry chef *Stefano Bellato* and co-owners Michele Costa and Stefano Barbagallo.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.



The Flea Market on Avenue A: That old familiar French feeling.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET

TRUE TO ITS NAME, **Flea Market** IS A MONUMENT to tchotchkes. There are enough Proctor-Silex juicers, old tobacco tins, malted-milk mixers, and other bits of twentieth-century pop-cultural detritus to stock a week's worth of garage sales. This type of design theme usually bespeaks a place with the kind of cute-dependency that sends me running for cover (or at least a nice anonymous gin mill).

But the food, the young French crowd, the substantial (and effective) drinks, and the Otis Redding pumping out over the stereo all have such a down-home feel that the design becomes secondary at this comfy and creative bistro. Credit this in large measure to the constantly changing and well-executed menu of co-owner and chef Gilles Ray and co-owner Faure Dider.

A native of Beaujolais, just north of the epicenter of French cuisine in Lyons, Ray apprenticed in a number of Michelin-rated establishments, most notably the three-star Michele Guerard, where he was a sous-chef. In his seven years in New York, he has cooked in several successful Frenchish spots, including Park Bistro, Felix, and the Cub Room.

Soups are highly flavored and sophisticated. If your high-school-cafeteria ladies dispensed orange mush and called it carrot soup, let go of your adolescent food traumas and enjoy the strong accents of fresh thyme in Ray's version. Mussels steamed with Chardonnay and saffron gave off a tantalizing and heady perfume. Jumping on the cod bandwagon that seems to have stopped at every Manhattan restaurant of more than coffee-shop caliber, Ray offers crispy cod beignets with a piquant sauce of tomatoes and jalapeño peppers. They stand up well to the bartenders' perfectly executed martinis. The grilled calamari were served with sweet roasted peppers. A lovely idea, but on one visit I found the tender squid flesh a little charred and therefore bitter.

The sautéed skate is delicate and properly flaky, served with a satisfying mound of chunky garlic mashed potatoes. The potatoes are topped with his signature decoration—a roasted cherry tomato flanked by two potato crisps, a cartoony version of Brünnhilde's winged helmet. Tall food commenting on itself? Whatever: It was good to eat. The poulet basquaise was a delicious combination of chicken and a well-melded ragout of tomatoes, onions, and red peppers with a side of olive mashed potatoes. An order of mushroom ravioli temporarily quieted the two rambunctious 7-year-olds that I brought along for an early dinner. They didn't turn their noses up, and I particularly liked the hint of anise in the sauce. And the French fries were crisp as could be, steaming hot and nicely salted. Best of all, when told that the potatoes were required to appease the kiddie contingent, the waiter made sure the goods arrived within five minutes.

Flea Market is the third pretty-good restaurant to occupy this site in little more than a year's time. First there was Zitella, then Tompkins 131. I have never been able to figure out what it is about certain addresses that seems to encourage turnover, but it is nonetheless a fact of restaurant life. Twenty-four Fifth Avenue (corner of 9th Street) had a stretch in the eighties when the restaurant seemed to change more frequently than the movies at your local cinema. My expectation with Flea Market, however, is that the Very East Village has become such a fertile breeding ground for new restaurants that it may have reached critical mass as a sustainable dining neighborhood.

Flea Market, 131 Avenue A (358-9282). Open daily 10:00 A.M.–midnight; weekends till 1:00 AM. The small wine list is cheap to moderately priced, and well chosen. Beer and cocktails also available. Appetizers $5–$6; entrées average $15. A.E. ▬

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

Greene *continued from page 92*

emerging from the kitchen. Bruschetta without any kick at all. Listless vitello tonnato. Tuna slightly toughened on the grill. All of it just acceptable, though the bland bolognese sauce on the sturdily al dente rigatoni is not. And none of the tarts has any flavor, not the apple, nor the lemon, nor the ricotta. If you love beets, you won't mind that the farfalle looks like the aftermath of the final shootout in *Reservoir Dogs.* "Our Italian version of the classic Caesar" is four croutons in a sea of soggy green lettuce with very thin shards of Parmesan. Beware the Ides of March off Madison Avenue. I defy you to close your eyes and tell which is swordfish and which is salmon carpaccio under those snippets of greenery.

Maybe there's hope. At 8:30 in the evening two Saturdays ago, the joint is low-energy, but the bread isn't burned. I figure it's, you know, because nobody goes out on Saturday. Wrong again. For these Upper East Side stalwarts, October is the city's finest moment—it's after the Hamptons, before Palm Beach, and Connecticut can wait for Thanksgiving. It's the season to score big at Prada. They wouldn't sacrifice a fall weekend in town even if the leaves north of the Tappan Zee were turning 22 colors. By ten, the air bristles with electricity. The faces show what good orthodonture and early plastic surgery can do. My guests, rich and pampered and traveled (but not very fussy), love everything. Even I must admit the veal Milanese, which had a nasty, overaged corner the week before, is perfect now—crisp and nutty. The branzino, a shade too cooked for me, delights our crew. A few drops of olive oil do save the day. And my salmon, rare but not too rare, on a bed of fennel with basil oil, surprises with a hiccup of flavor.

Sofia Trying-to-be-Fabulous Grill may never be a crossover hit. I doubt it can lure downtown louchekins or West Siders—the intellectual heavies, rumpled liberals, or whatever it is we're supposed to be (women-who-will-never-quite-understand-Barneys, for sure). But all the place needs to become this season's big ball of fire is the devotion of the neighborhood, these well-heeled 10021ers who already love Sofia Fabulous Pizza eighteen blocks away. Like its big sister uptown, the Fabulous Grill is cute, sweet, unfussy, and not too expensive, till you add on the designer bubbles, a decent bottle of wine and, oh my, $27 for branzino! But what the hell, we're flush again anyway.

Sofia Fabulous Grill, 29 East 61st Street; 702-9898. Lunch, noon to 6 p.m. daily. Dinner (no pizza), 6 p.m. to midnight daily. (Pizza served late nights 11 p.m. till 2 a.m. daily.) A.E., M.C., V. ▬

Photograph by Sam Erickson.

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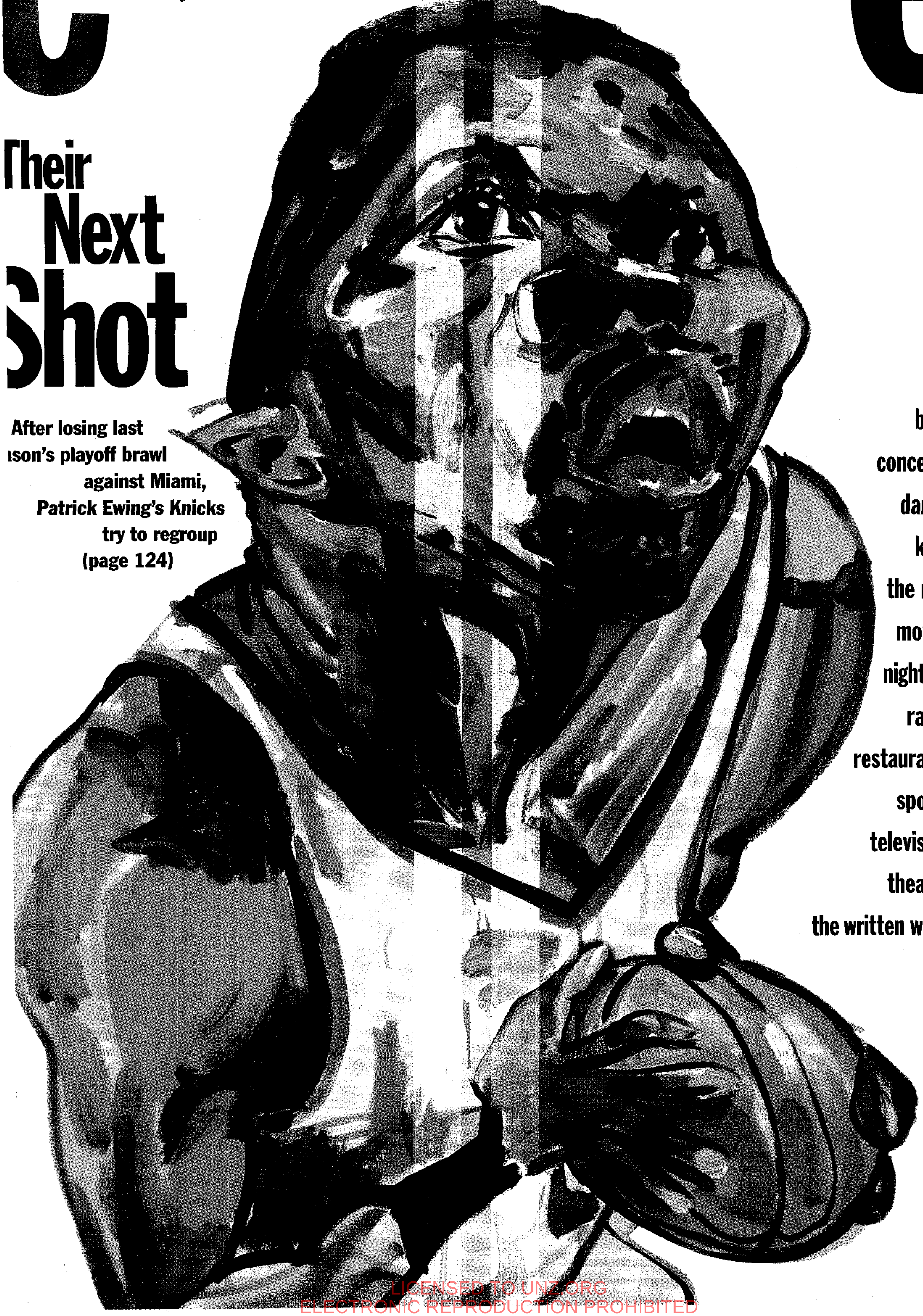
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Their Next Shot

After losing last ason's playoff brawl against Miami, Patrick Ewing's Knicks try to regroup (page 124)

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movies

Jews in Film...*Red Corner*...Jude Law

New Films

A Life Less Ordinary—The very inventively told story of a janitor (Ewan McGregor) who kidnaps the boss's daughter (Cameron Diaz) and falls in love with her. Written by John Hodge; directed by Danny Boyle (both of *Trainspotting* fame). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Beaumarchais: The Scoundrel—Fabrice Luchini is the womanizing Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, the playwright (*The Barber of Seville*) who also ran arms for the American Revolution. Directed by Edouard Molinaro. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

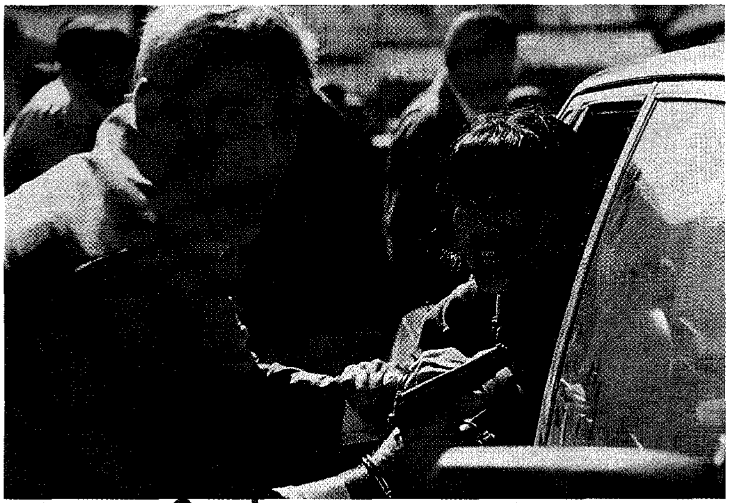
★Boogie Nights—*Boogie Nights,* the second feature by 26-year-old writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson (*Hard Eight* arrived earlier this year), is a kind of ragamuffin epic about the San Fernando Valley porn industry. Much of the film is funny and touching, and even rather sweet. It's a good but not great movie—a movie conceived realistically, without falsifying glamour, but without great insight or excitement either. The movie stretches from 1977 to 1984—the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A.—and covers the varying fortunes of a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. He picks up Eddie by using one of his minor actresses, Rollergirl (Heather Graham), who strips down to her skates and jumps on Eddie at Horner's house, while Jack, appraising, watches the show. Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there's no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. His Eddie wants success and money, but he doesn't desire anyone; he wants other people to desire him. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The vignettes don't comment on one another. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. Anderson reports on the porn industry, but he doesn't satisfy our curiosity about this pleasure-driven but pleasureless, fascinating but wan way of life. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Cremaster 5—Matthew Barney's latest fantasia, starring Ursula Andress, shown with the 23-minute *March of the Anal Sadistic Warrior.* (54 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Critical Care—An engaging morality tale about the current state of the health-care system, played out in a critical-care unit among doctors, nurses, lawyers, and insurance companies. Starring James Spader, Helen Mirren, Kyra Sedgwick, Albert Brooks, and Anne Bancroft. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★Devil's Advocate—Al Pacino stars as John Milton, the head of an international law firm in New York. Milton recruits a hotshot lawyer from small-town Florida who has never lost a case—Kevin Lomax (Keanu Reeves), who arrives in the dazzling big city with his beautiful wife, Mary Ann (Charlize Theron), and receives the best of everything. Pacino does the grandstanding; Reeves holds the movie together. Reeves is so serious a young man that he makes succumbing to temptation sexier than a more relaxed actor ever could. The movie conveys the idea that anyone who wants success in New York must be ready to sell his soul. Kevin takes on the case of a big-deal real-estate developer (Craig T. Nelson) who may have killed his wife, but as he becomes absorbed in the case he neglects Mary Ann, who gets set upon by Satan and his minions. Parts of the movie are disturbingly sensual, and the scenes of deluxe New York life, conventional as they are, might easily impress a small-town boy as the height of sophistication. At the end, however, when Pacino takes over and delivers his Devil's sermon at the top of his lungs, and Keanu shouts back at him, we go beyond entertaining gothic kitsch into some never-never land of movie awfulness. Hellfires burn, bodies writhe, and the movie goes up in flames. But *The Devil's Advocate* is fun for a while. (Denby; 10/27/97) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza.*

The Edge—In *The Edge,* a very rich man (Anthony Hopkins), his beautiful wife, a model (Elle Macpherson), and a young fashion photographer (Alec Baldwin) who covets the beautiful model travel to Alaska for a photo shoot. After certain preliminaries, the two men get stranded in the wilderness without weapons or food, and the movie proper gets under way. Who survives and who doesn't? Will the young man kill the older in order to take his woman, or will they work together for common survival? Or will they both succumb to despair and get eaten by a giant Kodiak bear (Bart the Bear)? These questions are chased up and down mountains, through piney forests, across yawning chasms, and alongside ponds, lakes, and glinting streams. *The Edge* was concocted by David Mamet, but Mamet has done little more than tone up a *Men's Journal* fantasy o hanging tough. The older man is an intellectual the young man a moral weakling. There's no doubt who's the more honorable person, but in the freezing wastes, does virtue lead to survival The issue is fought without the slightest reference to the woman, who, we are left thinking, is no only treacherous but stupid. (She will, apparently accept either one as the winner.) Director Le Tamahori makes the most of the Canadian Rockies, which double for Alaska's terrain; and Tamahori puts his two stars through a great deal of we and cold and general misery. As a physical adventure, the film is often pictorially thrilling, and it remains to be said that the bear is just great. Hug and fierce, with a spectacularly ugly nose an mouth, it paws the ground, swipes at the air, and i general gets the director, writer, and actors out c trouble whenever the movie begins to expire i the forest. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R *Criterion Center.*



Opening

Law and Ardor

In the thriller 'Red Corner,' real-life Tibetan-freedom fighter Richard Gere (with co-star Bai Ling, above) takes a dig at Communist China (from a safe distance: The film was made in quite capitalist California). Playing an American entertainment attorney wrongly accused of murder, Gere survives beatings, solitary confinement, and a swat with an electric cattle prod while facing down an unyielding Chinese legal system. Opens Friday.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE
FOR *NEW YORK*

RICHARD GERE

A JON AVNET FILM

RED CORNER

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OPENS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

Eye of God—In an oil town in Oklahoma, Martha Plimpton is a young woman whose marriage to a controlling prison parolee ends badly. With Hal Holbrook. (1 hr. 24 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Fairytale—A True Story—Peter O'Toole and Harvey Keitel star as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Harry Houdini in this story of two young girls who claim they've photographed fairies in England during World War I. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—The stories of four obsessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a rat specialist, and a robot designer—are documented in Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*) style. (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaż, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Game—*The Game*, a grimly sportive thriller directed by David Fincher (*Seven*), has the look and feel of postindustrial paranoia. Michael Douglas's San Francisco tycoon, Nicholas Van Orton, is a proud, cold American with freezing corporate curtness and an expression of haughty distaste. Then Nicholas's scapegrace kid brother (Sean Penn) pays for Nicholas's membership in some kind of outrageous recreational club, and from that moment on, odd things begin happening. The action is not always convincing at any level of reality; nevertheless, we're held by the picture. The awful thing is that after the enormous buildup of mystery, the explanation, when it comes, explains nothing and means nothing. In the end, it is the audience, not Nicholas, who is cheated by *The Game*. For all its skill, the picture turns out to be solemnly self-important about its own inconsequence. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Gang Related—Tupac Shakur and James Belushi are cops who get into trouble while taking the law into their own hands. With Dennis Quaid, Lela Rochon, James Earl Jones, and Kool Moe Dee. Directed by Jim Kouf. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Gattaca—Ethan Hawke is an average human who wants to be a rocket navigator in a world where only the perfectly conceived are eligible for white-collar jobs. With Uma Thurman. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; The Movies at Bayside.*

Gummo—See Denby, page 52. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Happy Together—Cannes winner about two Hong Kong expats working on their relationship while stuck in Buenos Aires. Directed by Wong Kar-Wai. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**The House of Yes**—If you believe Wendy Macleod, her play *The House of Yes*—which has been made into an entertaining little movie—is about "amorality" and "the insularity I see in the upper classes, people who have cut themselves off from the rest of the world and are living by the rules they have invented." MacLeod's solemn explanations have a scolding, moralistic tone. But her play offers something very different from moralism. *The House of Yes* is actually about a witty group of monsters who enjoy playing tricks on one another. In the eighties, young Marty Pascal (Josh Hamilton) returns home to his mother's house in Washington, D.C., with his innocent fiancée (Tori Spelling) in tow. It's a Tennessee Williams house, a big bad house with a Secret. Marty's dad died—was shot, perhaps—the same day that JFK was shot, and Marty's sister, who calls herself Jackie-O (Parker Posey), has become obsessed with both deaths and lives in a mad dream world in which she is Jackie, always Jackie, with a pink dress and a pillbox hat and dark hair in a bouffant turned up at the cheek. Her mother (Genevieve Bujold) makes malicious and ironic jokes, sometimes at her own expense; her younger brother (Freddie Prinze Jr.) is some sort of school dropout who puts the moves on Marty's fiancée as quickly as he can. There's something weird and sexual going on between Marty and Jackie-O, which isn't very hard to figure out, and there's a gun that is part of a repeated ritual and that goes off the way guns in plays are supposed to go off (at the end). The movie is fun precisely because the director, Mark Waters (it's his first film), embraces the gamesmanship, the posing and teasing theatricality. The nifty opening sequence—a home movie of a teenage Jackie-O showing off the mansion, footage that gets intercut with the real Jackie showing off the White House—sets the tone of sinister farce, and the actors are skillful enough to keep the macabre flights aloft. Parker Posey, looking tense as an electric wire in her Jackie rig, narrows her eyes into slits and speaks such lines as "I spend most of my days with my head in the toilet . . . throwing up pills" with as much eccentric force as a young Kate Hepburn. At first glance, Josh Hamilton does indeed look like a conventionally handsome rich boy. But when he and Parker get their brother-sister attraction going, some sort of gleam comes into Hamilton's eyes, and he is lost and naughty at the same time. Director Waters knows what he is doing. He may have adapted a play, but he has a firm grasp of film grammar. The moving camera is impressively dreamlike; the point-of-view shots are used strategically, as they would have been in a forties Hollywood movie. *The House of Yes* is a hothouse plant and only of limited interest, but it's the kind of small demonstration piece that could open up a variety of careers. (Denby; 10/27/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

I Know What You Did Last Summer—The past comes back to torment four teenagers a year after they accidentally kill someone and dispose of the body. Neve Campbell stars in this horror film written by *Scream*'s Kevin Williamson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza .*

Opening
Sweet Nothings

Soon-to-break-out Brit Jude Law (who also appears in *Gattaca*) romances fellow prep-schooler Claire Danes—with more than a few corny lines—in *I Love You, I Love You Not,* a heavy-handed, low-budget tale of a girl's relationship with her grandmother (Jeanne Moreau), an Auschwitz survivor. Opens Friday.

The Ice Storm—In *The Ice Storm*, the normally protected reaches of New Canaan, Connecticut, are violated by a sinister snapping noise—the sound of frozen power lines falling in a shower of sparks. Where are we, at the bottom circle of Dante's Inferno, where tears turn to ice? No, only in the land of rich, suburban Wasps, where everything is a little weird. The movie is set in the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. The Hoods, the Carvers, and their friends would be swingers if only they knew how. At a wife-swapping party, husbands and wives exchange partners without much excitement, the scene acutely observed and unutterably depressing. *The Ice Storm*, perceptive as it is, feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. The actors are a talented group, but they look haltered. One wants to embrace Kline's Ben Hood, but one loses patience with the character, just as one loses patience with his wife, Elena (a masklike Joa Allen), who knows that Ben is straying and expresses her anger in bouts of shoplifting. Why doesn't any of them do something? Or at least say something? Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the materia doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**In & Out**—In his Oscar acceptance speech, Matt Dillon casually "outs" his high-school Englis teacher—Mr. Brackett. A bachelor, perhaps 40 Howard Brackett (Kevin Kline) is about to be mar ried to another teacher (Joan Cusack). When th citizens of Greenleaf, Indiana, glued to their sets hear about his alleged homosexuality, they freez (literally: no one moves). Brackett de nies being gay, but a pack of reporter descends on the sleepy burg, led by persistent tabloid-TV personality (To Selleck) who really is gay. In the idylli countryside, the two men run int each other, and Selleck grabs Kline an kisses him on the mouth for wha seems like an eternity. Bazoingas! Th teacher is knocked silly, like Buste Keaton clobbered by a brick. So is h or isn't he? Kevin Kline's lightweight, can-do-anything style works for this c pher. Tom Selleck has finally found h way in movies, too. Joan Cusack h one of those abandoned-at-the-alt scenes that could be nothing but cliché, but she triumphs, too. Th laughs arrive in volleys, though man of them are cheaply earned. Still, there that kiss between Selleck and Klin People looking for boldness will sei on it. The rest of us will have to li with it in every Oscar-night collage Hollywood's most romantic momen (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; P 13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Sho place; Chelsea West; Embassy 2–4; 72 St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Squa Olympia Theatre; Brooklyn Heigh Kingsway; The Movies at Bayside.*

Kiss the Girls—See Denby, page 52. hr. 57 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19 Street East; 34th Street Showplace; 86 Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84 Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; N va; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinem*

Photograph courtesy of Avalanche Releasi

Helena Bonham Carter *Linus Roache* *Alison Elliott*

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★**L. A. Confidential**—The best American movie of the year (thus far). Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. All of a sudden, power in the crime world is up for grabs; some of the greedier cops are trying to lay hands on it. A group of people is massacred, and as the apparent solution to the murders unravels, a larger pattern of evil reaches out to cover widely separated elements of Los Angeles society. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a man of abnormal rage and a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Exley is the natural enemy of Bud White, but they both slowly change: Russell Crowe comes up from brutalism, and Guy Pearce down from moralism, and they meet in the middle and join forces (to our relief). Kevin Spacey's Jack recovers his soul; so does the Veronica Lake look-alike played by Kim Basinger. Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Lilies—A man's past comes back to haunt him in this stylized story of love and betrayal. Starring Brent Carver and Matthew Ferguson; winner of four Canadian Oscars. Adapted from a play by Michel Marc Bouchard. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Matchmaker—Improbably, Janeane Garofalo stars as an aide to a Massachusetts senatorial candidate. When she's sent to Ireland to research her guy's Irish heritage, she lands in the middle of a matchmaking festival and meets a man of her own. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *62nd and Broadway.*

Most Wanted—Keenan Ivory Wayans is an army sergeant eluding a massive manhunt on the streets of L.A. With Jon Voight, Paul Sorvino, and Eric Roberts. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; New Coliseum.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Director John Madden successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown*, with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *59th Street East.*

Nenette et Boni—A teenage brother and sister, their mother dead and their father abusive, try to sort out life's dramas together. With Vincent Gallo. Directed by Claire Denis. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**The Peacemaker**—*The Peacemaker* is powerful and consistently exciting. It's also a great deal too much like many other thrillers made recently. Playing a brilliant scientist (you can't make these movies anymore without one), Nicole Kidman may not be very convincing when she speaks techno-jargon, but she's extremely charming. George Clooney, whose self-sufficient manner is the latest style in smart-ass one-upmanship, is the special-ops colonel who thinks he can teach the scientist the nasty facts of life. Here's the deal: A rogue Russian general has stolen the nukes from a train; the general then wrecks the train and detonates one of the warheads in order to cover his tracks. Clooney thinks that nothing but money is at stake—a quick sale to Iran, perhaps. Kidman fears a fanatic with a single warhead more than a greedy cynic with eight warheads. They are both right. The movie turns into an elaborate chase, with Kidman and Clooney tracking the thieves by means of electronic surveillance, then helicopter, and, at last, on foot through the streets of Manhattan. For all its professed horror of a nuclear catastrophe, *The Peacemaker* is rather casual about the bomb that does go off in the Urals. But director Mimi Leder can certainly move the metal with the best of them. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Ziegfeld; First & 62n St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Kingsway.*

Playing God—David Duchovny is a surgeon who i stripped of his license and becomes the caretake to a group of dangerous criminals. With Timoth Hutton and Angelina Jolie. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Vi lage East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Embassy 1; 86t Street East; Lincoln Square.*

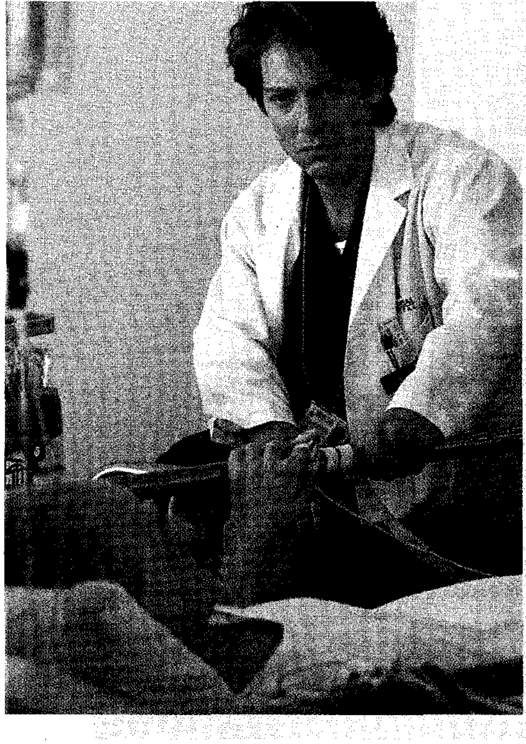
Rocketman—Harland Williams is a bumbling astronaut who lucks into helming a mission to Mars (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; 86t Street East; Kingsway.*

Seven Years in Tibet—*Seven Years in Tibet* appears t be an epic made for the people of Southern California. A selfish bastard from Austria name Heinrich Harrer (Brad Pitt) climbs enormou Himalayan peaks in 1939, gets thrown into British prison camp at the start of the war, escapes, links up with another escapee, fellow Austrian climber Peter Aufschnaiter (David Thewlis and penetrates the mysterious holy city of Lhasa Tibet, where he attains humility and peace an even selflessness, largely through friendship wit the teenage Dalai Lama. With someone as blan as Pitt at the center of the movie, the mountai peaks are less a visual metaphor of striving an spiritual ambition than an inert picture-postcar background. In the beginning, Pitt doesn't loo arrogant; he looks merely puppyish and snarl and when he reforms, he just seems becalme even bored. (Brad Pitt may be an actor fo teenage girls and no one else.) Heinrich Harre it turns out, was no innocent Austrian mountai climber but a Nazi and an active member of th S.S. The German magazine *Stern* outed hi about five months ago, when the movie was a most done. (A few hastily written voice-ov lines spoken by Pitt allude to the party membe ship.) Perhaps it's characteristic of the empt headed piety behind movies like this that th people involved in it did years of preparation ar managed not to discover the single most impo tant fact about their hero. (Denby; 10/13/97) hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea We Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; C pheum 7; Lincoln Square; Main Street Cinemas; T Movies at Bayside.*

Talent
Playing Doctor

James Spader's onscreen proclivities for money, drugs, and fast women are a necessary part of his job. But in real life he's a family man, and his latest role, as a doctor in Sidney Lumet's *Critical Care* (opening Friday), got him thinking, as a family man must, about the state of world health care. "I had some dealings," Spader says mysteriously, "in another country that had universal health care—and it was abysmal. It was archaic. I had a sick child at the time, and I'm telling you, it was like taking the child to prison." Not that he thinks things are working perfectly in this country, which is one reason he found the film—a darkly comic look at what ails the U.S. system—appealing. "We are in a crisis," he believes. "There are some very hard questions that need to be answered in terms of the sick going untreated, or becoming destitute because of the cost of an illness." As a lusty intensive-care doctor who gets caught up in a family's squabble over pulling Daddy's plug, Spader comes face-to-face with the realities of modern medicine, including a cash-driven fellow physician, menacing hospital lawyers, and a patient who's only "technically" alive. The star of *Crash* (David Cronenberg's film about folks who use car accidents to heighten their sexual ardor), Spader hopes that this movie, too, will upset its audience: "That's what films can—and *should*—do." Not that he wants to sound too serious. *Critical Care*, after all, is a comedy (featuring a hoofed Wally Shawn as the devil's frontman and Albert Brooks as a grumbly alcoholic doctor). "I really had a lot of fun on this film," says Spader, who's fully insured by the Screen Actors Guild. "Everybody just fractured me."

PATRICIA FALVO



Photograph by Bruce Macaul

★**Shall We Dance?**—Hollywood's virtual abandonment of dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

oul Food—An extended family learns to stay together without the help of its matriarch. With Vanessa Williams, Nia Long, and Vivica Fox. (1 hr. 14 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; National Theatre; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

witchback—Dennis Quaid is an FBI agent tracking a serial killer across the west. With Danny Glover and Jared Leto. Directed by Jeb Stuart. (2 hrs.; R) *Opens Friday.*

elling Lies in America—Kevin Bacon is a crooked Cleveland disk jockey who takes an unpopular Hungarian high-schooler (Brad Renfro) under his wing and shows him the good life. Written by Joe Eszterhas. With Maximilian Schell and Calista Flockhart. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

wilight of the Golds—Jennifer Beals's parents, brother, and husband have to come to terms with the possibility that her unborn son has the genetic makeup for homosexuality. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Sutton.*

Turn—Oliver Stone is just horsing around in *U-Turn*. Sean Penn, a small-time bagman, gets stuck in an unspeakable Arizona desert town, where he falls into a preposterous labyrinth of deceit and betrayal. Stone's usual cinematographer, Robert Richardson, has shot the movie with a wonderful feeling for the harshness of southwestern light and color—a reddish glow that almost hurts the eyes to look at. Jennifer Lopez shows up as a femme fatale, and Nick Nolte, reprising John Huston's rasping grandee-rapist bit from *Chinatown*, is her double-crossing husband. Sean Penn, who usually freaks other people out, gets freaked out in this movie again and again. It's about time. *U-Turn* goes on too long, but in its malignant way (imagine a barrelful of scorpions in their boogie nights), it's often rather funny. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; 84th Street.*

Washington Square—In *Washington Square*, set in upper-class New York in the 1850s, a plain, awkward girl who happens to be an heiress, Catherine Sloper (Jennifer Jason Leigh), meets a handsome young man, Morris Townsend (Ben Chaplin), at n elaborate garden party. No man of comparable eauty, or any beauty at all, has paid her much atention in her life, which has been led entirely uner the gaze of her father, Dr. Sloper (Albert Finney), a widower of sardonic speech and dictaorial temperament. Morris is not only goodooking but also charming, ardent, and, as far as atherine can tell, entirely taken with her. Is he erious? A mere opportunist? Catherine's father is ure that he is after her fortune. Agnieszka Holand, the Polish-born director of *Europa, Europa* nd *Olivier, Olivier*, gives every emotion its full top. If the results aren't in line with James's

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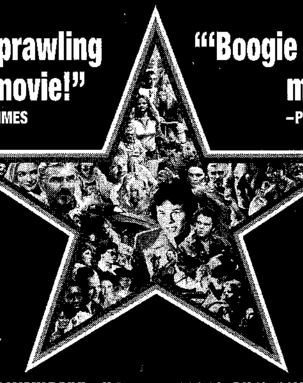

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tone—one of suavity yielding to outbursts of candor—the movie often works on its own terms as emotional drama. At first Jennifer Jason Leigh is too rabbity. Her Catherine seems not merely shy and awkward but half insane. Jason Leigh is about half the size of Ben Chaplin, whose Morris Townsend nearly devours Catherine, and she's ready to be devoured. Albert Finney, however, is something of a brute. He seems to have wandered in from another set, where Dickens was being adapted. But Chaplin and Jason Leigh keep the movie on track. Henry James gave Catherine dignity in withdrawal; Holland, in a series of final radiant close-ups, makes her a force. It's a feminist reading of the text but not a vulgarization of it. (Denby; 10/13/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Wishmaster—When a genie is awakened from his 1,000-year sleep, horror ensues. Directed by Robert Kurtzman; presented by Wes Craven. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Wonderland—An amusing (and sometimes touching) documentary about the planned suburb of Levittown and its current inhabitants, many of whom have lived there from the beginning. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Screening Room.*

Year of the Horse—Jim Jarmusch trails rocker Neil Young on tour. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *A Life Less Ordinary; The Full Monty; Gummo; The House of Yes; The Ice Storm; Washington Square.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Kiss the Girls.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Happy Together.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Cremaster 5; Fast, Cheap & Out of Control.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Beaumarchais: The Scoundrel; Eye of God; Lilies; Nenette et Boni; Twilight of the Golds.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Casablanca; Wonderland.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Gattaca; Playing God; Rocketman; Year of the Horse.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Shall We Dance?; Soul Food.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; The Full Monty; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Devil's Advocate; In & Out; Kiss the Girls.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Life Less Ordinary; Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Ice Storm; L. A. Confidential; Playing God; Soul Food.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *In & Out; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boogie Nights; Fairytale—A True Story; L. A. Confidential; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Mrs. Brown.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Devil's Advocate.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Boogie Nights; The Ice Storm.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *A Life Less Ordinary; The Full Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Life Less Ordinary; The Edge; Gang Related; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Most Wanted; Seven Years in Tibet; Wishmaster.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Playing God.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Shall We Dance?.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Playing God.* Opening 10/31: *Switchback.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *The Game; In & Out; Rocketman.* Opening 10/29: *In Search of the Dream.* Opening 10/31: *Fairytale—A True Story.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Fairytale—A True Story.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Soul Food.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Washington Square.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Boogie Nights; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Soul Food; Twilight of the Golds.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Career Girls; Conspiracy Theory; Event Horizon; Face/Off; Mimic; Spawn.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Peacemaker.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *In & Out.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *A Life Less Ordinary; Kiss the Girls.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Gattaca; Playing God; Rocketman.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Closed for Renovations.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Fairytale—A True Story; The Game; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; Seven Years in Tibet.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Devil's Advocate; L. A. Confidential.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Fairytale—A True Story.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Matchmaker.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Devil's Advocate; Kiss the Girls; Soul Food; U Turn.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Beaumarchais: The Scoundrel; The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; Shall We Dance?; Telling Lies in America.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Playing God; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Kiss the Girls; Soul Food.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Devil's Advocate; Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Devil's Advocate; Gang Related; Kiss the Girls.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Devil's Advocate; In & Out.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The House of Yes.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Dance Hall Queen; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Gang Related; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Playing God; Rocketman; Soul Food.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Gang Related; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Rocketman; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Dance Hall Queen; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Playing God; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate Fairytale—A True Story; In & Out; L. A. Confiden tial; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; She's S Lovely; Temptress Moon.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700 *Devil's Advocate; Gang Related; Soul Food.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Devil's Advo cate; The Full Monty; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confiden tial; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777 FILM#578) *Gattaca; I Know What You Did Las*

Festival

The Transmigration of Seoul

Interspersed among the art, video-opera, and modern-dance perfo mances at "SeOUL NYmAX 97"—a Korean-oriented celebration of cu ting-edge culture—are native films (and Sundance notables) like th food-oriented mystery *301/302* (below, making its New York debu and *Synthetic Pleasures,* a documentary on modern thrill-seeking. A the Anthology Film Archives, starting November 1. See "Museums, So cieties, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy Arrow Releasing I

Summer; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Rocketman.

enmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Soul Food.*

ent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Dance Hall Queen; Devil's Advocate; Kiss the Girls.*

ings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Soul Food.*

ingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; In & Out; The Peacemaker; Rocketman.*

larboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Devil's Advocate; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Playing God; Rocketman.*

avilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Shall We Dance?.*

laza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Devil's Advocate; She's So Lovely; Soul Food.*

idgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Devil's Advocate; Gang Related; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Playing God.*

ie Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

Retrospective

Lower East Side Stories

In the days when cinema was made primarily for urban, ethnic audiences, Jewish life flourished onscreen, in dramas of assimilation (like 1922's 'Hungry Hearts,' above), immigrant (and cross-cultural) love stories, and vaudeville-era comedies. "Street Scenes: Jewish Life in New York" examines how the Jewish experience was captured in the movies, from the turn of the century to the present day. At the American Museum of the Moving Image. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of The National Center for Jewish Film.

Queens

Area Code 718

toria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Soul Food.*

y Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Soul Food.*

ntre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Closed for Renovations.*

iema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Rocketman; Soul Food.*

iemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Fairytale—A True Story; The Full Monty; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; Playing God; Rocketman; Shall We Dance?*

ntinental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

ssbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Gang Related; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Most Wanted; Soul Food.*

ssbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Playing God; Rocketman.*

iwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-770) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; Playing God.*

est Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate.*

sh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th t. (777-FILM#619) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet.*

kson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-777) *Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Most Wanted.*

in Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Devil's Advocate; Excess Baggage; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Leave It to Beaver; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; The Peacemaker; Rocketman.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Full Monty; Shall We Dance?.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Playing God; Soul Food.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *A Life Less Ordinary; Gattaca; In & Out; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Boogie Nights.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Rocketman.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Playing God; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Street Scenes: Jewish Life in New York." 11/1: *Hungry Hearts* (1922), *The Jazz Singer* (1927), and *Lucky Boy* (1929). 11/2: *The Heart of New York* (1932), *His Wife's Lover* (1931), and *Street Scene* (1931). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8, $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—"SeOUL NYmAX 97." 11/1-11/15: *301/302* (1996). 11/3–11/4: *Our Generation's Love* (1994). 11/6–11/7: *Synthetic Pleasures* (1996). "The Taviani Brothers." 10/30: *The Night of the Shooting Stars* (1982) and *Kaos* (1984). 10/31: *Good Morning Babylon* (1987) and *Foreign Land* (1995). "Carl Th. Dreyer." 10/31: *Gertrud* (1965). "Hal Hartley." 10/27–10/31: *Trust* (1991). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Different Light—11/2: *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure* (1985). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Simply Blues." 10/30: *Leadbelly* (1976). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"This Is Kim." 10/29–10/30: *Jeanne Eagels* (1957) and *The Eddy Duchin Story* (1956). 10/31–11/1: *Bell, Book and Candle* (1958) and *The Notorious Landlady* (1962). 11/2–11/3: *Vertigo* (1958) and *The Legend of Lylah Clare* (1968). "Columbia Before the Code." 10/28:The *Criminal Code* (1931) and *Behind the Mask* (1932). 11/4: *Washington Merry-Go-Round* (1932) and *Night Mayor* (1932). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Alan Bennett: Britain's Poet of Embarrassment." 10/29: *Sunset Across the Bay* (1975). 10/29–10/30: *Intensive Care* (1982) and *The Insurance Man* (1985). 11/2–11/3: *The First Teacher* (1965). 11/2–11/3, 11/5: *The First Teacher* (1965). 11/2–11/5: *Asya's Happiness* (1967). "The Cinema of Andrei Konchalovsky." 10/31: *Uncle Vanya* (1970) and *Runaway Train* (1985). 11/1: *Maria's Lovers* (1984) and *Siberiade* (1979). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"From Paris to Hollywood: Originals vs. Remakes." 10/28: *Cousin, cousine* (1975) and *Cousins* (1989). 11/4: *La Chienne* (1931). 11/5: *Scarlet Street* (1945). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Japan Society—"Japanese Theatre on Film." 10/30–10/31: *Sharaku* (1995). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Recent Films From Germany." 11/1 and 11/3: *In the Name of Innocence* (1997) and *Winter Sleepers* (1997). 11/2 and 11/4: *From Hell to Hell* (1996) and *Maria* (1996). "Agnès Varda Retrospective." 10/31: *A Minute per Image* (1982). "New Documentaries." 10/30–10/31: *Gitte Villesen: Selected Works* (1994–95). "Mitchum and Stewart." 10/28: *The Lusty Men* (1952) and *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946). 10/30: *Cape Fear* (1962) and *Rear Window* (1954). 10/31: *Made for Each Other* (1939). "Who the Devil Made It." 10/31: *Love Affair* (1939) and *Morocco* (1930). W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of November: *That Certain Summer* (1972). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

National Museum of the American Indian—10/30–11/3: "Native American Film & Video Festival." Shorts, documentaries, and narrative films. Call 514-3737 for information and reservations. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Truffaut: The Man Who Loved Film." 10/28: *The Bride Wore Black* (1967) and *Vertigo* (1958). 11/4: *The Woman Next Door* (1981) and *Play Misty For Me* (1971). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 11/1–11/2: *Demon Pond* (1980). 610 Lexington Avenue (735-9717); $5 members, $6 non members.

theater

Marvel . . . *The Cherry Orchard* . . . Piano Men

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Cherry Orchard—The Sovremennik Theatre Company, which nabbed a special Drama Desk Award last year for its repertory productions of *Three Sisters* and *Into the Whirlwind*, returns to the United States to do one of Chekhov's finest dramatic works. English translation available. $30–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Previews begin 10/29 for a 10/30 opening. Runs through 11/9 only. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ivanov—Critics often dismiss this early Chekhov work as mawkish and half-baked. But the recent London revival, cannily translated by David Hare and wonderfully realized by Ralph Fiennes, drew raves, proving that the play isn't radioactive when combined with the proper elements on the periodic table. Those elements may well be here, in this Lincoln Center Theater production, in the form of Kevin Kline (who plays the title role), Jayne Atkinson (who plays his wife), Hope Davis (who plays Sasha), and the twice-Tony'd director Gerald Gutierrez. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/20 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical, ridiculous devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $45–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—Elton John and Tim Rice have composed three new songs for the stage version of this Disney blockbuster, and Roger Allers, who co-directed the 1994 film, has adapted the book. Nice, you say, but unmoving? *Hakuna Matata.* Julie Taymor, the downtown director who was multicultural long before it was fashionable and psychedelic long after, has reconceived the animated feature for actors wearing Japanese, Thai, and African masks. $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. In previews for an 11/13 opening. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening High-Strung

Richard Greenblatt (left) and Ted Dykstra, a pair of talented pianists who spent their childhoods dazzling the neighbors more than concert judges, share their observations about the warped road to recital-hall celebrity in *Two Pianos, Four Hands,* opening October 30 at the Promenade.

Proposals—It wouldn't be a new Broadway season without a Neil Simon comedy. This one varies from its predecessors, however, in that (a) it's set outdoors, (b) young people make up over half the *dramatis personae,* and (c) Joe Mantello, a young director whose credits include the original *Love! Valour! Compassion!,* directs here too. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/29 for an 11/6 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200)*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/9 opening. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 40th St. (307-4100).*

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and boop-a-doop ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/28 for an 11/18 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Triumph of Love—It's the Broadway musical theater debut for F. Murray Abraham, an eagerly-awaited return for *Sunset* diva Betty Buckley, and an excuse for Susan Egan, the especially belle Belle from *Beauty and the Beast,* to bend gender. The story, adapted from the eighteenth-century romantic comedy by Pierre Marivaux, twists and turns with each costume change. Directed by Michael Mayer (*Baby Anger*), adapted for the stage by James Magruder, music by Jeffrey Stock, and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead (*Jelly's Last Jam*). $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2 Opened 10/23. *Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th S (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you chance to experience Christopher Plumme the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which th legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richa III* once more. Sometimes he spars with h unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (we intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, h gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97 $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Su at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. Through 11/2. *Mus Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-offic and, presumably, merchandising records even we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the gi Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; sco by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/9 *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (30 4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winni meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethn roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, We and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By A drew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist fro T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opene 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encor production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but sin *Chicago* is about women who kill their men a the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gar bling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especia when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth doe scissors kick or two while maintaining her com hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton do out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to importunate beggar. If Chicago in the twent was like this, it was more fun than Pericle Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Er Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/ *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mi*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum— new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Da Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 2 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-a roll musical about a group of high-school seni in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs a Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by J Calhoun. Lucy Lawless plays Betty Riz $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, S at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *gene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricu score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. a Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *mouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Photograph by David Coo

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

he Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

he Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

ent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

76—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/16. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

e Show—The story of Siamese twins must at east skirt tragedy, no matter how you slice it, nd not them. The story of the historical English-born Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who during the twenties and thirties went from a freak show to vaudeville fame, has many tragic elements, and this new Broadway musical tries to tackle them. But musical comedy perforce has problems with tragedy, and this show is no exception. Yet when you tally up its credits and debits, you end up, if not exactly in the black, at least in a becoming Oxford gray. There are enough good songs by Henry Krieger to make the weak ones overlookable. Alice Ripley (Violet) and Emily Skinner (Daisy) act, sing, and dance compellingly, getting every requisite laugh and tear. (Simon: 10/27/97). $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 10/16/97. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th. St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Adjustment—A high-powered, high-strung woman falls in love with her Hasidic chiropractor. Oi! Presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. Written by Michael Folie; directed by Pamela Berlin. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 11/1 for an 11/9 opening. Through 11/23. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Batting Cage—The Vineyard Theatre, which launched last year's Drama Desk–award–winning *How I Learned to Drive,* starts its season with a Joan Ackermann comedy about two sisters who team up at a Holiday Inn to scatter the remains of a third sibling. Directed by Lisa Peterson (*Collected Stories, Slavs!*). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 10/29 for an 11/12 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

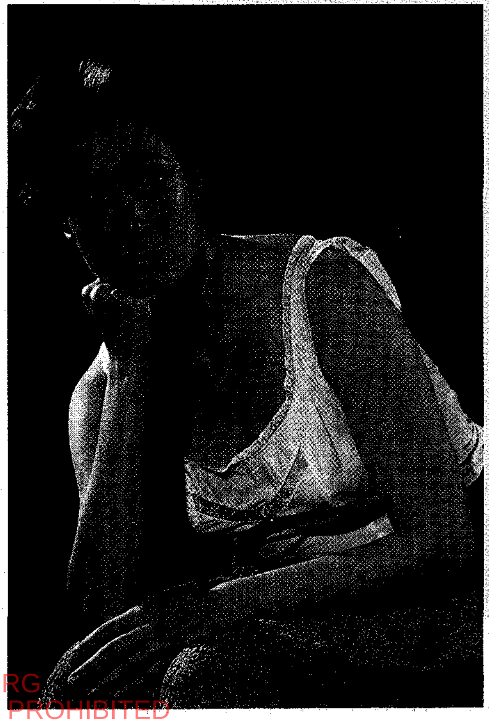
The Blacksmith's Folly—The Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre, which performs all of its selections in the language of the old country, presents a musical based on David Pinski's play about a womanizing Russian, *Yankel der Schmid.* Simultaneous English and Russian translation available. $22–$30. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Performances begin 11/1. *Folksbiene Theatre at Central Synagogue, 123 E. 55th St. (889-6800).*

Brutality of Fact—Keith Reddin's new comedy about a dysfunctional trio of women. Directed by Casey

Opening

Another Marvelous Thing

Offstage, Elizabeth Marvel exudes the vaporous, contented frequency of a yoga instructor, and she looks, in her oversize casing of tattered sweaters, like the next poster girl for the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. One would never guess that her onstage specialty is sassy, vigorous, and anguished women, some of whom are great fun to hate. But the 27-year-old actress has always had a flair for the extravagant. "I was a spooky kid," she smiles. "A really spooky kid." As soon as Marvel was old enough to walk, she brought her dolls to a nearby cemetery so they could sing and dance for the dead. At boarding school, she tore through acid tabs at a furious clip, especially in geometry class, which she nearly failed because she was so busy doodling marginalia with her protractor. These dubious pastimes have since been displaced—by therapy, cigarettes, coffee, acting—but the troubled, death-obsessed little girl still lingers. "If they ever make a film of one of Salinger's books," she says, "I'm in." For now, Marvel will have to settle for the title role in *Thérèse Raquin,* a stage adaptation of Zola's 1867 novel opening this week at the Classic Stage Company. It's a good fit, if a bit of a departure: Her last two plays, Wasserstein's *An American Daughter* and Shaw's *Misalliance,* were comedies, and her roles, an insufferable *Über*-feminist and a hardy Polish acrobat, drew some of the biggest laughs. Zola's protagonist—a caged, hot-blooded romantic—does not. "Thérèse," says Marvel, "lives in a house of pain." After this engagement, Marvel will take a break from her overaccomplished stage career (three appearances on Broadway, four in the New York Shakespeare Festival) to work on a semi-autobiographical novel she started writing a couple of years ago. When she returns, she'll probably aim for a movie for two, though the theater still beckons. Especially the role of a certain whiffling Dane. "Hamlet," she says, without hesitation. "I throw it around every once in a while. But I don't think anyone would touch it." **JENNIFER SENIOR**



tograph by T. Charles Erickson.

Childs. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/5 opening. Through 11/23. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Cyrano de Bergerac—Frank Langella, who has always had a nose for a star-turning truffle, now gets to show it off in this hundredth-anniversary production of Edmond Rostand's classic. In addition to playing the title character, Langella directs and provides the adaptation. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 10/29 for an 11/23 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Defying Gravity—*Titanic* loathers, take heart. Although this is a play about the space-shuttle-*Challenger* disaster, it comes from the reliably twisted imagination of Jane Anderson, author of *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader Murdering Mom*. Starring Lois Smith. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/2 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

A Dybbuk—The Public starts its season with Tony Kushner's adaptation of the Yiddish supernatural folk tale. A poor young rabbi dies and enters his beloved, Leah, as a *dybbuk*—or restless spirit—on her wedding day. Starring Ron Leibman. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Previews begin 10/28 for an 11/16 opening. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Filumena—Maria Tucci, last seen on Off Broadway as the wonderful Ruth Steiner in *Collected Stories,* stars in this version of Eduardo DeFilippo's 1946 romantic comedy, which she translated herself. Directed by James Naughton; presented by the Blue Light Theater Company. $37.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Mon at 8. In previews for an 11/6 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Fly—A rattling, comic flight through the life of a young African-American man. By (and starring) Joseph Edward; directed by Wynn Handman. $35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for an 11/2 opening. *The American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
Taking Wing

Joseph Edward (right) explores the trials of hailing a cab, the delights of soul food, and the vagaries of relationships in 'Fly,' his coming-of-age play opening November 2 at the American Place Theatre.

The Forest—Alexander Ostrovsky, arguably Russia's first professional playwright, wrote this amusing little comedy about two down-and-out actors more than 125 years ago, but the Pearl Theatre Company reckons it has never been performed in New York—until now. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $18–$30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/3 opening at 7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Mark's Place. (598-9802).*

H. Finn Esq.—The great-great-grandson of Tom Sawyer (maybe) teams up with the great-great-grandson of Huckleberry Finn (also maybe) to travel up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Hannibal, Missouri. By Peter Zablotsky; directed by John Ahlers. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 10/26. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

A Madhouse in Goa—Sex and political intrigue in the Greek Islands. By Martin Sherman, author of *Bent*; directed by Nicholas Martin *(Full Gallop)* and starring two-time Tony winner Judith Ivey. $40. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/17 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Mojo—Jez Butterworth's Olivier Award–winning comedy, soon to be a film, about five toughs who try to launch their careers in London's fledgling rock-and-roll scene. Watch for shades of Tarantino, not just in the gritty, paranoid dialogue but the cheerfully violent plot: A 17-year-old rocker gets hijacked by the mob, his patron gets chopped up and dumped in a couple of dustbins, etc., etc., etc. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 10/28 for an 11/10 opening. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Momix—The acclaimed international company, renowned for its whimsical fusions of dance, music, performance art, and mime, returns with two more creations—*Sputnik* and *Baseball*. $25–45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. One week only. *City Center of Music and Drama, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Queen Amarantha—A romantic adventure from Charles Busch who, happily, plays the title role. Set in a fictional kingdom of long ago, the queen, the daughter of a Napoleonic titan, inherits the throne and decides to cast all gender imperatives aside and live as a man. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/23. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Rafferty Rescues the Moon—A puppet show about a young Irish boy and his two sidekicks, Spider Murphy and Finbar Bat, who set out to rescue the moon from the tummy of the Great Fish. Written by June Anderson. $20. Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3. Previews begin 10/31 at 8 for an 11/2 opening at 3. *Irish Repertory's W. Scott McLucas Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Sam and Itkeh—A comedy about a retired Jewish couple whose 50-year relationship is threatened by—what else?—a secret from the past. Written by Jack LaZebnick; presented by the American Jewish Theatre. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 10/28 opening. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—A musical comedy revue that lampoons the camera-toting and madras-wearing. Directed by Patrick Quinn. $40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 10/30 opening. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590).*

Thérèse Raquin—Elizabeth Marvel plays the caged, hot-blooded title character in Zola's 1867 tale of adultery and despair. Presented by Classic Stage Company, directed by David Esbjornson, and adapted for the stage by Neal Bell. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/29 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Three Days of Rain—Richard Greenberg, who specializes in contemporary drawing-room comedies, paints in a slightly darker hue this time around. There's still humor here, and romance, too, but at the heart of this drama lie two estranged siblings who discover a private journal kept by their father. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for an 11/11 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/3 opening. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76t St. (239-6200).*

The Water Children—*Citizen Ruth,* the stage version Megan, who's pro-choice, stars in a commercial fo the right-to-life movement and finds herself embroiled in a highly personalized battle over reproductive rights. By Wendy McLeod, author of *Th House of Yes.* $20. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 an 7:30, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for an 11/2 opening. Through 11/16 only. *Playwrights Horizons' second floor Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200)*

Now Playing

Alligator Tales—Unlike other solo performers, Ann Galjour does not hump the same, obsessive autobiographical note. Instead, she plucks vivid sens memories from her bayou childhood—dredging fo oysters, facing down hurricanes, fleeing from alligators—and brings them to life through eight imaginary, interconnected characters. $35. Tues.–Fri. a 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/21 *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II at City Center, 13 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Always . . . Patsy Cline—It's still unclear whether thi musical can weather the transplant from Nashvill to New York, but it does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song scor and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewif Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/9 *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

The American Clock—The Signature Theatre Company kicks off its Arthur Miller season with this Depression-era drama, which debuted at the Spolet Festival, ran briefly on Broadway in 1980, and triumphed in London in 1984. Directed by Jam Houghton. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. Opened 10/19. *Signature Theatre, 555 42nd St. (244-7529).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, thr parts luxury addict—enlists a young author write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Drama De Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smit Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Su at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theat 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toil paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love and adults can pretend the show's an ironic com mentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tue Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theat 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

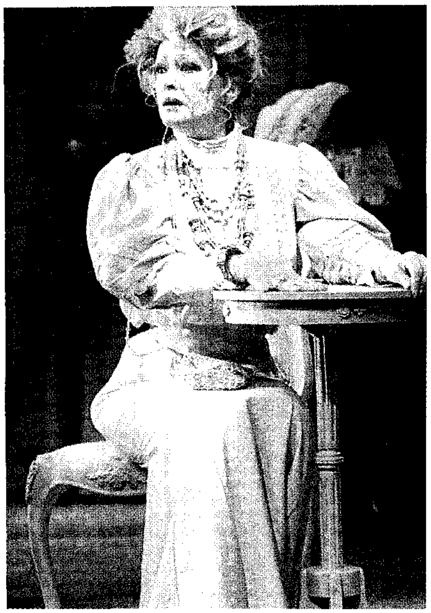
Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmen musical, the audience strolls through a concept artist's gallery of Greta Garbo's East Side apar ment—and, as well, through the last 50 years the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Dotted Line—A downsized executive embarks on quest for fast cash and a new boyfriend—whic in this case, amount to the same thing. By Anth ny Giunta. $35. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 8, Sun. 2 and 8. Through 11/9. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 4 St. (561-0251).*

Even Steven—A romantic comedy about a young m his fiancée, his ex, a new roommate, and a bombsh in a handbag. By Anthony Giunta. $35. Mon., We and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Through 11/9. *ogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th. St. (561-0251).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, fuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 a

Photograph by Martha Holn



7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

orbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

odspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

randma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

oss Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

w I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and John Shea. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

ward Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

ove You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring nnovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Irish . . . and How They Got That Way!—A modern, irreverent, and lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Angela's Ashes.* $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, un. at 3. Through 11/2. *Irish Repertory Theatre,*

Opening
Capital Gains

The Sovremennik Theatre Company, which nabbed a special Drama Desk Award last season for its outstanding repertory work, aptly celebrates Moscow's 850th birthday with *The Cherry Orchard,* Chekhov's tale of old Russia's coming to terms with the new. English translation available; opens October 30 at the Martin Beck Theatre.

132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

The Last Session—During its summer run at the Currican Theatre, this AIDS musical developed a passionate following. Now, like its composer, the production is bigger, healthier, and running indefinitely. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

A Pirate's Lullaby—A comedy about three pirates and the women who love them. Written by Jessica Litwak; presented by Rattlestick Productions. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/9. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place. (627-2556).*

The Quick-Change Room—A backstage drama with a post-glasnost twist. (Think *Slavs!* meets *Stage Door*). Alley Mills, the mom from *The Wonder Years,* stars. Directed by the beloved Orson Bean; written by Nagle Jackson. $18. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 7:30. Through 11/9. *Intar Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tell-Tale—It's part Poe, part *Paris Is Burning,* and all drag. Theatre Couture's summer sensation, starring the begowned Sherry Vine and the befrocked Jackie Beat, has moved to the West Village for an open-ended run. $27.50–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/15/97. *Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Williams *continued from page 45*

On top of the piano are silver-framed photos of Tang's two children, Victoria, 13, and Edward, 11, by his first wife, the former actress Susanna Cheung. The children live in Hong Kong with their mother, though Tang says he sees them daily, usually picking them up from school.

Lucy is as suspicious of the limelight as David is addicted to it. After lunch, Lucy slips away from the conversation, pulls out a laptop computer, and loses herself in a crossword puzzle. Tang, for his part, retreats to the Steinway and launches into a piece by Scriabin.

"When I arrived in England, I didn't know who Mozart was," he says. As he tears into a dissonant piece by Messiaen, Lucy interjects, "What island is formed by five volcanoes?"

"Hawaii," Tang blurts out distractedly, almost breathless as he squints to sight-read.

"He always gets them right," Lucy says primly. "It pisses me off."

Tang owns a fleet of ten cars, including two Bentleys, a Rolls-Royce, and a 1949 Dodge, which he likes to drive himself. ("They're all bangers," he says. "They're all old cars.") The one thing he owns that most plutocrats do not is a cheeky taste for subversion, for charming misbehavior. In life and fashion, Tang clearly believes that vulgarity, like garlic, can be a delicious spice if used sparingly.

At one cocktail party, Tang—a thespianic joke-teller, couldn't resist sharing with a few smart British friends a wisecrack he had brought back from New York. He's quite amused that Shanghai Tang here will be located across from Barneys, now controlled by a Hong Kong mogul friend of Tang's, Dickson Poon.

"They're calling it the Poon-Tang Corner!" said Tang. The two Brits looked at him quizzically.

Tang's vividness has made him more famous in Hong Kong than many obscure "Hong Kong billionaires" who are far richer. Tang himself jokes that he is a "cockroach" in Hong Kong. Still, Tang's flamboyance is not without context.

"Hong Kong culture is known for being very colorful. Very earthy and brash and sort of loud," says Jianying Zha, the Beijing-bred author of the recent cultural survey *China Pop.* "That's the mainland perception of Hong Kong, the stereotype. I may be speaking too much as a northerner. But more and more, this brash, aggressive, entrepreneurial style is 'in,' not only from Hong Kong, but on the mainland, too."

But while Tang is entertaining, he is no harlequin. Before the handover, there were even whis- *(continued on page 127)*

art

John Coplans...Terry Winters...John Divola

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arthur Beecher Carles—Still lifes, portraits, and landscapes by this American modernist (1882–1952) who had his first exhibition in 1912 at 291, Alfred Stieglitz's groundbreaking New York gallery; through 11/14. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Isabel De Obaldía—Cast glass sculptures of figures that suggest ancient pre-Columbian objects; through 11/22. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Seth Michael Forman—Paintings on wood panels that depict grotesquely comical characters in ominous landscapes; through 11/29. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Franz Kline—A survey of the Abstract Expressionist's works, from his earliest sketchbooks to his final painting; through 1/17. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Grace Knowlton—New spherical sculptures and paintings on aluminum sheets that depict fragmented interior views of the sculptures; through 11/29. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Sol LeWitt—Early working drawings, finished drawings, photographs, and structures ranging from *Objectivity,* a painted canvas wall structure from 1962, to a plotted and cut photograph of an aerial view of Manhattan from 1979, as well as a four-part, serial wall drawing from 1969 executed in color for the first time; 11/1–1/3. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Susan Rankaitis—Minimal abstract drawings; through 12/13. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Joaquín Torres-Garcia—Paintings, constructions, drawings, and a selection of books made between 1920 and 1945, by the Uruguayan artist who was a pioneer of the Cercle et Carré movement in Paris in the late twenties; through 11/29. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Andre von Morisse—Paintings whose primary subject is the lakes and rivers of the artist's native Norway; through 11/22. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

57th Street Area

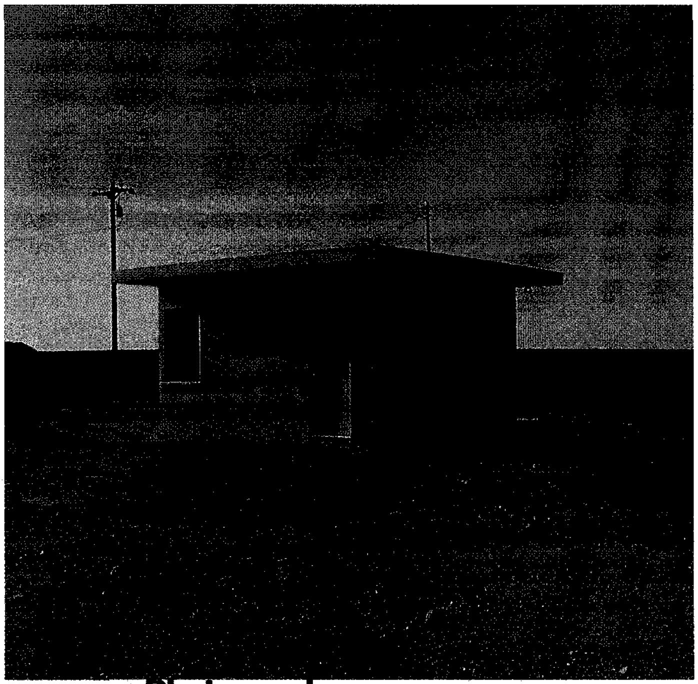
Beattie & Davidson—Collaborative narrative paintings that depict mutant characters in hexagonal grids, subverting the geometry they occupy; 10/29–11/29. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Jeffrey Blondes—Oil on panel paintings of landscapes in rural France; through 11/22. David Findlay Jr., 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Frederick Brosen—Watercolors of views in New York City, Paris, and Venice; through 11/29. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Roy De Forest—New constructed paintings of fantasy landscapes populated by dogs, horses, birds, and hermits; through 11/15. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Yves Klein—Paintings from the artist's "Anthropometries" series that were created during a live performance in 1960 when live models, their bodies coated with blue paint, moved ballet-like across the surface of oversize sheets of paper; through 11/29. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).



Photography
Small Comfort

In his photographs of the tiny houses built by homesteaders shortly before and after World War I in Southern California's high desert, John Divola muses on the desire for extreme privacy and its ironically unnatural consequences. At Jessica Fredericks Gallery, 504 West 22nd Street; through November 15.

Barbara Kruger—An exhibition of the artist's recent large-scale sculptural works that celebrate figures from modern history and whose resemblance to classical carved marble statuary is at odds with their social and political commentary, held in conjunction with a show of her sound, video, and slide projections at Jeffrey Deitch (see solo shows, SoHo and TriBeCa); 10/31–12/20. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Carlo Maria Mariani—New figurative paintings that depict contemporary scenes through classical imagery; 10/31–11/29. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Piet Mondrian/Ad Reinhardt—One of a series of exhibitions presented by this gallery that illuminate the relationship between artistic sensibilities, this time pairing the paintings of the Dutch abstractionist Piet Mondrian and the American abstractionist Ac Reinhardt; through 12/13. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Larry Rivers—New paintings, man of which continue the artist's exploration of James Audubon and hi *Birds of America* as a theme, includin portraits of Audubon, single bir studies, and images of female fashio models and birds; 10/29–11/29 Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Myron Stout—Five black-and-whit paintings that the artist considere unfinished, from a group of thirtee paintings that he began in the summer of 1954; 10/29–11/29. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic—An installation titled *Spirit House* that is an emotiv allegory comprising five video projections; 10/31–12/6. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

William Anastasi—Drawings an paintings from 1981 to 1997, all c which take the word *Jew* as thei subject matter; through 11/1 Gering, 476 Broome St. (226 8195).

David Bates—Recent paintings an tin and lumber sculptures that dra on the folk art of the artist's nati Texas and the works of such Mo ernist painters as Marsden Hartle and Pablo Picasso; through 11/2 Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Phil Bower—Paintings that depict color fiel marked by images of cuts, bruises, mouths, bull holes, and stitches; through 11/23. Brownston 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

John Currin—New paintings on the themes health, beauty, bra shops, and doctors' office through 11/22. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (94 0203).

Cheryl Donegan—Paintings and videos that extra images from past videos and advertisemen through 11/15. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-183

Leonor Fini—A retrospective of paintings by t late Surrealist; through 11/30. CFM, 112 Gree St. (966-3864).

Tom Friedman—Recent sculptures; throu 11/14. Feature, 76 Greene St. (941-7077).

Brenda Goodman—Recent oil-on-panel paintin and works on paper; through 11/29. Steele, 4 W. Broadway (941-8388).

David Humphrey—Recent assemblages composed kitsch objects and celluclay; through 12/6. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Birgit Jürgenssen/Sol LeWitt—A survey of works paper and photography by the Austrian art known for her use of feminist iconography/A w drawing; through 11/22. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster (966-9059).

Komar & Melamid—An installation that intends create a "new cult of personality" around Geor Washington through paintings, sketches, collag

Photograph courtesy of Jessica Fredericks Gallery, New Yo and the artists' own collection of George Washington memorabilia; through 11/15. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Barbara Kruger—An exhibition of slide, sound, and video presentations that demonstrate the artist's ongoing fascination with the authority of the media, held in conjunction with a show of her recent sculptural works at Mary Boone Gallery (see solo shows, 57th Street area); 10/31–12/20. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (343-7300).

Robert Kuszek—Abstract paintings that suggest landscapes and seascapes; through 11/22. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

ttila Richard Lukacs—New paintings, multimedia assemblages, video sculptures, and memorabilia that express the artist's obsession with homosexuality; through 12/6. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

llan McCollum—"Visible Markers," a project comprising thousands of colored concrete blocks, each one imprinted with the word THANKS; 10/30–12/13. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

orrest Myers—Recent sculpture; through 11/15. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

aul Ramirez Jonas—A group of individual but interlocking works, among a map of the artist's body, a sculpture of a cloud, and a video of a never-ending sunset; through 11/15. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

obert Rauschenberg—A survey of the artist's paintings, drawings, and prints from the sixties through the nineties; through 12/6. Dranoff, 591 Broadway (966-0153).

inston Roeth—Paintings that investigate color as a perceptual experience; through 11/22. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

dam Ross—Paintings and drawings inspired by the idea of science fiction and how it affected American popular culture after World War II; through 11/29. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

usan Rothenberg—New paintings that continue to draw on the artist's personal experience, evolving out of daily life and prosaic activities at her ranch in New Mexico; through 12/13. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

ino Rubert/John Beerman—Paintings by a Spanish artist that combine aspects of neo-classicism and magic realism/New paintings inspired by nineteenth-century Romantic landscape art. Through 11/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

bert Schmalix—New abstract paintings whose colors and compositions suggest tropical scenes; through 11/22. Erben, 476 Broome St. (941-0752).

lian Schnabel—New paintings of the artist's family and friends; 10/31–12/13. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

e Shapiro—Recent paintings that depict compositions of geometric fragments of patterns; through 11/22. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

rtin Sjoberg—An installation of large-scale drawings and sculptures on the subject of violence in contemporary society; through 11/15. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

bert Stanley—Recent paintings of female nudes; through 11/15. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Chelsea

tthew Barney—New works derived from the rtist's most recent film, *Cremaster 5*, which is beng screened daily through November 4 at the Film Forum; through 12/20. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

a Bovasso—Recent abstract works on paper; hrough 11/29. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-937).

gei Bugaev—The artist's own versions of rebus uzzles engraved over galvanized copper; through 1/30. I-20, 529 W. 20th St. (645-1100).

roll Dunham—New paintings that are populated y explicitly violent and sexual box-shaped charcters in psychologically driven narratives; hrough 11/15. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100).

y Gissler—Paintings whose gessoed surfaces are bsessively inscribed with words; through 11/29. irkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

eki Hiromi—An installation of more than 500 nique handmade papier-mâché balls made from junk mail and imbedded with nails; through 11/29. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (645-2621).

Jacqueline Humphries—New abstract paintings; through 11/29. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Pablo Siquier—Paintings by an Argentine artist whose emblematic designs suggest blueprints for lost cities; through 11/20. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Michelle Stuart—Seed containers, wax tables, calendrical encaustic paintings, and other works that continue the artist's inquiry into forms and metaphors of the natural world; through 11/15. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Tony Tasset—Recent sculptures, photographs, and video projections; through 11/29. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Cy Twombly—A selection of paintings and watercolors from the years 1963 to 1979; through 11/15. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Michel Verjux—A light installation; through 11/15. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Terry Winters—Recent large-scale paintings in which the picture plane is spanned by dense networks of lines that suggest architectural renderings and computer graphics; through 12/24. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200),

Other

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings and prints from all periods of the artist's career, on loan from museums and private collections; through 11/15. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6455).

Robert Taplin/Tom Wolf—Figurative sculptures/Paintings on pieces of clear plastic that are laminated to photographs. Through 11/15. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art," a survey chronicling the symbolic resonance of the horse in Chinese art, history, and philosophy from the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the Qing (1644–1911) dynasties; through 12/13.

57th Street Area

Krugier—41 E. 57th St. (755-7288). "From Ingres to Picasso: Celebrating Ten Years in the Fuller Building," a selection of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, among them Dubuffet, Ingres, Léger, Millet, Picasso, and Seurat; through 12/24.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). "Forms & Rhythms," with works by Calder, Davis, and Léger; through 12/23.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Castelli—420 W. Broadway (431-5160). "40 Years of Exploration: The Artists of the Castelli Gallery," the first in a three-part retrospective exhibition, with works by Artschwager, Bontecou, Chamberlain, Chryssa, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Ruscha, Twombly, Warhol; through 11/25.

Lehman Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). Editions by Baldessari, González-Torres, Kapoor, Ruscha, Zittel, and others, published by Patrick Painter Editions; through 11/29.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. Works that address obsessive love, by Jervert, Heindl, Hobart, Rodrigues, Shaw, others; solo shows of works by David Dupuis and Eve Fowler; through 11/23.

Photography

Tom Baril—New silver prints of flowers; through 12/6. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Erwin Blumenfeld/Andre Kertesz—Experimental portraits and nudes from the thirties, forties, and fifties/A group of twelve vintage photographs that were taken in Paris in 1929 at the Luna Park amusement arcade and show the distorted images of Carlo Rim, an editor of *VU* magazine, and the photographer in a fun-house mirror. Through 12/6. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420), Mon.–Fri. 11–6; $2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." Large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities; through 2/15.

Agnes Denes—Recent photographs; through 11/29. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

John Divola—Photographs of isolated structures in the high desert of Southern California; through 11/15. Fredericks, 304 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

James Fee—Photographs taken throughout the United States over the past five years that depict grounded ships, abandoned factories and prisons, and other remnants of America's industrial age; through 11/15. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs by woman photographers; through 11/13.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Brett Weston in New York." Photographs of New York taken between 1943 and 1945, when Weston was stationed on Long Island in the United States Army Signal Corps; through 11/30. . . . "Soul of the Game: Images and Voices of Street Basketball." Black-and-white images of the game being played at Harlem's Rucker Park, Nat King Cole Park in Chicago, and other famed courts by sports photographer John Huet; through 11/19.

Ray K. Metzker/Ralston Crawford—Images of jazz musicians in New Orleans and of geometric forms, such as the patterns formed by the girders supporting an elevated train track/Photographs of shadow-filled landscapes in Utah. Through 11/29. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

László Moholy-Nagy/Michal Rovner—Vintage prints on loan from public and private collections, half of which were in the historically significant Julien Levy collection in the thirties/Wall-size panels depicting manipulated color images of bathers floating in the Dead Sea and people walking across the desert in Israel; 10/30–11/29. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Mario Cravo Neto—Recent black-and-white portraits and still lifes taken in Salvador, Bahia, that reflect such influences as Surrealism, ancient Greek mythology, and Afro-Brazilian religion; through 12/6. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Neil Winokur—New large-scale color photographs of objects arranged as still lifes; through 11/15. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 11/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; 11/1–4/26. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100);

Ground Rules:

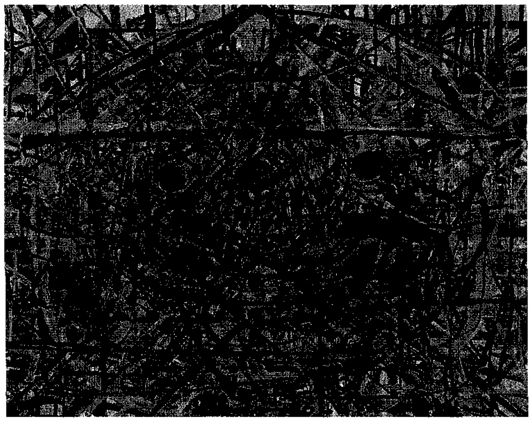
Galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Mandala: The Architecture of Enlightenment." Mandalas from Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Bhutan, India, and Indonesia, and a Kalachakra sand mandala constructed by monks from the Namgyal monastery, the Dalai Lama's personal monastery; through 1/4. 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800–1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation, $2 students, $1 senior citizens, free to children under 12.



Talent **Seen from a distance, the sprawling, linear compositions of Terry Winters's new paintings bring to mind computer graphics, architectural renderings, and even Al Held. At Matthew Marks Gallery, 522 West 22nd Street; through December 24.**

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Monet and the Mediterranean: A Centennial Exhibition." Sixty-five paintings executed by the Impressionist during his trips to the Italian Riviera, in 1884, the French Riviera, in 1888, and Venice, in 1908; through 1/4 . . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Design for Life: A Centennial Celebration." An exhibition examining the role of objects in daily life through works from the museum's collection, among them architectural drawings, graphics, textiles, ceramics, glass, jewelry, rare books, and industrial-design products; through 1/4. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling.*" Photographs, films, and a video by an Australian artist; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses.*" Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14/98. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture." Sculptures created from yarn, including new works and earlier works from Dia's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"From the Louvre to The Frick Collection: Poussin's *The Arcadian Shepherds.*" An exhibition of one of the most celebrated icons of French art, Nicholas Poussin's painting, *The Arcadian Shepherds,* on loan from the Musée du Louvre; through 1/25. . . . "The Spirit of the Place: Selections From the Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection." Fourteen paintings and four sculptures from the collection of Baroness Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza; through 11/30. . . . "Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications; through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery and Study Center—"Nahum B. Zenil: Witness to the Self." A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist whose collages, mixed-media works on paper, and paintings invoke the history of Mexican art while confronting current social issues; through 11/2. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; free.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints; through 1/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Guggenheim Museum SoHo).

Guggenheim Museum at Ace Gallery—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." *The 1/4 Mile or 2 Furlong Piece,* an ongoing project begun in 1981 that comprises 189 paintings and sculptures; through 11/9. 275 Hudson St. below Spring St. (255-5599), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; free.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and performance and technology-based pieces; through 1/4. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum).

Jewish Museum—"Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; through 1/11. . . . "Camille Pissaro in the Caribbean, 1850–1855: Drawings From the Collection at Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercolors by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thomas, where he was born, and on other Caribbean islands, that were originally thought to be have been the work of the Danish painter Fritz Melbye; through 11/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Jackson Pollock: Earl Sketchbooks and Drawings." Forty-eight rarely o never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, which date from 1937 t 1941; through 2/8. . . . "John La Farge." A selection of paintings, drawings, watercolors, an stained-glass windows drawn from the museum' collection of works by the nineteenth-centur American artist; through 1/25. . . . "The Privat Collection of Edgar Degas." More than 250 work drawn from the collection of the nineteenth-century French artist, including paintings, pastels, watercolors, drawings, and prints by such masters a Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Cézanne, Va Gogh, and Degas himself; through 1/11. . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916–1992." A survey o the American Abstract Expressionist's painting and works on paper; 11/4–2/22. . . . "The Drawings of Filippino Lippi and His Circle"; throug 1/11. . . . "The Resonant Image: Uses of Tradition in Japanese Art"; through 9/27. . . . "Maste Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yorub Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and femal Yoruba masters who were active from the mid nineteenth through the first half of the twentiet century; through 3/1. . . . "Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picass Paris." Engravings, etchings, and woodcuts mad by the artist between 1900 and 1942; throug 12/21. . . . "Wordrobe." Words, letter and numbers in art and clothin through 11/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82n St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Su 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. Th Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700 Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:1 between April and September); $8, $ seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Fifty Years of Fashion: New Loo to Now." A selection of historically significa clothing from the museum's own collection, beginning with Christian Dior's controversial "Ne Look" of 1947 and ending with the contempora fashion scene; through 1/10. . . . "The Saris Princess Niloufer." Nine saris from a collection saris previously owned by Princess Niloufer, o of the last of the Imperial Ottoman princesses, a a selection of drawings; through 1/3. . . . "Bea and Sequins: Scintillating Fashion." Sequine clothes and accessories from the twenties to t present; 10/28–1/3. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (21 5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptu from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. A man; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houst and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:3 Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, a children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"William L. Hawkin The first New York museum retrospective of t self-taught African-American artist (1895–199 whose themes included religion, race, struggl and man's place in nature; through 11/2. 2 Linc Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free

Museum of Modern Art—"Egon Schiele: The Leop Collection, Vienna." Paintings and works on pa by the Austrian Expressionist (1890–1918), ma of which have not been previously exhibit through 1/4. . . . "On the Edge: Contempora Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheis Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheis Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . "Achi Castiglioni: Design!" A retrospective of works the Italian architect and industrial designer kno for his imaginative designs for such items as a trays, glassware, bathroom fixtures, and vacu cleaners; through 1/6. . . . "New Concepts Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created Halley as digital files on computer disk, compr ing wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that fabricated by professional printers wheneve

Photograph courtesy of Matthew Marks Gallery, New Y

Retrospective Body Work

Manhattanites had better get used to the No. 7 Flushing line. Because P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center reopens this week with a dazzling new look and a roster of inaugural exhibitions that promises to lure even the most provincial art lovers to Long Island City. (For starters, a retrospective of the work of filmmaker-performance artist Jack Smith, a mid-career survey of Jackie Winsor's sculpture, and "Heaven," one of those immense group shows that have always revealed P.S. 1 at its freewheeling best.) But no exhibit has been as eagerly anticipated as "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait," the first full-scale retrospective of the 77-year-old photographer's black-and-white, close-up portraits of his body. Coplans's images of his hands, feet, back, and torso are witty, often subversive reinterpretations of art history—plays on the masculine and feminine, and tongue-in-cheek homages to works by Duchamp, Matisse, and Masaccio. Not only do the thirteen series on view constitute one of the most powerful *oeuvres* of contemporary photography, but they were begun only six years after Coplans, a then-58-year-old former abstract painter, *Artforum* editor, critic, and museum curator, taught himself how to use a camera. But Coplans, a man never short on opinions, knew what he wanted to say. Over the past thirteen years, he has produced images that simultaneously repel and fascinate, educate and amuse, and are always uncompromising. Not unlike P.S. 1. (22–25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; October 29 through March 29.) EDITH NEWHALL

tograph courtesy of P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center.

site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Franz West." Sculptures, drawings and collages by the artist, and a work titled *Synchrony* that incorporates works by the artist's friends, colleagues, and assistants; through 11/11. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "New Photography 13." Recent works by Rineke Diijkstra, An-My Lê, Vik Muniz, and Kunié Sugiura; through 1/13. . . . "A Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions in Contemporary Drawing." Installation-scale drawings collected by the museum over the past decade; through 1/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11.1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

ational Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Will Barnet Selects From the Permanent Collection." A selection of 40 portraits from the museum's collection, including works by Bellows, Eakins, Lawrence, Sargent, and others; through 1/4. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

w York Public Library—"The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Pub- ic Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; 11/4–2/28. . . . "Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; through 1/3. . . . "Tobacco Leaves: Selections From the Collection of George Arents, Jr."; through 1/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

w-York Historical Society—"On the Nose: Eyeglasses in New York." An exhibition chronicling the history of eyewear in New York; hrough 1/11. . . . "To Hell With Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York." Illustrations and other materials from he 1897 campaign in which New Yorkers lected the first mayor of Greater New York; hrough 1/4. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." Documents elating to the African-American community alled Seneca Village that existed from the 820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 7th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, 3 seniors and children.

. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; 10/29–2/28. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; 10/29–3/29. . . . Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; 10/29–2/28. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; 10/29–2/28. . . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; 10/29–2/1. . . . "Some New Yorkers: Four Artists"; 10/29–2/28..."Vertical Painting Show"; 10/29–6/28. . . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; 10/29–2/1. 23-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation; $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the Library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the Library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath*." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 11/9. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/9. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Richard Diebenkorn." A retrospective of paintings by this California artist (1922–1993), who moved back and forth between abstraction and representation and is best known for his "Ocean Park" cycle of abstracted landscapes; through 1/11. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pictures at an Exhibition: An Installation by Christian Marclay." An installation incorporating works from the Whitney's permanent collection; through 1/25. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 10/29 at 10 and 2: "Fine Watches and Wristwatches." On view from 10/25. 11/3 at 10 and 2: "American and Modern Prints and Illustrated Books, Including Prints From the Ganz Collection." 11/3 at 5: "Important Japanese Drawings." On view from 10/30. 11/4 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Prints and Multiples, Including Prints From the Ganz Collection." On view from 10/30.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/29 at 10: "Fine Jewels." On view from 10/25.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/29 at 2 and 10/30 at 10, 2, and 6:30: "Jewelry." On view from 10/24. 10/29 at 6: "Fashion." On view from 10/26. 10/31 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs." On view from 10/25. 11/1 at 10:15 and 2: "French Furniture." On view from 10/25.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 10/30 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Magic." On view from 10/27.

restaurants

Euro-Stash...Game Boy...August

Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. *337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Noor's—This casual, accommodating downtown restaurant features the cuisines of India and Bangladesh. Share an assorted appetizer plate, and then sample one of the house specialties like mattar ponir (homemade cheese with sweet peas) or lobster patia (the tail meat cooked with coconut). *94 Chambers St. (732-5011). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs tha strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274 8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769 3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

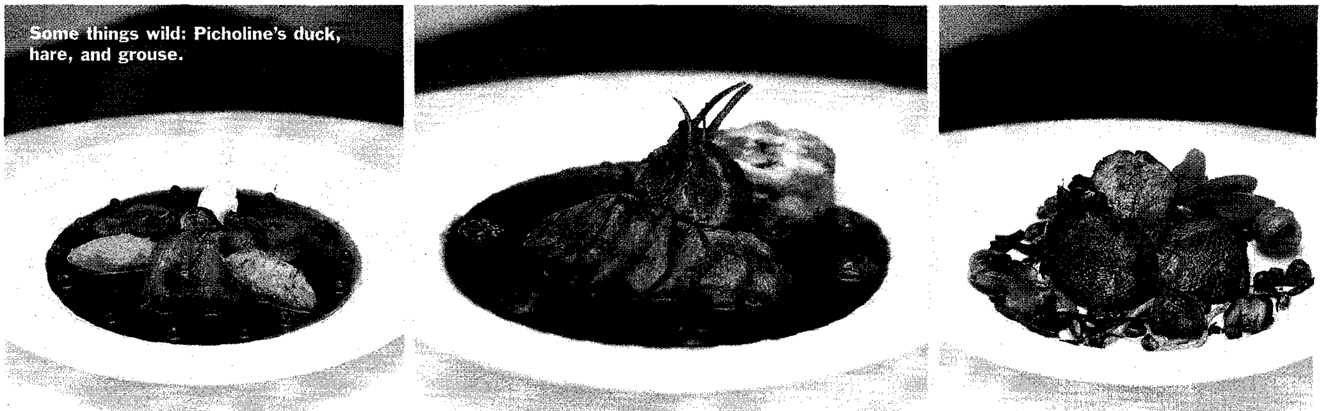
Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food ha made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors an a canopy above each table decorate the dinin room. Regional specialties from all corners of th country include dahi batata poori from Bomba khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasand from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96 spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets c seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoH neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on ta for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the gam on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prin St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farm house serves up huge portions of smoked chicke and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers an desserts. Bring those breath mints and Hand Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Mond night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, T V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows mo and more residential, its halls of finance, like th former bank building, are being converted in service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitch & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of bee and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic Amer can fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noo dles, and shrimp-smoked-bacon-and-roaste tomato pizza. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) A CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—It's tough to compete wi



Some things wild: Picholine's duck, hare, and grouse.

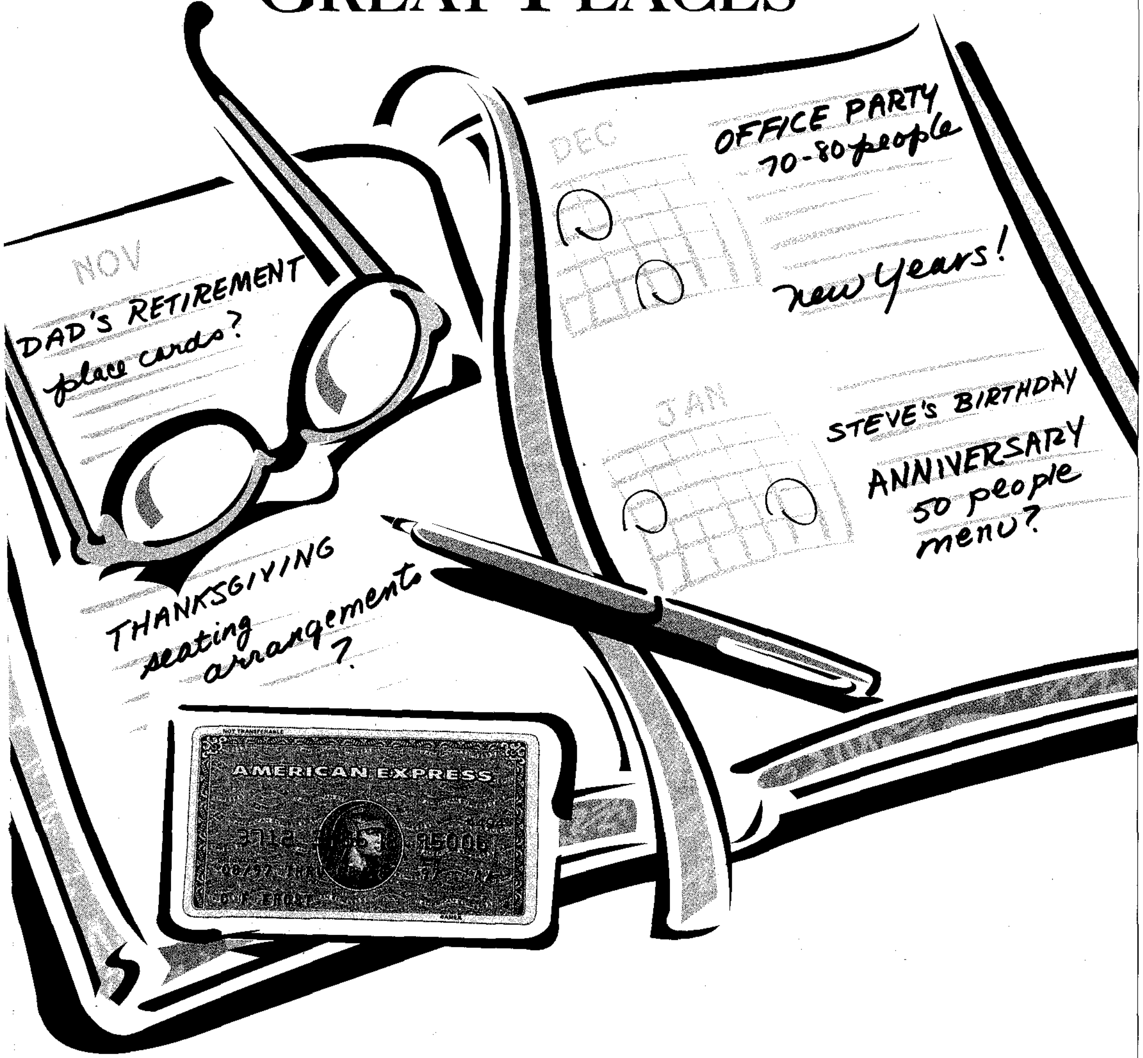
ASK GAEL

I want to impress my British kin.

The oomph and refinement of chef-owner Terrance Brennan's standout cooking marked Picholine as a serious contender for Epicurean laurels from day one. Over the summer, he trashed the country quaintness for an elegance of brooding oil paintings and old tapestries. Now wild game from Scotland is his autumn obsession. Though aged grouse, wood pigeon, marinated venison, and hare are not what I crave, your Anglo cousins will be as impressed as the culturati trooping in late from Lincoln Center. Join the wanton debauchery at the best cheese cart in town—so popular that Picholine's cheese master is nursing what his orthopedist calls "cheese elbow." (35 West 64th Street; 724-8585.)

Photograph by Steve Freer

GREAT PARTIES CALL FOR GREAT PLACES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70-80 people
new years!
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212-861-8608/8609

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108 W. 73rd Street
(off Columbus)
212-501-7014

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the stunning views from this lower-Manhattan perch, but the eclectic American menu makes a valiant effort. A stellar wine program and dishes like baby pheasant in Savoy cabbage and lobster with clam risotto give diners good reason to glance at the table from time to time. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

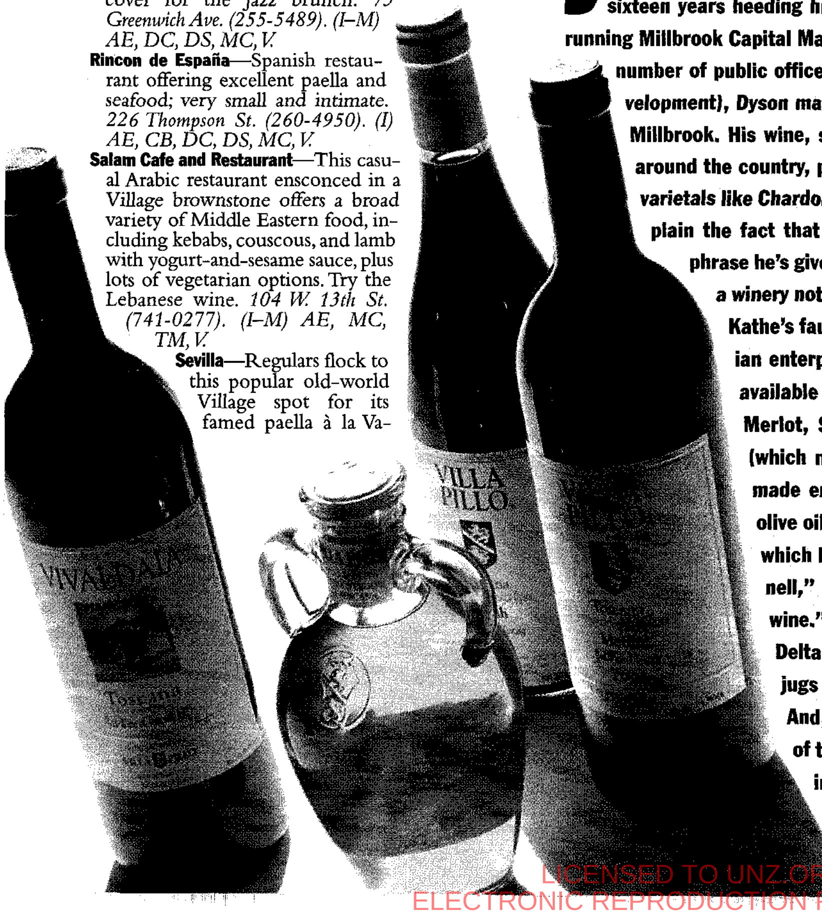
Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been repaired, and the regulars



Shopping

She ♥ Tuscany

John Dyson, the former New York State commissioner of Agriculture who promoted local farming with a "Grown in New York" campaign in the mid-seventies, has spent the past sixteen years heeding his own propaganda. Somehow, in between the arduous duties of running Millbrook Capital Management, a vastly profitable investment group, and serving in a number of public offices (most recently as deputy mayor for Finance and Economic Development), Dyson managed to plant a 130-acre vineyard in the Hudson Valley town of Millbrook. His wine, sold at some of the finest Manhattan restaurants and in stores around the country, proved unequivocally that vinifera grapes, the classical European varietals like Chardonnay and Merlot, could flourish in the Empire State. So how to explain the fact that the man whose life fairly defines "I Love New York" (another phrase he's given credit for) is most excited these days about his newest venture, a winery not only out of state but all the way in Italy? "Tuscany is 100 percent Kathe's fault," says Dyson, artfully shifting the blame for Villa Pillo, his Italian enterprise, squarely onto his Italian-born wife. Villa Pillo's wines, now available in New York, combine Sangiovese and French grapes to produce Merlot, Syrah, Chardonnay, Vin Santo, a new blend called Borgoforte (which means "small village"), and a "Super Tuscan" called Vivaldaia, made entirely from French varietals. (Villa Pillo's delicious extra-virgin olive oil is for sale at the Vinegar Factory.) This isn't the first instance in which Dyson has succumbed to female persuasion. "When I was at Cornell," he says, "I hated the beer at my fraternity, and I started buying wine." At first, this alcoholic blasphemy perplexed the brothers of Alpha Delta Phi. "What cured 'em was, I bought a couple of these big gallon jugs of Almaden, and my date—and most of theirs—preferred it." And, therefore, him. This unacceptable situation led to the formation of the fraternity's wine and social program, Dyson's first real venture into the realm of public service.

Robin Raisfeld

are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

mbassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the Regal U.N. Plaza Hotel (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

afé Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

aviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ristorante De Grezia—As much attention is paid to the comfortable surroundings as to the Italian edibles at this East Side restaurant. The room is done up in golden oak and adorned with brass hurricane lamps, and the pasta, like the black penne with shrimp, broccoli and roasted tomatoes, gets special treatment. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Naples 45—This bustling Neapolitan restaurant and takeout shop aspires to authenticity in its recipes, its ingredients, and especially its thin-crust pizzas, which are baked for just over two minutes in a wood-burning oven. Pastas, small salads, twice-baked sandwiches, and seafood are other specialties of the house. The nearly all-Italian wine bar runs the width of the restaurant and serves a dozen affordable wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like.

987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.

Zarela—Long a popular place for unwinding—with the assistance of mighty potent margaritas—after work, this popular cantina serves regional Mexican cuisine. Red-snapper hash and roasted duck with red chili and dried fruit are some menu highlights. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors, from honey-lacquered foie gras to grilled Angus sirloin. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—now prepared by acclaimed chef Waldy Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. Th signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharin And don't leave without sampling the banana cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (54 9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fir provincial French cooking in a sweet country-in atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu ir cludes such specials as pan-seared duck breast wit fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander an ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobste mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st S (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter the centerpiece of this successful upscale chair take-no-prisoners march east across the countr Steak served in a series of connected, muted, ar

Photograph by Kenneth Che

Opening
Mineral Rites

The opening of midtown's new Mica Bar this week suggests that the proclivity for lounging has yet to subside. Influenced as much by the stratospheric success of Pravda as by current food trends, the slickly designed duplex serves a short menu of Asian tapas, including satays and wraps, and a long menu of classic cocktails, top-shelf liquors, and cigars. (252 East 51st Street; 888-2453.)

wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with tabbouleh in spicy lobster oil, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

orre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

ictor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

ontrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

fty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

s Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

e Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

sa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastiest gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

n Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

rendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

aonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regulars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cabana—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At $17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? *1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

My Dinner With Andrei

Prospective restaurateurs are interpreting SoHo's real-estate boom as a near-biblical model for the up-and-coming West Chelsea neighborhood: *And the art galleries shall beget the crowds, and the crowds will be hungry.* The owners of August, just opened on a burgeoning strip of Ninth Avenue in the lower Twenties, certainly hope so. According to legend, Dutch Schultz ran a speakeasy behind the storefront's antique brick façade; the barroom's modern incarnation features an American menu (executed by chef Kevin Roth, late of Quilty's) and, in deference to its surroundings, rotating art shows, beginning with the work of contemporary Russian painter Andrei Kovalev. (202 Ninth Avenue, near 22nd Street; 989-2002.)

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au

tograph by Sam Erickson.

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poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Twins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely of identical twins, this is the only restaurant in town where you're meant to see double. The menu features American food with a doubles theme, from twin lobsters every Tuesday night to double chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden and space for private parties. On Monday nights, children under 10 eat free (until 9 P.M.) when accompanied by an adult. *1712 Second Ave., at 89th St. (987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) A DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables a red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhou less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twent foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Li coln Center, and there are seafood and pasta those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

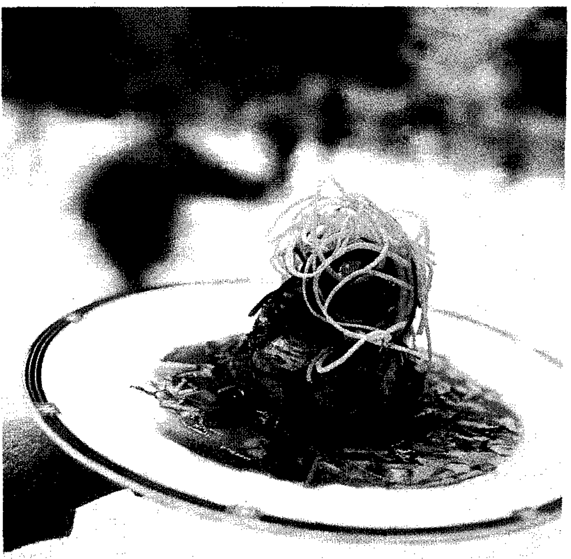
Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in t elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fi weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray d of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best pression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the pae marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ri Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaur serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chick and steak but specializes in lobster and other va eties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch bu available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (AE, MC, TM, V.*

Westchester

La Cremaillere—Make sure to try this charm French restaurant even if you're not lucky enou to inhabit this posh suburb. The Widow Br House, built in 1750, has been transformed int modern-day source of such French country far roasted rack and leg of lamb with Provençal he and warm brandied banana-and-raspberry tart *Bedford-Banksville Rd., Bedford (914-234-9647). AE, DC, MC, V.*



Object of Desire
Star Fish

The opening of the ice-skating rink is only the second-best reason to visit Rockefeller Center right now. Go for the SeaGrill's new, vaguely East Indian swordfish, available daily at lunch. Marinated in a surprisingly subtle coconut–red-curry paste, the fish is served with red Swiss chard in a sweet-and-sour glaze of tamarind and rice wine. (19 West 49th Street; 332-7610.)

Photograph by Kenneth C

nightlife

Campbell...Yo La Tengo...Bee Gees

Concerts

e Bee Gees—It's hard to believe it's been twenty whole years since *Saturday Night Fever* turned America into a coast-to-coast boogie-thon. WKTU, the radio station that helped put disco on the nineties' musical map, commemorates the anniversary in appropriately high style, with the fraternal Aussie trio (who as recently as last year were foolishly vowing not to play the hits of their bell-bottomed heyday in concert), and fellow *SNF*-soundtrack stars K.C. & the Sunshine Band, Kool & the Gang, Tavares, and the Trammps. Burn, baby, burn. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *2001 Odyssey, 802 64th St., Brooklyn (212-307-7171). $150.*

di Connelli—The Australian cabaret sensation, who razzle-dazzled New Yorkers with her concerts at Town Hall last spring, 10/30–10/31 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (246-7800). $30–$35.*

saria Evora—The Cape Verdean singer delivers some of the most beautiful, haunting, and (pardon us) *perfect* music ever sung in Portuguese or any other language. Though she writes melodies reminiscent of traditional *fado,* Evora's style is largely of her own brilliant making. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $35.*

rbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter—Two grooving tians of the hard-bop era, touring in support of their excellent joint effort, *1 + 1.* 10/29 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $29.50–$38.50.*

e's Addiction—With their sludgy, Black Sabath–inspired chord progressions, Nirvana may ave been the biggest band to score with a heavy etal–punk fusion. But they were hardly the first o do so: Witness Jane's Addiction, whose frontan, Perry Farrell, made glammy guitar-shrieks alatable to lovers of the Clash and other antiommercial types. Since the band's 1992 breakup, arrell has continued to be an alterna-rock astemaker, primarily by founding Lollapallooza. ut as a musician, he's never reached the level of ommercial or artistic success he had with Jane's. aving put his more recent band, Porno for Pyos, out of its misery, the yowling Angelino is now ee to revisit his salad days. With Goldie (see Irvg Plaza listing). 10/30–10/31 at 9 P.M. *Hammertein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th t. (307-7171). $25.50–$28.50.*

Reunion Relapse

decade ago, who would have thought rry Farrell and Stevie Nicks would upy a common cultural niche come 97? But there you have it: The year's gest news has been the Fleetwood Mac nion, and now the similar rapprochent of Jane's Addiction. With any k, though, the Jane's shows at Hamrstein Ballroom, October 30 and 31, l be a good deal livelier than Nicks & 's arena-size boomerfests.

"All Jobim"—For one night, Sting, Al Jarreau, Joe Lovano, Jon Hendricks, and a half-dozen other stars become boys and girls from Ipanema, for a set of songs by the great Brazilian composer. 10/31 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $30–$57.*

The Life Enhancement Foundation's Inaugural Celebration—Dozens of cabaret and musical-theater stars, including *Les Misérables'* J. Mark McVey, *Side Show*'s Kelly Cole, and *Jekyll & Hyde*'s Robert DuSold headline the fund-raising inauguration of an amorphously well-intentioned charity. 11/3 at 7:30 P.M. *Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. (288-9438). $75–$100.*

Rusted Root—The freewheeling multi-culti jam-fest. 10/30 at 8 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center Street, Newark. (1-888-GONJPAC). $23.50.*

Theater for the New City's Halloween Ball—One of New York's longest-running and most freakishly entertaining holiday events enters its third decade this year. Free rock and roll, fire-breathing, juggling, and other suitably carnivalesque entertainments keep 10th Street hopping, while performance artists, cabaret singers, and morbid-themed theater take over TNC proper. At 11, a celebrity panel—including Al Lewis, a.k.a. *The Munsters'* Grampa—conducts the big costume contest. 10/31 at 5 P.M. *155 First Ave., at 10th St., and E. 10th St. bet. First and Second Aves. (254-1109). $15 (costume or formal attire required).*

Richard Thompson and Teddy Thompson—The storied British troubadour, with his son in tow. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., at Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $25–$30.*

Grover Washington, Jr. —The smoothest of the smooth. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Yes—10/29–10/31 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 10/30: 46 Bliss; Lourds; Ivy Markaity; Prime 8; Jeff Derringer; Vaporhead. 10/31: Jeff Gleavey; Deni Bonet; Love Choir; Hot Water. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

The Baggot Inn—Once the Sun Mountain Cafe, this NYU-area subterranean grotto draws a variety of folkies, and the attendant sweater-wearing masses. 10/29: The Rain Farmers; Neutron Café. 10/30: Brendan O'Shea; Subway Darwins. 10/31: The Odd Squad; Particle Zoo. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/29: Lonestar. 10/30: "Wayfaring Stranger: A Journey Into the Heart of American Music." Andy Statman, Lucy Kaplansky, Jennifer Kimball, Tony Trischka, and more. 11/1: "Required Listening: A No Risk Evening of Discovery." Dee Cartensen, Farmer not so John, Five O'Clock Shadow, John Forster. 11/3: "The Music of Frank Zappa." Ed Palermo & His Big Band. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 10/31: The inimitable Upper Crust, whose aristocratic posing would be a boring shtick if they didn't channel the equally grand sonic pomp of AC/DC quite so convincingly. 11/1–11/2: The Northwest's mightiest young band, Modest Mouse, rock with all the brains and intensity you could ask for, plus they're barely of age. With 764-HERO. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

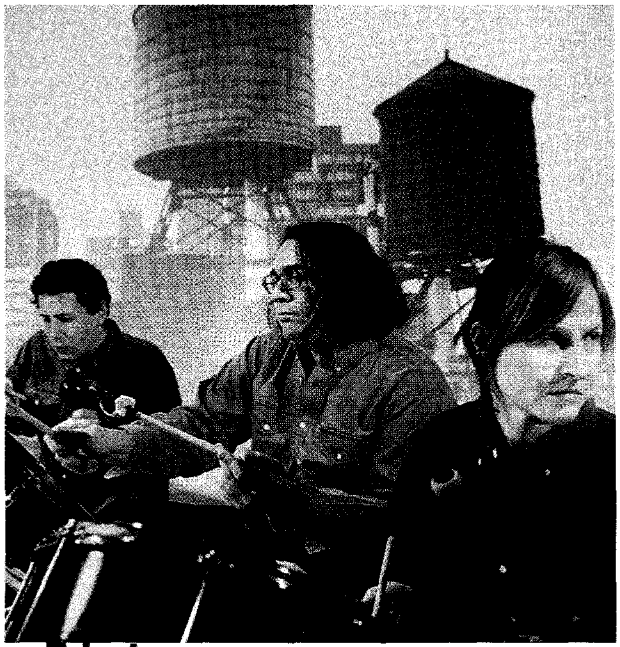
CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 10/28–10/31: Patti Smith returns to her East Village roots for an intimate and tough week of proto-punk poetics. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

graph courtesy of Warner Bros.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 10/31–11/1: Son Seals. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Western Pennsylvania's Don Caballero play a distinctive, disturbing blend of self-consciously arty math-rock and self-consciously trashy metal. It's all an opportunity for lead guitarist Damon Che to display his formidable chops—a rarity in the virtuoso-hostile world of indie rock. They play, 11/1, with Burning Airlines, a new trio that comprises half of Washington D.C.'s recently and sadly defunct brain-punkers Jawbox. 10/31: D Generation; Murphy's Law; Electric Frankenstein. 11/3: John Cougar Concentration Camp. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Loser's Lounge, whose heartfelt homages to the schmaltz stars of yesteryear have included nights devoted to Burt Bacharach, Harry Nilsson, and the Bee Gees, pays tribute to Dusty Springfield, 10/31–11/2. Guest vocalists at "Dusty in Memphis" include the usual assortment of top-notch East Village faves, such as Jenifer Jackson, Ivy Markaity, and Connie Petruc. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*



Talent
Opening Ax

While rehearsing for their current tour, the Rolling Stones thought a nice, intimate club date would be just the thing to get the old blood pumping. But Chicago's famed Lounge Ax, to whom Mick and the boys offered their services for September 18, was already booked. Rock history would have been made had the Stones accepted the club's proposed compromise: They could play, but only if they opened for headliners Yo La Tengo. The New York trio returns home for an extended run at the Westbeth Theatre, October 30 through November 2. Their would-be warm-up act can be found at arenas nationwide.

Irving Plaza—With their latest album, *Dots and Loops,* the Anglo-French sextet Stereolab has evolved from merely one of the best bands of the nineties into *the* best band of the decade. They've finally attained the holy grail of jazz-inclined experimental drone-rock: a sound that successfully integrates mellow, grooving, loungey sonics with a full complement of sounds-of-outer-space keyboards. 11/3–11/4, with the nearly-as-brilliant Mouse on Mars. 10/29: Superchunk. 10/31: The Cure give Halloween an appropriately Goth soundtrack. 11/1: Beth Orton's gorgeous, folk-meets-techno sound puts her in a category and class all by herself. Her recent album, *Trailer Park,* is considerably toned down compared with her collaborations with countrymen the Chemical Brothers—and it's all the better for it. Goldie (late show; separate admission) follows Orton. His inspired drum-and-bass gymnastics should keep the club kids hopping till the break of dawn. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 10/29: The Ruins; Zubizuva-x; Akaten. 10/30: Free-music pioneer Derek Bailey. 10/31: Chocolate Genius, with Mark Anthony Thomas, John Medeski, Chris Wood, and Mark Ribot. 11/2: "Loud Music/Silent Film": *He Who Gets Slapped,* with music by mononomic former Bongwater keyboardist Kramer. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—The former Village Gate, re-imagined as a high-tech supermodel watering hole. 10/31: Living up to their name, Dead or Alive, of "You Spin Me Right Round" fame, return for a spooky visit from the land of the lost. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 10/29: Wayne Hancock. 10/30: Tom Robinson; Tom McCormick; David Clements & the Orgy of Self Promotion. 10/31: Elysian Fields; Valentine Six. 11/1: Walt Mink; Chin Ho; Invisible Jet. 11/2: Kathleen Mock; Lily Montero. 11/3: Simon Townshend; Noella Hutton; Circus Guy. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 10/28: Tanya Donelly, formerly of Rhode Island's seminal Throwing Muses, and still rocking hard as a solo performer. 10/31: The Blues Jumpers; Voodoo Martini. 11/4: Love Spit Love. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—Though Mike Watt's *Ball-Hog or Tugboat?* was a fun excursion into the land of the alterna-guest-star, the 1995 album (to which Eddie Vedder, Flea, Sonic Youth, and just about every other rock-and-roller on the planet loaned their services) was somewhat lacking in the coherence department. The jazz-punk founding father and bassist extraordinaire returns this fall with the more satisfying *Contemplating the Engine Room.* He plays, 10/31, with Railroad Jerk and Bardo Pond. 11/2–11/3: David Crosby, reputed to be the most difficult and gifted of the Byrds, shows his stuff. With John Hammond. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—Technically, Yo La Tengo may be from Hoboken. But deep down, everyone knows they're the quintessential New York band of the nineties. With their gorgeous, sprawling, dissonan contemplations, the trio embodies everythin that's great and challenging about our city. The four-night stand, 10/30–11/2, then, represents sort of homecoming for fans and band alik 10/29: Liz Kweller. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—Since the mid sixties, Jamaican dub pic neer Lee "Scratch" Perry's been making some the most tripped-out sounds the planet's ev heard. His return to the spotlight began with a s at this summer's Tibetan Freedom Concert, an continues here, 10/30–10/31. With Mad Profe sor, whose Robotiks Band builds on Perry's a ready-futuristic sound, and (10/30 only) drun and-bass stars Spring Heel Jack. 10/29: Travis; Te der Idols. 11/3: British organ maestro Jam Taylor's become a major figure in his homelan thanks to his eerily convincing ability to conju seventies funksters like Stevie Wonder and Cur Mayfield. The band's acid-jazz appeal doesn't su vive transatlantic translation perfectly, but Taylor Co. do know how to have a funky good time. *1 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a clas boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as t club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshi Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew A derson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 10/ Ron Affif Trio. 10/30–11/2: Drummer Jack D Johnette's the tops, whether playing sideman to f low greats like Jackie McLean or leading his o rock-solid outfit. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and great view from every seat in the house (the stan ing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), t "jazz capital of the world" often presents two t flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11: P.M. 10/28–11/3: The wildly gifted voca Rachelle Ferrell. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

The Home Front—Don't be fooled by its renovat theater home: The city's newest serious jazz ve (is an opening-night show by Wynton Mars impressive enough?) holds just 150 people, make sure you get there good and early. 10/ Donald Harrison Quartet. 11/1: Ray Anders and his Pocket Brass Band, including Charli P sip, Jack Walrath, and Jose Davila. $15 cover; minimum. *236 W. 54th St. (800-540-0236).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant ac from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable j comers in its cozy basement, along with the oc sional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul T holds office hours. 10/28–11/2: Plucky young anists Jacky Terrason and Javon Jackson lead a and a quartet, respectively. Sets at 8:30 and 10: Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (5 2121).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown South's newest, bigg and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers the men and women who love them. The swa first-floor restaurant won't be open for anot couple of weeks, but the basement club's modi menu should more than suffice. 10/28–11/2: Don Braden Octet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P and midnight; $10–$20 cover. *116 E. 27th (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled brass-railed restaurant with Old New York an ence and excellent—occasionally legendary— anists. 10/29–11/1: Russ Kassoff and Linc M man. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition throwing its doors open for pay-what-you- night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria in (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amour imagination can render the institutional, l leum-tile décor any more inviting than your a age mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly pening. 10/31: Jon Ballantyne. *11 W. 53rd St. (0480).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful club, where you can always get a table and jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Th

Photograph by Rafael Fuchs/Matador Rec

day, and 10/31–11/1, sixties organ great
Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10
P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink
minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and
125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

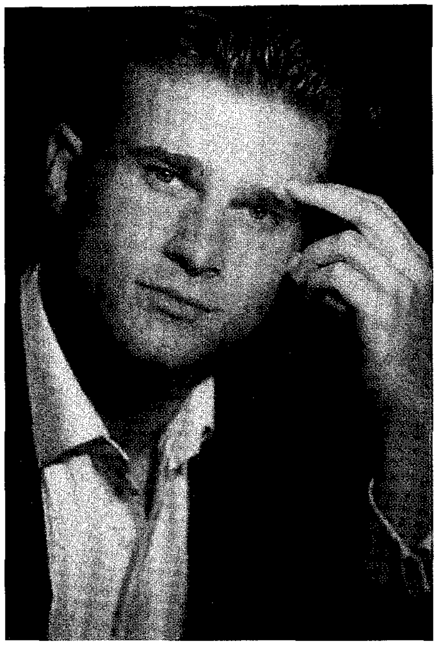
iall's—Extremely cozy and open all night, of-
ering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a can-
llelit basement whose nightly jams start round
ibout 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Vil-
age Vanguard visit (it's right around the cor-
ier)—and often involve free beverages and
ood. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Fo-
um, followed by the Across Seventh Street
Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful,
Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays,
t's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Shows start at
0 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

eet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant
vith good food and high-profile jazz acts.
Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin.
Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz
runch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life
Ensemble. 10/28–11/2: Reggie Workman. Sets
t 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at
2:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St.
242-1785).*

ern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought
estaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop,
he Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight
izz club—with excellent sound and a full ros-
er of stars. 10/28–11/2: Eden Atwood. *Central
Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

age Vanguard—Guitarist Russell Malone, who
pends a lot of his time these days as a sideman
Diana Krall, steps into the spotlight. If his
vork with the bombshell singer-pianist is any
idication, Malone's own run, 10/28–11/2,
iould be a thoroughly swinging affair. Pianist
enee Rosnes, bassist Ray Drummond, and
inkified hard-bop trapsman Idris Muham-
ied fill out the quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30
M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-
037). $.*

io—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny pi-
io on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot
ian jazz club, though its musical guests are of-
n pleasant surprises. 10/27–11/1: Hilton
uiz, Jamil Nasser, and Joe Gonzalez. Every
inday night: Larry Rivers Quartet. *126 W.
3th St. (924-5182).*



Talent

Rebel, Rebel

Being a rock star is every adolescent's fantasy, right? Right, unless one of said teen's parents already happens to be a full-time rocker. In that case, the options are to (a) conform, and go into the family business, à la Jakob Dylan, Ziggy Marley, and the Wilson sisters; or (b) be a *real* rebel and become a cabaret star. Such is the route taken by 24-year-old Australian David Campbell, who next week becomes Rainbow and Stars' youngest-ever headliner, and appears from October 28 through November 15. Campbell's father, Jimmy Barnes, "is a major rock-and-roller over in Australia," the young tenor explains. Realizing the average American's familiarity with Oceania's classic rock begins and ends with AC/DC, he elaborates that "Barnesy" (as his father is known down under) is "sort of like Bruce Springsteen, except more of a belter. He takes after Wilson Pickett, Eric Burdon, and Janis Joplin." Campbell opted for cabaret in part to avoid the need to live up to that image: "I didn't dare sing until about three years ago, because I was afraid of the comparisons that would be drawn," he confesses. "But I sing in such a different style that it's not much of a problem." Campbell's musical pedigree nonetheless grants him a hip sensibility. *Taking the Wheel,* his excellent new CD, updates the standard songbook, placing "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and numbers by young songwriters John Bucchino and Tom Andersen alongside more routine cabaret fare such as "I Got Rhythm" and "Old Devil Moon." In concert, as on disc, Campbell's delivery is mercifully atypical of his chosen field: In place of self-serving, schmaltzy exhibitionism, he offers sincerity and self-deprecating humor. Lest he give the impression he's completely abandoned his roots, though, Campbell notes that one of his songs, Jackie Wilson's "Higher and Higher," was a hit in Australia five years ago—in a version performed by Barnes. Like father, like son.

ETHAN SMITH

graph by Stephen Mosher.

Comedy

on Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and,
ost nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star
omedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by
avid J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri-
ys and Saturdays, the club promises "the coun-
y's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and
idnight. 10/31-11/6: Greg Rogell, Greer
irnes, Rich Vos, Dave Attel, Greg Giraldo, Eric
'Shea, Tony Woods, DC Benny, and host Lewis
haffer. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

lines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down
e street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts
g names and talented up-and-comers in its
de, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays
d Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Ed-
e Brill. 10/29: Gilbert Gottfried. 10/30: Marilyn
kol. 10/30–11/2: The hilariously foul-mouthed
obert Schimmel. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and
'th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink
nimum.*

i a Rising Star—The high-class variety show-
ce is in the process of broadening its focus from
iight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative
medy, theater, and musical performances. Visi-
s to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the
ove at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apart-
nt. Friday's "Big Bad Music Show" explores
t riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-
k. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at
.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th
, (244-3005).*

dy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Vil-
e coffeehouses, this is the late-night subter-
ean haunt of many of the city's top comics.
'27–11/2: Greer Barnes; Tom Cotter; Kevin
Brennan. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 10/27–11/2: Lenny Varnedoe; Joe Mulligan; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 10/31–11/1: Rich Voss, Greer Barnes, Greg Vaccariello. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 10/31–11/1: Dave Attel, Ric Crom, Tom Papa, and Ian Edwards. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Not many round tables (and no viciousness) in the Oak Room—just a classy performance space so intimate, you can reach out and touch the performers. Through 11/15: Mary Cleere Haran's "Pennies From Heaven: Movie Songs of the 1930s." Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Duplex Cabaret—A West Village roadhouse of a piano bar, fast becoming a neighborhood institution. Various performers nightly. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 10/28–11/15: David Campbell (see box, page 121). $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

the mix

Belly Dancers...Mechanical Marvels

John Leonard's TV Notes

Assault on Devil's Island (10/28; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) stars Hulk Hogan as a Navy SEAL who flips when he can't recover the body of a member of his commando squad left behind after an abortive raid on the private principality of a Latin American drug lord (Billy Drago). So, with Carl Weathers, Martin Kove, and several other Muscle Beach meatheads, not to mention Shannon Tweed as a black-belt blonde from the DEA, Hulk agrees to storm through shark-filled waters to an island fastness where the man who betrayed him (Trevor Goddard) is holding as hostages, in subterranean tiger cages, an entire team of hysterical female gymnasts. Thus, in this very first "TNT Nitro Original," we get peekaboo, fishiness, stabbings, explosions, automatic-weapons fire, a gurka throwing knife, a kendo sword, a Zulu spear, Maori masks, and lots of dishabille Shannon, with the stirring coda "Shadow warriors, now and forever!"

It Ain't Love (10/29; 8 to 9:15 P.M.; Cinemax) is the scary documentary *The New York Times Magazine* warned us about this past March, in which the talented filmmakers Susan Todd and Andrew Young decided to explore "date violence" by spending some harrowing months with Faces, a Brooklyn teen theater company that stages and reenacts "intimate moments" and fraught scenes from the real lives of its own members. But as the group, urged on by a social worker, got deeper into its dramaturgy, the acting got deeper into genuine anger, the membership polarized along gender lines, and the company almost tore itself apart. While Todd and Young had hoped for some therapeutic transcendence, they ended up with something closer to despair, as well as some serious questions about their craft. You'll want to avert your eyes, but may find them red and wet.

In the Life (10/29; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) concentrates this month on gay teens, from the high incidence of suicide among them to various alliances in schools around the country of gay and straight students to talk about issues of sexuality and prejudice to the movie *In & Out*. (Director Frank Oz is interviewed, as well as Kevin Kline, Tom Selleck, and Joan Cusack.) The investment of the religious right in "ex-gay" movements like Exodus International is explored. And the program also spends "A Day in the Life" of "outreach" social worker Lulu Mitchell, who provides hot meals, showers, clothing, counseling, and health and legal services to homeless gay young people.

Oprah Winfrey Presents: Before Women Had Wings (11/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), based on the Connie May Fowler novel, is the first in a series of television movies from Winfrey's own HARPO production company—a sort *Bastard Out of Carolina* wrapped, if not in cotton candy, then at least in cotton batting. When 9-year-old Tina Majorino's country-music wastrel of a father, John Savage, finally succeeds in killing himself, her nervous wreck of a mother, Ellen Barkin, must move into a trailer-park motel, where she abuses alcohol and her children. Tina will seek comfort in the garden of Miss Zora (Winfrey), who has shameful secrets of her own. Fine performances by Barkin and Majorino distinguish an otherwise predictable fantasy of poor white Southerners finding warmth and salvation in the arms of a wise old black woman.

In Print

Eat Dance Man Woman

Plenty of ballet dancers claim to enjoy all four food groups, but only two have inspired gustatory raves from the late Charles Kuralt. Current housemates and former New York City Ballet partners Heather Watts and Jock Soto share their triumphs (they served Kuralt "cheesy scalloped potatoes") and misadventures (tirami su made with Gorgonzola) in the very approachable 'Our Meals,' just out from Riverhead Books ($24.95).

Our Meals
Making a Home for Family and Friends

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at noon. 10/
Fun guy Michael Feldman asks *Whadya Know?*
Robert Lennon discusses *The Light of Fall*
Stars; Tom Shachtman on business *Around*
Block; trumpeter Wallace Roney. 10/29: Patrick
Murphy on *Wasted: The Plight of America's U*
wanted Children; Harlan Ellison serves up *Slippa*
Tommy Tune gives *Footnotes;* John O'Hagan c
cusses his Levittown documentary *Wonderla*
10/30: Expedition guide Anatoli Boukreev a
G. Weston Dewalt with their account of the M
Everest disaster in *The Climb;* Deborah Eis
berg and her *All Around Atlantis* stories; ho
whisperer Marty Roberts on *The Man Who L*
tens to Horses; curator Elizabeth Easton discus
the Brooklyn Museum's *Monet and the Medi*
ranean exhibit. 10/31: A Dizzy Gillespie trib
with Jon Faddis; Will Self on *Great Apes.* 11
David Shipler explores race relations in *A Co*
try of Strangers; George Will views American c
servatism in *The Woven Figure;* playwright Da
Mamet talks about *The Old Religion;*
Grenouille chef Daniel Orr serves up *Real F*
11/4: Jim Carlton exposes *Apple: The Inside*
ry of Intrigue, Egomania, and Business Blun
11/5: Paul Levinson discusses the informat
age and *The Soft Edge;* Eva Hoffman talks ab
Shtetl; Robert Augustyn and Paul Cohen sh
Manhattan in Maps 1556–1990. 10/6: John H
sums up what's wrong with the world at la
Jane Urquhart expands on *The Underpainter;* I
Malden visits with his autobiography, *When I*
Start? 10/7: Peter Mathiessen tells of *Lost M*
River; Anne Rice talks about her *Violin.* Leon
Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

City Folk—Weekdays from 6 A.M. t
P.M. 10/30 at 2 P.M.: Meg Griffin
from the Museum of Television and
dio's Third Annual Radio Festival.
P.M.: Sinead O'Connor's *I Do Not*
What I Haven't Got. 10/31: Nothing
your favorite Grateful Dead tunes on
Day of the Dead; call 718-365-8050
your requests. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Tales for a Darkened Room—10/31 at 9
Leanne Hanson hosts three Hallowee
dio plays, Edgar Allan Poe's *Mask of the*
Death, Steven Thomas Oney's *The*
and Doug Bost's eagerly awaited
Man's Hole. With music by Win
Philips. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—11/2
P.M.: Leila Hadley discusses her l
work, *Elsa Cloud.* WNWK, 105.9 F

The Written Word

Don DeLillo and Richard Price—10/27
P.M.: These two masters of recollectio
be at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington
(996-1100); $12.

Hans Koning—10/28 at 6 P.M.: Disc
Pursuit of a Woman on the Hinge of Hi
Donnell Library Center, 20 W.
St. (621-0663).

Garrison Keillor—10/28 at 7:30 P.M.: Re
from his recent work. Barnes & Noble,
17th St. (253-0810).

nne Fadiman—10/28 at 7 P.M.: Join the editor of *The American Scholar* and author of *The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down*, a study of Hmong refugees living in California. The Lenox Hill Bookstore, 1018 Lexington Ave., at 73rd St. (472-7170).

lfred Kazin—10/29 at 7 P.M.: A reading and signing by the author of *God and the American Writer.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

aul Cohen & Robert Augustyn—10/30 at noon: The pair give an afternoon writers' talk on their collaborative effort *Manhattan in Maps: 1556–1990.* Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. (935-3592).

ylvia Jukes Morris—10/30 at 6 P.M.: The biographer discusses *Rage for Fame: The Ascent of Clare Boothe Luce*, and her take on the legendary playwright, editor, politician, wit, and seductress. Newseum/NY, 580 Madison Ave., at 56th St. (317-7503).

. R. Ammons—10/30 at 7 P.M.: The award-winning poet shares past work and poems from his latest collection, *Glare.* Presented by the NYU Creative Writing Program. Greenburg Lounge in Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Sq. South, at MacDougal St. (998-8816).

eorge Will—11/2 at 7:30 P.M.: ABC News analyst Jeff Greenfield engages the journalist and author of *The Woven Figure* in deep conversation. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

eynolds Price—11/3 at 6 P.M.: Join the author of *The Only Voice: God and Evil and the Terror of Silence* for an evening at the Auburn Theological Seminary. James Chapel in Union Seminary, 3041 Broadway, at 121st St. (662-4315).

***his Suit* Book Party**—11/3 at 8 P.M.: A celebration with poet Rebecca Jane Gleason and artist Erin Courtney in honor of their Sock Monkey press release, *This Suit.* The festivities include a reading and reception at the Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).

e Poetry of Wallace Stevens—11/3 at 8 P.M.: In tribute, writers Harold Bloom, John Hollander, Ann Lauterbach, J. D. McClatchy, Joan Richardson, and Mark Strand read from Stevens's works. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

ank Bidart—11/3 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading of *The Second Hour of the Night.* KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

Lectures and Panels

ic Drooker: Picture Show!—10/31 at 8:30 P.M.: After the Halloween Parade, Eric Drooker presents a musical slide lecture linking ancient myths with modern urban life. With live music. Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St (353-4100); suggested contribution $5.

arketing American Art: The 10th Street Studio Building—10/29 at 6 P.M.: A symposium in conjunction with the current exhibition, featuring talks by Dr. Sarah Bradford Landau, Dr. Linda Skalet, Dr. Kevin Avery, and art dealer Ira Spanierman. National Academy Museum, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 39th St. (369-4880); $12.

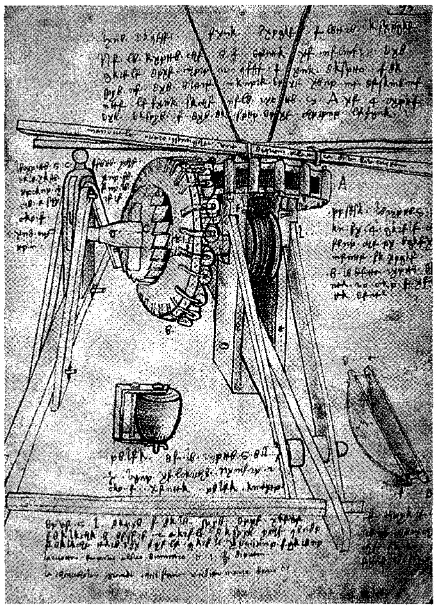
ttooing the Town—10/29 at 6:30 P.M.: Tattooist Michael McCabe, author of *New York City Tattoo: The Oral History of an Urban Art,* presents a discusion of the city's tattoo subculture. Sponsored by Gotham Readers of the Museum of the City of New York. Call for registration. Meet at Sacred Tattoo, 365 Canal St. (534-1672, ext. 206).

lkrishna Doshi—10/30 at 6:30 P.M.: The innovative lesigner who has helped shape the contemporary rchitectural culture of India lectures on recent rojects. The Lighthouse, 119 E. 59th St. (753-722); $7.

Korean Crises in Perspective—11/3 at 6 P.M.: Forner Washington *Post* correspondent and author f *The Two Koreas* explores current developments n both sides of the 38th parallel with emphasis n the role of outside powers. Asia Society, 725 ark Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $10.

State of Gay Men at the Turn of the Century—11/3 at P.M.: Michael Lowenthal leads a panel based on his ew anthology *Gay Man at the Millennium: Sex, Spir-, Community,* with contributors Bruce Bawer, Fenon Johnson, Daniel Mendelsohn, Mark Matousek, mes Early Hardy, Jesse Green, and Tony Kushner. Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

naining Sane in a Technological Society—11/4 at :30 P.M.: Join Neil Postman as he debates the blessed curse of our age. The author of *Technopoly, Amusing Ourselves to Death,* and *Conscientious Objections* will deliver the first lecture of this probing six-part series. Call to register. The Jewish Theological Seminary, 3080 Broadway, at 122nd St. (678-8996); $15.



tograph courtesy of the Institute and Museum of the History and Science, Florence.

On View **Leonardo's design for a robot (shown in computer animation) and a working model of his "flying machine" (with a wingspan of more than 35 feet) are among the exhibits at the World Financial Center's "Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo." The show, which recently packed in Parisians and Florentines, has been expanded and updated for its only North American engagement. (See listings.)**

Heinrich Heine: Poet, Critic, Exile—11/5 at 5:30 P.M.: A talk by Columbia University's Willi Goetschel to commemorate the 200th birthday of the poet. The talk is in conjunction with an exhibit that will run through 12/30. Call for reservations. Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. (744-6400).

The *Joy of Cooking*—11/5 at 7 P.M.: A panel discussion on the evolution of cooking in America with Ethan Becker, grandson of the original author, Irma Rombauer; *Food & Wine* magazine's Dana Cowin; and *Vogue* food editor Jeffrey Steingarten. A tasting session to follow. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

Catholicism and Feminism—11/6 at 4 P.M.: A panel discussion on how American Catholics adapt to society's changing expectations and how Catholic feminists reconcile what some believe to be irreconcilable. Guests include Barnard professors Mary Gordon, Celia Deutsch, Kathryn Johnson, and Union Seminary's Mary C. Boys. Sulzberger Parlor, third floor, Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. (854-2037).

Ancient Greek Tragic Drama—11/6 at 6:15 P.M.: With appeal for general audiences and scholars alike, Charles Rowan Beye explores the development of Greek tragedy in form, content, and purpose in this first of three lectures focusing on the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Call for tickets. The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008, ext. 347); $30 for three lectures.

Tours

Inhabited! Haunted House—10/30–10/31 from 7 P.M. to 1 A.M.: The Lower East Side Tenement Museum and Red Dive invite you to visit with the ghosts of dwellers past. A reality-tilting experience with storytellers, musicians, and performers both living and undead. 90 Orchard St., at Broome St. (431-0233, ext. 501); $10 before 9 P.M., $13 after 9 P.M.

Haunted Halloween Mansion—10/31 at 4 P.M.: A candlelit tour sure to raise the spirits and the hair on the back of your neck as you take secret passageways to the laboratory of a mad scientist and other scary places. Outdoor events include pumpkin painting and costume contests if weather permits. King Manor Museum in King Park, Jamaica Ave. at 150th St. (718-206-1545); $2.50.

The Village Halloween Parade—10/31 at 5 P.M.: Venture with creative director Jamie Leo for a peek behind the masks of the world-famous Greenwich Village Halloween Parade. Bring a mask or costume and *very* comfortable shoes for an enchanting celebration of the artistic spirit. Call for reservations (353-4198); $25.

All Hallow's Day at Green-Wood Cemetery—11/1 at 10 A.M.: Urban and architectural historian Justin Ferate leads this fascinating tour of the final resting place of New York's noteworthy. Amid the grand sculptures, lakes, geese, and fall foliage, it is a magnificent synthesis of mourning, art, and nature. Call for reservations (353-4198); $25.

The Post-Modern Society—11/1 at 1 P.M.: Join architectural historian Matthew Postal in examining the structural developments in midtown, and see how visionaries from I. M. Pei to Gwathmey & Siegal have interpreted our rich urban heritage in sight of the approaching millennium. Meet at the southwest corner of Madison Ave. and 57th St. Call for reservations (935-3960); $15.

Radical Old New York—11/1 at 2:30 P.M.: Bobs Erler and Palmer visit "points of freedom and destiny" in the Village and NoHo as they guide you through the non-mainstream history of the city. Stops include Emma Goldman's house, the site of the Triangle Fire, the Labor Lyceum, the 1850s hangout where Walt Whitman wrote poems and ate asparagus, and much more. Meet at the Peace Building, 339 Lafayette St. (264-3021); voluntary contribution.

Gotham City Ghost Tour—10/31 at 6 P.M. and 11/1–11/2 at 11:30 A.M.: A Halloween tour of the historic, infamous, and macabre Greenwich Village. Including St. Marks Cemetery, the nineteenth-century "hanging elm" execution site, and the still-haunted burial grounds of Washington Square Park. Call for reservations and meeting place. (465-3331); $10.

More Teeming Than Bombay: The Old Jewish East Side—11/2 at 1 P.M.: New York's best-known ethnic neighborhood, rich with history, delicacies, and landmarks. Meet at Straus Square, E. Broadway at Essex and Canal Sts. (242-5762); $12.

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Sutton Place—11/2 at 1 P.M.: Part of Cooper Union's "At Home in Centuries Past: New York's Historic Houses" series. Visit the eighteenth-century country-inn hideaway that still stands as testimony to Colonial life. Led by urban historian Harry Matthews (353-4198); $25.

Financial District: From Beaux-Arts to Art Deco—11/2 at 11 A.M.: Join architectural historian Matthew Postal in lower Manhattan, where neoclassical palaces and soaring skyscrapers competed to dominate the skyline, and monuments to commerce and capitalism tell the story of big business in America. Meet in front of the National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green. Call for registration (501-3013); $17.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1/98: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life with large-scale

Sports

The Big Rebound?

If you need to ask how the Knicks' season ended last May, you probably spent the spring spackling wall cracks on the space station Mir. Because if you were in New York, you were caught up in the David Stern und Drang of the infamous playoff series against the Miami Heat. The Knicks, on the verge of advancing to a much-anticipated matchup with the Chicago Bulls, found themselves disciplined right into elimination when hard-lining NBA suits suspended four key players for violating Rule 12-A-IX.c, which states that during a brawl, a player cannot leave the bench even to resuscitate his dying mother. Disarmed and distracted, the Knicks folded against the Heat and slunk off to the links to ponder and bewail the We Wuz Robbed Series. But with the Knicks about to undertake the thirteenth installment of the Patrick Ewing Title Quest, the question remains: What, if anything, has the team learned from last season's fiasco wrapped in a debacle inside a travesty?

Ernie Grunfeld's front office, which like everybody else thought last year's Knicks had all the tools to beat the Bulls, reasserted that faith in the off-season by shoring up rather than rebuilding. Patrick Ewing was signed to a four-year "Knick for life" deal, the services of coach Jeff Van Gundy were secured into the next millennium, and the club's youth reserve (John Wallace, Walter McCarty, Dontae' Jones, and John Thomas) was exchanged for even more experience (Chris Dudley and Chris Mills).

The now-overseasoned team begins the 1997–98 campaign October 31 in Charlotte, with the home opener, against Detroit, two days later. The keys to success are easy to identify: Chris Childs needs to take charge, Ewing can't go down with injury, Allan Houston must have an All-Star year, and everybody has to cut back drastically on turnovers. But above all, the Knicks must convert their bitterness into determination. To paraphrase that noted sportswriter William Hazlitt, the only way to win a championship is to be more anxious about obtaining it than deserving it. **BRIAN FARNHAM**

silk-screen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia/virtual-reality stations. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.

Events

St. John the Divine Halloween Show—10/30 at 7 and 10 P.M.: The procession of ghouls made up of Ralph Lee's giant puppets and masked actors will climb the walls of the world's largest Gothic cathedral as part of the spooky Halloween spectacular. 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540); $12.

2nd Annual Hallowe'en Howl—10/30 at 7 P.M.: Be transported to Transylvania at this benefit for the National Arts Club Scholarship Fund & Façade Restoration, where all blood types are welcome. There will be readings of macabre classics, costume contests, and a screening of *Fangdango.* 15 Gramercy Park South, at E. 20th St. and Park Avenue South (475-3424); $25–$100.

Sports

Football—JETS: Now that the Jets are halfway through their season, it's time for a moment of silence in memory of last year's Jets, who are clearly dead and gone. Parcells's team is an astonishing 5-3, and based on the first-half records of the Jets' remaining opponents, the second half of the season should be easier than the first. Which means the Jets could conceivably finish an inconceivable 10-6, a 900 percent improvement over last year's 1-15 and probably good enough for a wild card. But the Jets need to banish such hopeful prognosticating and follow that old athlete's trite-ism of taking it "one game at a time." 11/2: Vs. Baltimore at 1 P.M. (NBC). **GIANTS:** Somewhere in the world, probably Jersey, there's some guy who has the distinction of being the only person in the universe who predicted the Giants would be in first place at the halfway mark of the season in the Division Formerly Known as the Cowboys'. This eccentric, second-sighted fellow was somehow able to see past the fact that the Giants are the youngest team in the NFL, are playing without a single bona fide star, and feature an offense led by two mediocre quarterbacks. Or perhaps he simply knew that anonymity can be a potent weapon—nobody really knows enough about the Giants to prepare for them. 11/2: Open date.

Hockey—RANGERS: With the Rangers playing like headless chickens of late, Wayne Gretzky has not so quietly taken charge of the team's leadership. Last season, the Great One left the fire-lighting and butt-patting to his friend Mark Messier, but this year, even though much was made of Brian Leetch's inheriting the captain's *C,* it's Gretzky who has been the motivator. In one recent game against the Hurricanes, the Blueshirts finished the first period listless and losing. "Gretz said we played awful," defenseman Jeff Beukeboom recounted after the game. "Then we got focused." They went on to win 4-2. 10/28: Vs. Dallas at 7:30 P.M. (MSG). 10/30: At Islanders at 7:30 P.M. (MSG). **ISLANDERS:** The front office obviously applied a little political science in acquiring Robert Reichel from Calgary last March to join the scoring line beside Ziggy Palffy. Reichel, who is from the Czech Republic, once attended the same hockey school as Palffy, who is from neighboring Slovakia, and the two speak the same language. Their fluency has begun to show up on the ice—Reichel assisted on two of Ziggy's three goals in a recent win against San Jose. 10/27: Vs. San Jose at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 10/29: At Montreal at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 10/30: Vs. Rangers at 7:30 P.M. (SC2); 11/1: Vs. Los Angeles at 7 P.M. (SC3). **DEVILS:** Leading the "Who's Hot" column in hockey these days is Devils right wing Randy McKay. McKay has never scored more than seventeen goals in a season and had a whopping nine last year. This season, he's on a pace to score around
70, with six goals in the first seven games. No re
al danger of that, of course, but McKay's team
mates would do well to follow Randy's ove
achieving ways. 10/27: At Philadelphia at 7:3
P.M. (SC); 10/30: Vs. Vancouver at 7:35 P.M. (SC
11/1: Vs. Washington at 7:35 P.M. (SC).

Basketball—NETS: The Nets re-designed their un
forms in the off-season and came up with supe
obvious signage: Instead of having NETS embl
zoned across the chest, each one of the new har
guy-black edition states exactly what it is: NE
JERSEY. One Net who may be wearing an All-St
shirt as well this year is rookie Keith Van Horn. V
Horn did nothing but dazzle in the pre-season, e
pecially with his bull's-eye jumper, whose accur
cy will have the ironic effect of lowering tean
mate Jayson Williams's rebound stats. John Cal
pari's team should improve on last year's 26 wi
but with one of the smallest lineups in the leag
there will be plenty of long nights at Continen
Arena. 10/31: Season opener vs. Pacers at 7:
P.M. (SC); 11/1: At Milwaukee at 9 P.M. (SC
KNICKS: 10/31: At Charlotte at 8 P.M. (MSG); 11/
Home opener vs. Detroit at 6 P.M. (MSG).

Halloween Ride—10/31 at 10 P.M.: Central Park
night is pretty scary any time of the year, but a
a horde of costumed skaters and bicycli
whooping and wheeling it up on Halloween a
you've got a truly frightening (but fun) evenir
Meet at Columbus Circle. For information, c
802-8222. Free.

The 114th National Horse Show—10/29–11/1: Ma
son Square Garden hosts the world's oldest int
national indoor horse show, featuring everythi
from show jumping and American Saddlebreds
hunters and junior riders (ask your pony-obses
daughter to explain the differences). Call 8
674-2733 for information; $15–$65, half-price
children under 12 (except $65 locations).

The 28th New York City Marathon—11/2: Here'
spectating tip for the big race. Begin your gawk
on First Avenue in the Nineties, where runn
buoyed by the huge cheers, find their second w
and are all long strides and puffed-out che
Once you've identified a few of the most hub
tic offenders, walk leisurely west to a spot al
the park road and you'll see those same smili
fist-pumping participants go by in varying ne
death expressions of "What the hell was I thi
ing?" as they hit the deadly 23-mile mark. No
ing provides a better picture of both the glory
agony that is running a marathon.

Photograph by Hans Deryk /AP/Worldv

in concert

Krzysztof Penderecki conducts his works at the Philharmonic

Classical Music

Monday, October 27

hoir of Men and Boys of the Cathedral of St. Alban—Performs works by Gibbons, Hinde, Parker, Lennon & McCartney, and others; Barry Rose, conductor. *Grace Church, 802 Broadway, at 10th St. (254-2211), at 8; $10.*

hristoph Prégardien, Tenor—Performs Schubert, Schumann, and others, with Michael Gees, piano. *Walter Reed Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

hiladelphia Orchestra—Performs Haydn (Symphony No. 26 in D minor) and Shostakovich (Symphony No. 8 in C minor); Franz Welser-Möst, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Tuesday, October 28

ie Music of Krzysztof Penderecki—Featuring Kerry McDermott, violin; Paul Neubauer, viola; Carter Brey, cello; Christopher O'Riley, piano; David Krakauer, clarinet; George Steel, conductor. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

w York Philharmonic—Performs a new Lindberg work, Rachmaninoff, and Bartok; Jukka-Pekka Sarsate, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 7:30; $20–$75.*

Wednesday, October 29

w York Chamber Symphony—Performs Beethoven; Gerard Schwartz, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lin- oln Center (875-7000), at 8; $30.*

yal Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs Schumann and Tchaikovsky, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Daniele Gatti, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Sev- nth Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Thursday, October 30

icordia Orchestra—Performs "The Devil's Fid- lle," a program of the music of Weill and Stravin- ky (*The Soldier's Tale*, narrated by Diane Wiest); Marin Alsop, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35–$40.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Penderecki's *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima* and Symphony No. 5, plus Beethoven, with Christopher O'Riley, piano; Krzysztof Penderecki, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $18–$45.*

Bargemusic—Trio performances of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, October 31

Bargemusic—see 10/30.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Performs Gubaidulina and Viver; Robert Spano, conductor. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100), at 8; $13–$35.*

Chamber Music Society—Performs Mozart. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $25–$35.*

The Songs of Antonio Carlos Jobim—Performed by Sting, Al Jarreau, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30–$57.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/30.

Saturday, November 1

DROP—A psychedelic rock opera by Puak Mascotta and Hank Wagner. *NADA's House of Candles, 99 Stanton St. (420-1466), midnight; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/30.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—See 10/31.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, November 2

Bargemusic—An all-Brahms program featuring André-Michel Schub, piano; Toby Hoffman, viola; and Gary Hoffman, cello. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 2; $15–$23.*

Chamber Music Society—see 10/31, at 5.

Hilary Hahn, Violin—Performs Beethoven, Bach, and Prokofiev with the Chamber Society of Lincoln Center. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7500), at 5; $22.*

Yoshiko Okada, Piano—Performs Beethoven, Granados, and Liszt. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$30.*

Monday, November 3

Pinchas Zuckerman and Itzhak Perlman, Violins—Perform two Brahms string sextets. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $20–$85.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 10/28 at 8 and 11/1 at 1:30; Bizet's *Carmen*, with Denyce Graves and Plácido Domingo, 10/29 and 11/1 at 8; Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, 10/30 at 7:30; and Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, 10/24, 10/31, and 11/3 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Donzetti's *Don Pasquale*, 10/28 at 7:30 and 10/31 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata*, 10/29 at 7:30 and 11/1 at 1:30; Handel's *Xerxes*, 11/1 at 8. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Concert Royal—Performs Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, 10/29 and 10/30 at 8. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 W. 59th St. (355-6160); $30.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house performs Verdi's *Aida;* Anthony Amato, conductor. 11/1 at 7:30 and 11/2 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Sachiyo Ito—Performs repertory and new works, 11/1 at 7. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $20.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Limón Company—Performs repertory classics as well as three new works, *Evening Songs, Heartbeats,* and *Possession*, 10/21–10/25 at 8 and 10/26 at 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $24–$32.*

Previews
Carlota's Way

In celebration of the Limón Compa- ny's fiftieth anniversary, artistic lirector Carla Maxwell per- 'orms the title role in the last lance Ralph Limón ever horeographed—'Carlota,' he story of the fallen em- ress of Mexico. The Joyce Theater, October 29 and November 1.

kids

Frights...Sights

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Village Parade—The lack of a costume should be no obstacle to enjoying or even participating in the twenty-fourth annual **NEW YORK'S VILLAGE HALLOWEEN PARADE** (see photo). You can always carry a costume or ride on a float . . . or watch. Paraders should gather south of Spring St. on Seventh Ave. before 7 P.M. The costumed procession reaches 23rd St., where it ends at about 9. Kids and adults who want to find out more about being part of the parade can call the volunteer hot line at 260-4080, ext. 14. For details about the parade itself, call the *Village Voice* hot line at 475-3333, ext. 7787. Or look on the Web at www.halloween-nyc.com.●●

Kids on Parade—With the idea that young children might be overwhelmed by the size of the above parade, smaller processions for little kids in costume to see and be seen in have sprung up around the city. Among them, the Greenwich Village children's parade starts under the **WASHINGTON SQUARE ARCH** at 3:15 and marches, to the sound of bagpipes, around the park. Afterward, goodies and balloons are distributed. 10/31. For further information, call Artie Stickler at 979-2272.●●

Natural History Costumed—Make masks and origami creatures in the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** which will be suitably transformed for the evening. The highlight of the second annual Halloween celebration at the museum—which will be attended by authors, circus performers, and cartoon-character luminaries—will be a parade around the Theodore Roosevelt Rotunda. 10/31 from 3 to 8. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5200). Regular admission to the party is $5; the Monster Meal dinner package, which includes admission, is $10.95.●

Becoming Cats—The lobby of the **WINTER GARDEN THEATER,** home these many years to *Cats,* becomes a place where children can get their faces painted like cats' by cast members—on a first-come, first-served basis—10/31 from 6 to 7:30 (only). 1634 Broadway, at 50th St.●●

Pulling Strings—Puppeteer and storyteller Vít Horejs collaborates with hand-carved marionettes in *Insatiable Rooty and Other Czech Tales With Strings,* weekends at 1 through 10/26; $8, $5 children. **THE VINEYARD'S 26TH STREET THEATRE,** 309 E. 26th St. (353-3874).●

Puppet Matinee Idols—*Metropolis,* a hand-puppet show for children about the underbelly of urban life, was co-produced by Great Small Works and Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater. Weekend afternoons at 3, through 11/2. **CLEMENTE SOTO VELEZ CULTURAL CENTER,** 107 Suffolk St. (260-4080); $10, $6 children.

"One-man Flying Machine"—Clumsy comedic juggler, elegant contortionist, poet, magician, musician, and rubber-faced clown: Tomás Kubínek, from Prague by way of Canada, brings his one-man show *The Maestro Invades Manhattan* to the **NEW VICTORY THEATER.** Through 11/2. 209 W. 42nd St (239-6200). Tickets are $10–$25.

Circus Anniversary—Big Apple Circus is back in tow for the hometown stint at **LINCOLN CENTER** throug 1/11/98. Raul Jiminez performs an extraordinar aerial triple somersault, and a charming trio o performing elephants dance their "Pachyder Ballet"—visible from seats never more than 5 feet away. Best of all, Grandma the beloved crossdressing clown is back. Thank goodness. Ticke are $10–$55 (307-4100).

Monster Mash—Expect Japanese ghost tales, a "horror hospital" exhibit, and wild costumes at **TH BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**'s Monster Mas 10/31 from 6:30 to 8:30. Tickets are $4 per perso with a maximum of $16 per family. 145 Brookly Ave. (718-735-4400).●

Reel to Real—**LINCOLN CENTER**'s popular pairing cinematic and live events begins another season swashbuckling fashion with excerpts from *Treas Island* with Wallace Beery and a young Jack Cooper, *Captain Blood* with Errol Flynn, and li songs and yodeling by troubadour and nautic

Happening In the Moo

Jeanne Fleming, director—or "midwife," as she sees herself—of New York's Village Halloween Parade, wants to be a cow gone slightly haywire this year. Her costume's large bovine head will have to accommodate a walkie-talkie, since, as chief organizer of the event, Fleming will need to communicate with a herd of similarly cow-clad volunteers overseeing the Sixth Avenue parade route. Fleming lives for spectacle: She dressed as the universe (in gold mesh with planetary attachments) at her own wedding, and recently staged a bash where friends baked 150 loaves of bread, held them over their heads, and danced the tarantella. "Halloween began as the night Celtic farmers traditionally knew they had to bring the cows in," she says, explaining her costume choice. "Left out in the cold, the animals might get a little giddy, making them easy prey for witches to swoop down and steal their milk." Surrounded by about a dozen artists and puppet-makers at her house near Rhinebeck, Fleming is surprisingly calm as she contemplates pulling off a party for a million and a half people. "My job is to make the streets safe for the imagination—the soul of New York deserves that, don't you think?" Now 51, Fleming took over from the parade's founder, Ralph Lee, in 1983. "Ralph lost interest when the parade grew so huge that his own puppets and masks got completely overwhelmed," notes Fleming, who worked under Lee for two years before taking charge. That grand-scale creative anarchy, though, was what most appealed to her. This year's paradegoers, she predicts, should watch for *Full Monty* free spirits, drag Paula Barbieris, surely at least one Marv Albert impersonator, and Fleming's 7-year-old son—who plans to march up the avenue as a quivering cube of Jell-O. (See listings for details.)

BARBARA ENSOR

Master puppeteers Debby Lee Cohen and Ania Aldrich in Jeanne Fleming's Halloween Parade studio near Rhinebeck.

Photograph by Elijah

chanteyman Bill Schustik. Dress for a costume parade. 11/2 at 11 and 1:30. Walter Reade Theater (875-5370); $8.50 adults, $5 kids. ●

Capella—Ulali, a trio of Native American women, delivers its particular blend of traditional and contemporary indigenous music of the Americas: Listen for African-American gospel and blues and Plains- and northeastern-Indian phrasing, interspersed with vocal mixes and jazz riffs. 11/1 at 11. **SYMPHONY SPACE,** 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $8 adults, $4 kids.●

nging It—Freestyle Repertory Theatre, a group of fearless and accomplished improvisers, performs several shows each week that aren't specifically for kids but are nevertheless wildly entertaining for older children. **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 39 Grove St., west of Seventh Ave. South (642-8202); $15, half-price for seniors and students (Wed. and Fri. nights at 10:30, shows are free).

ooky Note—Children are invited to come in cos- ume to hear Dukas's *Sorcerer's Apprentice* and other music likely to stir up sprites and spirits. "Halloween Magic: Trick or Treat" is performed by the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** under the direction of Dino Anagnost, 11/1 at 11 and 1. **AVERY FISHER HALL,** Lincoln Center (704-2100). Tickets are $15–$32. ●

ferty Rescues the Moon—A musical puppet show bout a young Irish boy who sets out to rescue the moon when it lies at the bottom of the Slaney River—swallowed by a giant fish. Weekends at 1 nd 3. 10/31 through 1/4/98. The **IRISH REPERTO- Y THEATRE,** 132 W. 22nd st. (727-2737); $20.

k and Stormy Night—Spooky tales, by Edgar Allan oe and others, are told at **THE MUSEUM OF AMERI- AN FOLK ART** by accomplished storyteller Chris- ne Campbell 10/31 at 6. Columbus Ave. bet. 5th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). ●●

asy Kid Stuff—The spunky kids' radio program that ledges no Raffi broadcasts live in front of an audi- nce at the **MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO.** Tune to WFMU, 91.1 FM; it's live on the Web at www.wfmu.org if you can't be there. 11/1 from 10 noon. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800). Tickets are free n a first-come-first-served basis.

ve It All—Anyone in costume gets in free (instead f paying $10) to **TOP OF THE WORLD,** from 9:30 M. until midnight. Presumably, the Halloween igh party atmosphere heats up as the afternoon ogresses; kids can look down from 110 stories, de the simulated helicopter, and send digitalized essages into space. Prizes for the best children's stume are awarded at 6, and all kids get treats. (An ult-oriented party begins at 7, with best-adult- stume prizes given out at 11.) 2 World Trade enter (323-2340).●

-Witches—**THE AQUARIUM FOR WILDLIFE CONSERVATION** boasts a cast of white whales, eels, and asked butterflyfish at its Halloween party for the eschool crowd; the party o features stories, games, afts, children in costume, d treats. 10/31 from 30 to 3. The Ghost Crab d Goblin Sharks sleep- er for ages 8 to 10 in- des a late-night flash- ht fish tour, T-shirt nting, and breakfast. /31, 7 P.M. to 10 A.M. ardwalk at W. 8th St. 5-3400). Party: $15 per ult and child, $5 per ad- ional family member. epover: $55.●

ted House—Wiggle ough a maze, listen to ries told by LuAnn ams, make a magic sk, and learn dances ed the Slimy Sludge the Creepy Crawly en the **CHILDREN'S MU- M OF MANHATTAN** pulls all the stops to get sea- ally spooky . . . without ng too scary. 10/29– 2. 212 W. 83rd St. 1-1234). Admission is $2.50 seniors. ●

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Williams *continued from page 107*

pers that Tang might want to be Hong Kong's first chief executive under China.

"I suppose I amuse people occasionally, and because I am Chinese, I stick out a bit. I mean, if I were British, I might not be able to meet as many people as I do," Tang says. "I certainly know enough people. I don't *need* to know any more. I want to reverse-network. I want to *offload* some of my friends."

Presumably, those friends who live in palaces will not be the first to be offloaded. A year ago, Tang organized a dinner for eight at 5757 in Manhattan's Four Seasons Hotel to celebrate the 37th birthday of Sarah Ferguson, whom he met shortly after she married Prince Andrew. Tang happens to sit on the board of the company that controls the monolithic limestone hotel on 57th Street, though he insists on staying at the gilded Pierre during his visits to the city. "Not my favorite of Pei's work," says Tang of the Four Seasons. "Too *fascist*. You expect to see Mussolini checking in."

This summer, Fergie rhapsodized over Tang in a newspaper column she writes for international syndication, christening him "the quintessential Hong Kong native: cosmopolitan, unpredictable, hospitable in a grand style." Before Diana's death, Tang remained on excellent terms with her, Prince Charles, and Fergie, regardless of the tensions swirling among them. His face often popped up in the same frame as Diana's, such as when he escorted her to the Venice Biennale in 1995. Tang met her at a dinner party ten years ago.

"He is the only man I know who could take the late Princess of Wales and the present Duchess of York out to lunch at the same time," says Nigel Dempster, the social chronicler of London's *Daily Mail,* who himself has lunched with Tang and the duchess. "I like the guy. He makes some funny jokes. But David Tang is out for David Tang. He's an ace hustler. If he takes Sarah, Duchess of York, out for lunch, it's with an ulterior motive. If he takes Sarah, Duchess of York, and the late Princess of Wales out to lunch, it's with two ulterior motives. Still, at the end of the day, he's a life-enhancer."

Tang shrugs. "I mean, the uncharitable presumption would be that I'm a social climber," he says. "But in a way, if you get to know a friend, and new people, are you a social climber? I suppose everybody is a social climber. And if you're royalty, you are probably a financial social climber."

Tang, however, says nothing more about these particular friends. He is very American in the way he talks about his business, and very British in the way he talks about his friends, particularly the royals. The one exception he has made, sparingly, is to eulogize Diana. Her death is still very much with him. After all, Tang had reserved this particular week for Diana's visit to Hong Kong. There were to be charity parties, private dinners. He had, in fact, spoken to her the day before she died.

"When she died, I couldn't really express it," Tang says. "I could say that she was humorous, she was wonderful, she was sunshine. [But] you had to use something like Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet:* 'Death lies on her like an untimely frost, upon the sweetest flower of all the field.' "

A charmer squaring off against a charmer, Tang and she at times acted out a playfully flirtatious pantomime. Tang laughs about the time she and a small group of friends came out to his country house for lunch: "We were going over in a helicopter to a tennis match, and she had to change. I said, 'Will you change in my bedroom, please?' And she says, '*Only,* David. *Only.*' The moment she tilts her head and looks at you, that has a sort of melting effect."

Tang's social world in New York is only starting to bloom. "He's always on the go, phones ringing off the hook. He's a real triple-A battery," says Blaine Trump. "He walks into the room and he just wants to meet everybody, to talk to everybody. He's a real Renaissance man. There aren't that many people who can talk to people at every level and enjoy it."

Tang, in fact, looks forward to his American experience as much for philosophical as for social reasons. "In America, there is this concept of open embrace. That's why lots of people regard America as being the place of many and plenty, of where to go to make something of worth. There is absolutely no question, first of all—and I'm not being racist here—that the Jews, because of the way in which America opened up to refugees, have had a tremendously beneficial effect on America," Tang says. "It's just as we are a refugee culture. You know, whenever you have a refugee situation, there is much more of that aspiration, that can-do attitude."

For America's latest import, then, this country is a rare opportunity. It's not often a friend of Prince Charles gets to play the hungry young scrapper again, to prove himself in the world's greatest meritocracy.

"Sooner or later, I had to do it," Tang says. "And I'd much sooner be plunged straight into the center of the universe than, you know, soufflé around more *minor* sort of cities." ■

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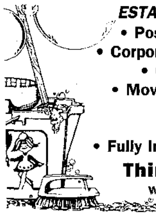

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Beauty, Body, Brains—27, seeks tall, classy "catch". Photo a plus. 9109 ✉

Are You Ready?—I'm financially secure and extremely handsome, 31, 6', 180 lbs, light brown hair, blue eyes, never been married, live in Greenwich, CT, businesses in NYC and East coast, dynamic, intelligent, funny, honest, sincere, charismatic, Catholic, physically fit, emotionally secure. You are 24 to 29 years old, 5'6" or taller, slim, physically fit, assertive, adventurous, passionate, well-educated, enjoy fine dining, concerts and the beach. You have a fantastic smile, enjoy traveling and having fun. You must be family oriented and ready for long term relationship. Personal letter and current photograph must be included in your reply. 9176 ✉

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Down-To-Earth, Funny, Affectionate—Tall, handsome, successful, Jewish, 40s, entrepreneur - seeks marriage-minded, 30s woman. Photo essential. 9098 ✉

Healthy, Somewhat Wealthy—And sincere, single white male who is attractive (some even think good-looking), successful NYC business owner, 6'3", 205 lbs, 52, nonsmoker, athletic, divorced, emotionally open, playful, adventurous, mischievous and huggable, who appreciates the finer things in life. Seeking someone special to share real quality time in a giving/receiving long-term relationship. Please be at least 5'2", with a fabulous figure, slim/pretty, great legs, somewhat buxom, 32-42, under size 8, who is open, warm, caring, passionate, communicative, sensitive, unencumbered, and still believes in fairy tales (love). Photo and phone a must or no reply. 9162 ✉

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Tired Of Bar Scene—Very beau- blond woman, 35, 120 lbs, 5'6", t shape, great legs, size 5, educated essional, very sophisitcated with a lot lamour... seeks very handsome man, class, Manhattan only, extremely essful. I promise, you won't be ppointed. Serious relationship. nd photo. 9097 ✉

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46-Year-Old—Motion picture studio president, CEO, financially secure, seeks gorgeous 20-26-year-old prizewinner for travel, Broadway, fine dining. Photo and phone a must. 9087 ✉

Spirited Professional Woman—Seeks brainy, affectionate man, 50-65, to enjoy music, art, travel and a shared life. 9084 ✉

Why Buy A Big Ad?—I could spend my money on you. I'm fifty, facile-minded, funny, fit, and a financially secure fly-rodder. A genuine explorer, I buy my gear at Orvis. I'm the sort of man who loves his kids, rescues animals, collects orchids, gives up his seat to the elderly and is absurdly generous. A college professor who loves his work, I'm tall, handsome, and athletic enough to still play ball. I enjoy museums, beaches, book stores ...and so does the woman I seek. Note/photo - no compromises! 9183 ✉

Beautiful European—47, home in France. Seeks successful, tall man. 9151 ✉

Pretty, Smart, Sweet—Sincere heart of gold. Seeks same in attractive, caring, professional Jewish man, 47-57. 9112 ✉

Cordial Male Professor/Scientist—5'9", slim, fit, speaks French, enjoys arts, nature, travel, photography. Invites enlightened, (212)/(201) woman, 50s, with photo, to close union. 9170 ✉ ☎

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Ebullient Cosmopolitan Lady—Cultured, well-traveled, seeks male counterpart, 60 plus. Note/photo. 8740 ✉

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Old Maid Seeks True Love—I am tall, slim, sexy and 48, have lots of friends, recipes and opera tickets. Would like to share them. 9126 ✉ ☎

I Love Myself When I Am Laughing—Laugh with me. Me: pretty, honey-colored African-American woman - shapely, sincere, sensitive psychotherapist. You: attuned to the needs of others, love your work and yourself (42-56). Single fathers welcomed. Photo optional. 9074 ✉ ☎

Bicoastal—Headhunter searching for best friend, lover, soul mate to share Paradise in NYC and Malibu Beach. Attractive, funny, worldly Jewish nonsmoker, 50ish (looks 40ish), affluent, with eclectic interests in musical theater/opera, fine wine/food, cooking, golf, arts. Seeks very attractive, (212), petite (under 5'3"), sensuous, creative, fascinating, companionable lady. Note/photo. 9139 ✉ ☎

Black Female—44, professor, researcher, loves opera, art and the comfort of the quiet and genteel. 9116 ✉ ☎

Boring—Unattractive, over-the-hill female seeks same in man (just kidding)... Really looking to meet a man, 60 plus, smart, successful, attractive, athletic and fun, who is seeking a woman of Modern Maturity, with a sparkling smile - a model/ actress, enjoys tennis and golf and has a special excitement for life. 9105 ✉ ☎

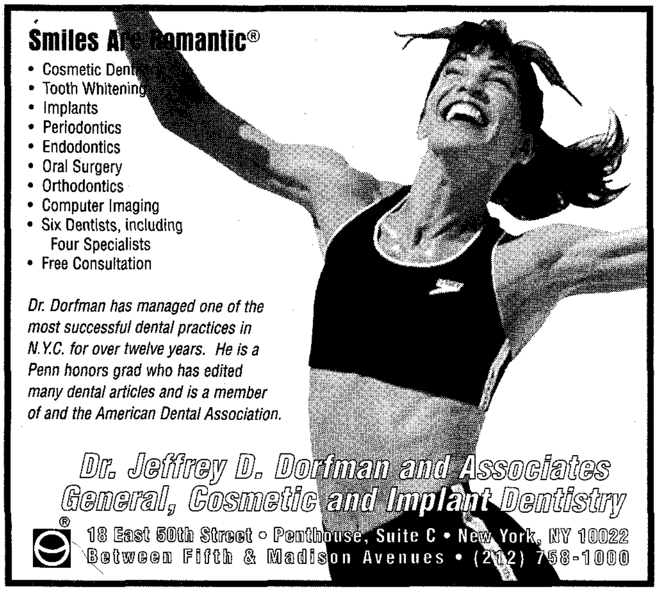
Venus In Blue Jeans—Good-looking, vivacious, size 5, 50-year-old, divorced, white Jewish female - adventurous, intelligent, educated, history buff, likes Caribbean and Disney. Looking for intelligent, successful, street-smart white male, 45-60, considerate, communicative, fun-loving, who wants a loving, lasting relationship. 9108 ✉

Glamorous Lively Woman—50s, 5'5", 125, hazel eyes, Irish skin, dark hair. Film biz. Seeks "with it" man. Photo. 9168 ✉

Beautiful Psychologist—Former Ford model - slim, Jewish, jogger, 54 - seeks romantic male best friend, 54-70. 9163✉☎

Sleeping Beauty—Very sexy, classy, 34, brunette - needs charming, handsome prince (35-45) who loves travel, romance, blue jeans/lace, to wake her up with hugs and laughs. Note/photo a must. 9099 ✉

Strictly Personals



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Young Female Harvard Grad—Stunningly beautiful and outrageously successful, world-traveled gal who loves to laugh and have fun, just moved to Manhattan and seeks tall (6'1" plus), well-educated, kind banker/lawyer/exec, 30-40, to be my honey. 9149 ✉

Seeking Jewish Woman Of Substance—And style who enjoys lively talks, music, arts, ethnic foods by NJ esquire, 37, for fun, romance. Photo. 9173 ✉

Green-Eyed "Black Irish" Beauty—43, seeks man for physical and spiritual union. Travel, literature, earth, sea and sky are my loves. 9133 ✉ ☎

Sexy, Smart, Slim—Caring, educated, petite Jewish widow seeks caring professional man, 58-70. 9082 ✉ ☎

Autumn Dream—Pretty, playful, passionate psychotherapist, 55, Jewish, nonsmoker, 5'4". Kids grown, cat at home. Seeks romantic, energetic, successful professional, previously married, non-Medicare guy with humor, to share dinners by the fire, classical music, tennis, NYC culture, all life's pleasures... together forever. Note/photo. 9164 ✉ ☎

Tall Jewish Male Attorney—Almost 40, never married, East Village resident, seeks a fair and mutually dependent relationship with a Jewish woman who values an egalitarian religion and pluralism. Your biological clock will be protected by negotiated quarterly and weekly reviews. We will negate inertia and lack of progress through agreed-upon goals. Fun is negotiable. There is potential for marriage. Be accessible by mass transit. Photo. 9160 ✉

Private Investor—Owner investment firm, Ivy degrees, 55, Christian, world traveled. Seeks cultured, educated lady, 30-45, with integrity, depth, style, social skills and the ability to smile, to share affection, adventure and permanence. Thoughtful note/phone/photo, please. 9165 ✉

Midwest At Birth, Cowboy At Heart—Corporate president, 46, with traditional values, seeks attractive, fit, high energy, outgoing woman who likes outdoor activities, spontaneity and fun for the sake of having fun. Photo required (will swap). 9093 ✉☎

Joan Collins-Type Looks—Retired high school teacher; interests in golf, mystery novels, Restoration, dancing. Seeks principled gentleman, 55-65, who is emotionally and financially secure. LI or Westchester preferred. Photo. 9107✉

Beautiful Woman Of Quality—Slim, elegant, seeks kind, interesting, successful gentleman, 50-62. Letter/photo. 9119 ✉

You're Dynamic And Interesting—With looks, passion and intellect. Pretty Jewish female - Manhattanite, 37, 5'7", slim, professional, adventurous, down-to-earth, easygoing and athletic - loves the arts and to cook. Note/photo/phone. 9078 ✉ ☎

Honest, Caring Male Physician—Almost 40, moderately socially inept but with a big heart and a good sense of humor. Wants to meet female counterpart for dating, possible long-term relationship. First-time callers welcome. 9145 ✉ ☎

Super Woman—33, 5'9", fit, sexy, educated, successful, searching for tall Jewish super man. 9091 ✉

Want To Win The Lottery?—Handsome, romantic, intelligent, upbeat, adventurous, single Jewish professional male, 34, 5'8", slim. Enjoys travel, theater, dancing, comedy, new experiences and more. Seeks a fun-loving, down-to-earth, attractive, slender, single white female, 26-37, for relationship. Let's make a winning combination! Hey, you never know! 9129 ✉☎

Attractive, Single White Female
Late 40s (looks younger), 5'4", sli
fun-loving, witty, seeks energeti
humorous, single white male, 46-
for friendship and possible relationsh
Drug/drink/disease-free. 9106 ✉ ☎

You Must Be Marriage-Minded—W
a sense of humor and a zest for li
Attractive black woman, 45, seeks
tall, attractive, loving and communicat
man with an interest in movies, boo
music and sports. Note/phone/ph
essential. 9100 ✉

Two In A Million—One seeks the ot
We both are unique/eccentric, advent
ous, energetic, very intelligent, w
educated, successful, athletic, in gr
shape, good-looking and 25-32 years
We have A-Z interests, are passion
about life (and eventually each oth
and will often put a smile on each oth
face. Please send note, recent ph
and phone. 9124 ✉

Classy LI Lady—5'7", attractive, slim
fessional, 43, desires single white man,
49, for friendship and more. Photo. 9070

No False Hype—Just a very pretty
redhead, 46, slim, sexy, smart Jewish
fessional - seeks same in handsome ma
integrity/humor, 50-58. Photo. 9137 ✉

Tall GQ Type—Handsome, 38, m
agement consultant enjoys running, r
ies, museums, downtown night life. S
smart very attractive Jewish woman
romance/friendship. Note/photo 9154✉

42-Year-Old Male—Seeks petite Je
female, 28-35, for friendship, fun
family. Enjoy sports, NY Times crossw
Berkshires, Martha's Vineyard, b
home and sharing humor. Would lik
"...spend my life just caring al
somebody else." Note/photo. 9090

Clark Kent With Ivy MBA—6',
brown eyes/hair, 34, preppy glasses,
successful, great sense of humor. Seeks
fessional, well-educated, very intelli
sophisticated, fun, cute, athletic Chr
female. Nonsmoker. Photo/phone. 913

To The Point—37, Jewish female, p
professional, real. Seeks professional
ish guy, 34-43, to share life with. 9073

My Dream Girl—Has heart, soul,
and beauty. She is wise, giving, hone
Me: handsome, late-30s mensch wh
same, for real deal. Photo. 9076 ✉

Lilliputian Lioness—(Jewish), l
competent, energetic, seeks eagle
45-60 - man of action, intellect, int
warmth and humor, to share inte
Mine: NYC culture, movies, biking,
Yours? Photo. 9125 ✉

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ery Pretty, Slim—36-year-old Asian male physician desires to meet upscale ofessional for serious relationship. a easygoing, with many interests. You e sincere, romantic, handsome and ıow how to treat a special lady. one/photo a must. 9153 ✉

---

andsome Professional—41, 6'1", fit d trim, part-time dad - seeks female unterpart. Photo required. 9157 ✉

---

ass Act—Attractive, accomplished, fun-ing, professional Christian woman, ıng 44, 5'7", slim, fit, well-traveled, ssionate about nature, music, the ocean, g shui. Seeks self-assured, affectionate, ı-loving and spiritually evolved man, 55, who desires romance, intimacy and nmitment, to share healthy life style, the s, walks in the woods and life's adven-es. Send note; photo optional. 9161 ✉

---

nning Gal With Daisy Mae Figure— 5'5", 110, CEO-level executive at or corporation, seeks well-bred fellow h intellect, sensitivity and passion, fun and whatever fate allows. Photo ıust - will reciprocate. 9147 ✉

---

rwegian/Canadian/New Yorker— ', slim, well-built, divorced, 40s, emely lovely, quietly sexy, chic, with a e of humor, style, playfulness, depth... s guy, 48-68, to get to know. 9101✉☎

---

ne See A Flick—With a green-eyed k, who is 5'1", brunette, 43, slim and ty. You are a serious-minded, affec-ate, nonreligious Manhattanite who ys hiking, autumn leaves, Halloween, novies. Nonsmoker please. 9092✉☎

---

iny, Brawny—Divorced Jewish ıessman, 51, 5'8", exciting, attractive, essful and in search of exotic, tiful, sensuous, smart, exciting Jewish ıan to complete the dream team. o/phone appreciated. 9115 ✉

ıctive, Gay—Successful entrepreneur, seeks masculine, intelligent man with ıteresting mind and passionate soul, is very romantic. Letter, photo and of humor appreciated. 9136 ✉

Attractive Christian Male— epreneur - seeks marriage-minded ın, 25-32, for an exciting yet stable onship. 9069 ✉ ☎

'December—Or at least late Octo- Friendly white male, 49, seeks sant, 18-30, thin woman for dship, dating, fun, possible rela-ıip or whatever. 9175 ✉

---

y Jewish Architect—Warm and oing, 41, mother of two bright and iful daughters (6 and 9), seeks igent, successful, family-oriented 36-46, for fooling around... 9148✉☎

Sophisticated, Mature Woman Sought—By handsome, unique, 35, single white Jewish male, for fun times and laughter. You are adventurous, spiritual, open-minded and vivacious. Race unimportant. Photo a must. 9110 ✉

Men With Children—Vibrant, generous woman, 44, enjoys Nancy Drew career; poems and bedtime stories; pumpkins, snowballs and stars. Seeks connected, (com)passionate Jewish man for play with grownups, kids and animals, to share intimacy, family happiness and life's mysteries. 9158 ✉

Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 32-42, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 9063 ✉☎

Gentleman—59, seeking intellectual lady to share mutual interests. 9072 ✉ ☎

West Side Woman—45, spiritual and sensual, with successful career. Many interests - books, music, writing, hiking, Eastern thought. Seeks cerebral, kind and funny man, 45-55. Photo. 9095 ✉☎

Attractive, Fit Woman—50, a thinker and urbanite, very funny, compassionate, politically progressive, seeks man of integrity, intelligence, with good sense of humor, who shares my passions for theater, film, good food and conversation, and good friends. 9172 ✉

Beautiful, 44-Year-Old LI Blond—Tall, fit Jewish MD and mom of one seeks professional, single dad. Photo helps. 9123✉☎

Attractive, Educated, Witty—Chic lady in her 40s seeks a gentleman for an honest relationship. 9089 ✉

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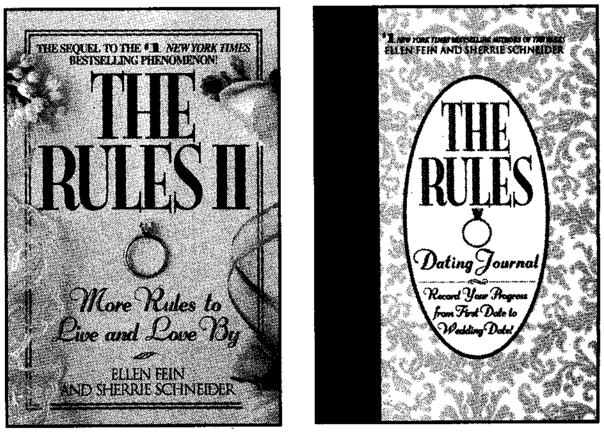
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Pretty, Independent, Spirited—Athletic and cultured woman seeks a like man, 55-65, with time to travel, have fun...and who is ready to love again. 9113 ✉

Distinguished, Mature Gent—Divorced, successful exec, masculine good looks, 5'10", 195 lbs, 60ish. Seeking romantic encounter with young, lovely, witty female, 21-40. Brooklyn. Photo/phone. 9086 ✉ ☎

Petite, 30-Something—Renaissance woman seeks nonsmoking mensch, 35-45, with passion for travel, books, the arts and Jewish heritage. Kids a plus. Photo appreciated. 9167 ✉

Italian-Looking But Jewish—43-year-old financial executive looking for Jewish female, 30-39, for a fun-loving, long-lasting relationship. Must have personality, style and character. A good sense of humor would also be a plus. Note/photo/phone. 9081 ✉ ☎

Outgoing And Extroverted In Public—Quite shy personally, very pretty, fit, talented, compassionate woman, 35, seeks handsome, honest, financially stable, romantic, nice guy. I love music (rock 'n' roll), warm weather, working out, sports cars, plus much more. 9166 ✉ ☎

Jewish, Rugged—Handsome 38-year-old, single professional man seeks attractive, curious, sensitive woman with both feet on the ground, to be friend and lover. Photo/note. 9080✉ ☎

Pretty, Bright, Slim And Active—Entrepreneur, 49 - loves animals, the arts and travel. Seeks mensch with similar interests, for joint ventures. 9096 ✉ ☎

Attractive!—Articulate, warm professional seeks stimulating, playful man, 50s. Laughter, romance and more... 9134 ✉

Introspective Jewish Male—43, easy on the eyes, seeks compassionate, spiritual, playful Jewish female, 30-45, who likes the written word, nature, culture, learning, thinking and laughing. 9138 ✉ ☎

Untraditional MD, Educator—Called handsome, 47, 5'10", socially conscious, athletic, seeks warm, reflective, beautiful, like-minded woman, 30s, for serious relationship/family(?). Ability/desire for Third World work a plus. Photo/letter. 9177 ✉

Fabulous, Sensuous, Affluent—Woman seeks MD/lawyer/CEO, 55-68. 9103 ✉☎

Creative, Upscale Blond—Seeks financially secure gentleman, 37-47. 9143 ✉

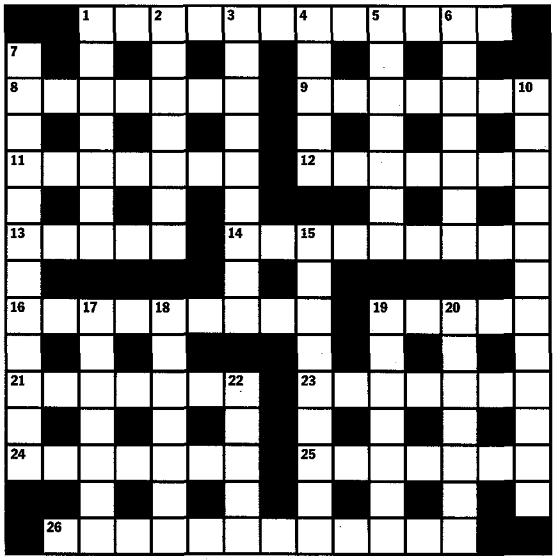
Fall Foliage/Winter Wonder—You and I. Extra-special, caring, kind, funny, smart, fit, sensuous Jewish gal for all seasons seeks same in 47-58, honest, secure, very romantic mensch, proud of who he is, what he does...and loves to cuddle! Note/recent photo, please. 9130 ✉

Attractive Professional Woman—Interests include classical music, art, world and human affairs. Seeks compassionate and mature man. Mid 50s-60s. 9083 ✉

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Amasses amphetamine and increases rate. (7,5)
8 First sign of rubbish infuriates park officers. (7)
9 Herbert, actor and poet, Italian. (7)
11 Miser preserves meat in salt. (4-3)
12 Lancashire town quickly associated with Norway. (7)
13 Elegant image. (5)
14 What cross-legged tailors use, getting round lots of directors? (3-6)
16 Arranged to steal pudding that's over. (7,2)
19 Move fast, we hear, in this lively dance. (5)
21 One who's taken the pledge, practically meaningless venture. (7)
23 More than one awakener pants, losing head. (7)
24 State representative endlessly gives proof of status. (7)
25 Scampi perhaps can make you throw up, having disturbed rest. (7)
26 Very short of money? O, not any meals will follow. (2,4,6)



DOWN

1 Swiss gets low-down on Welshman. (7)
2 Treatment for illness caused by party he ruined. (7)
3 Lady Elsie, when confused, is very tractable. (6,3)
4 Shropshire lad nearly trips up, coming in soaking. (5)
5 A violent blow to spoil love. (7)
6 Extortioner, precise with gold. (7)
7 Papers for electoral region to continue strongly despite opposition. (5,7)
10 One's put in a plate Dad's attempt to make flaky confectionery. (6, 6
15 Philip carries parcel entwined with bit of bent wire. (5-4)
17 Check a child, about to push one over. (3,4)
18 No work held up after strike, resulting in ridicule. (7)
19 Find fault, start to grouse and thunder. (7)
20 Ophelia's brother causing clique genuine upset. (7)
22 People who are useless towards efforts to boost sales. (5)

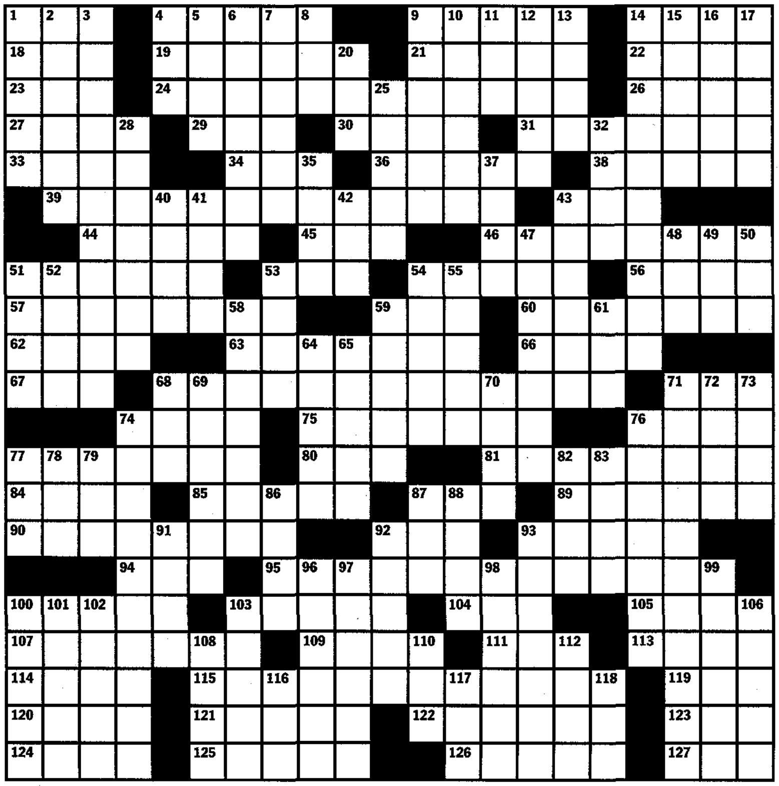
'Second Guessing': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

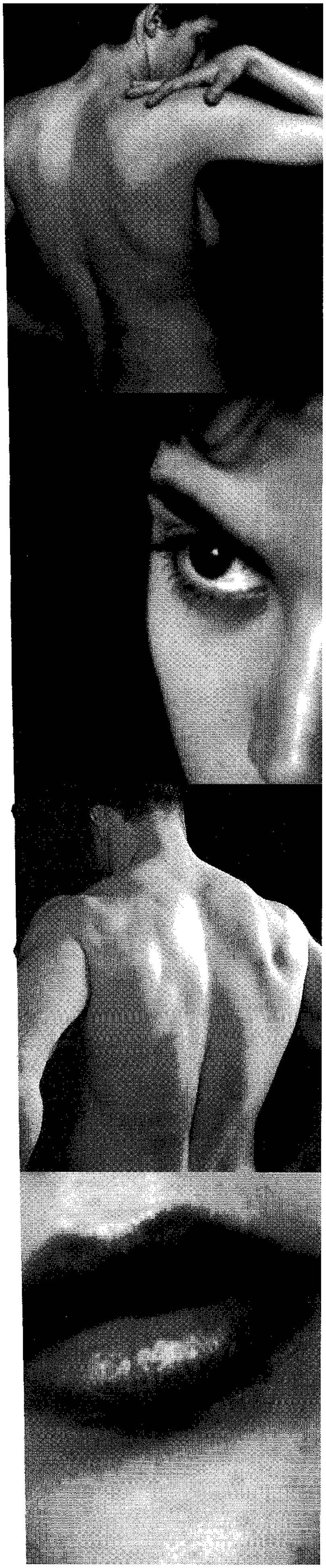
1 Wield a needle
4 Lassoed
9 Swimmer's woe
14 Hebrides hats
18 Medical-care assn.
19 Wear away by friction
21 U. S. Grant's adversary
22 "——, you noblest English!"
23 Word with Simbel or Dhabi
24 Pays the tab
26 Poet Pound
27 Zola novel
29 Ornamental tip
30 Mixer for Scotch
31 More cranky
33 Texas A. ——
34 Exterminator's victim
36 Shakespeare's Andronicus
38 "—— in the Head" (Sinatra film)
39 Moving to the beat
43 Pizza
44 Stingless bee
45 Minstrel's melody
46 Oysters' relatives
51 Readying the presses
53 Jungfrau, for one
54 Eurasian mountains
56 Sacred bird of Egypt
57 Hides
59 —— de France
60 Idiotic
62 Highest draft classification
63 Instruments used in navigation
66 Erato, e.g.
67 Named before marriage
68 Paris hub
71 Prefix with puncture
74 Lacking strength
75 Unfamiliar
76 Highlander
77 Daydream
80 Corp. VIP
81 "Are you a man ——?"
84 Racetrack shape
85 Dismal: poetic
87 Stomach muscles, informally
89 Shin-length women's pants
90 Height
92 Keats form
93 Baseball's Yogi
94 Part of H.R.H., currently
95 Item for a feast
100 Perplexed
103 Noah or Wallace
104 Owned
105 Type of tide
107 Word-for-word
109 Asian republic
111 Axe a tree
113 Eye up and down
114 Ring out
115 Last one left alive
119 Founded: abbr.
120 Titanic
121 Strong string
122 Director's call
123 Butterfly catcher
124 Did a takeoff on
125 What to hitch your wagon to
126 Rivulets
127 Dehydrated

DOWN

1 Journalist Alexander
2 Erect dikes
3 Place in the 1890 news
4 U.K. military fliers
5 Bassoon's kin
6 Barbecue fuel
7 Gourmand's activity
8 Abbr. on a shingle
9 Cash's alternative
10 Kickback
11 "Aladdin" hero
12 Dissolves
13 Soccer's "Black Pearl"
14 Conform strictly
15 Italian landing site of WW II
16 Kind of mushroom
17 It's a trap
20 Aliens, to Spielberg
25 ——totsy
28 Historic racing yacht
32 Put out to sea
35 Money drawer
37 ——daisy!
40 Cornmeal bread
41 Actress Swenson
42 Hammock quickie
43 Let go by
47 Digger for quahogs
48 Geisha's sash
49 Temporary fastener
50 More S. than E.
51 Computer symbol
52 Fourth little piggy's share
53 "The Nazarene" aut
54 Very very
55 Varnish ingredient
58 Gym closets
59 Pop song lead-in
61 Kabibble of radio c
64 Puccini opera
65 In pursuit of
68 —— Lingus
69 Oakland gridder
70 Betti and Foscolo
71 Car extremity?
72 "—— Fan Tutti"
73 Navajos' foes
74 Affluent
76 Singer like Sills
77 Putrefy
78 Zsa Zsa's sister
79 Comics prince
82 Served a winner
83 Artist Chagall
86 Borgia in-law
87 Oklahoma oil city
88 "Crimes of the He playwright Henley
91 At hand
92 "The Very Thougt ——" (1934 tune)
93 Harass
96 Rubinstein of cosmetics
97 Utensil on a penci
98 Where Gauguin painted
99 Not as loyal
100 A, as in Athens
101 Gridlock
102 Bandstand
103 Douses the birthd candles
106 Small-minded
108 Whodunit canine
110 Pedro's Mrs.
112 Sheep's largesse
116 In the spotlight
117 TV recorder
118 Hosp. staffers



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on pa



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